Feb. 11, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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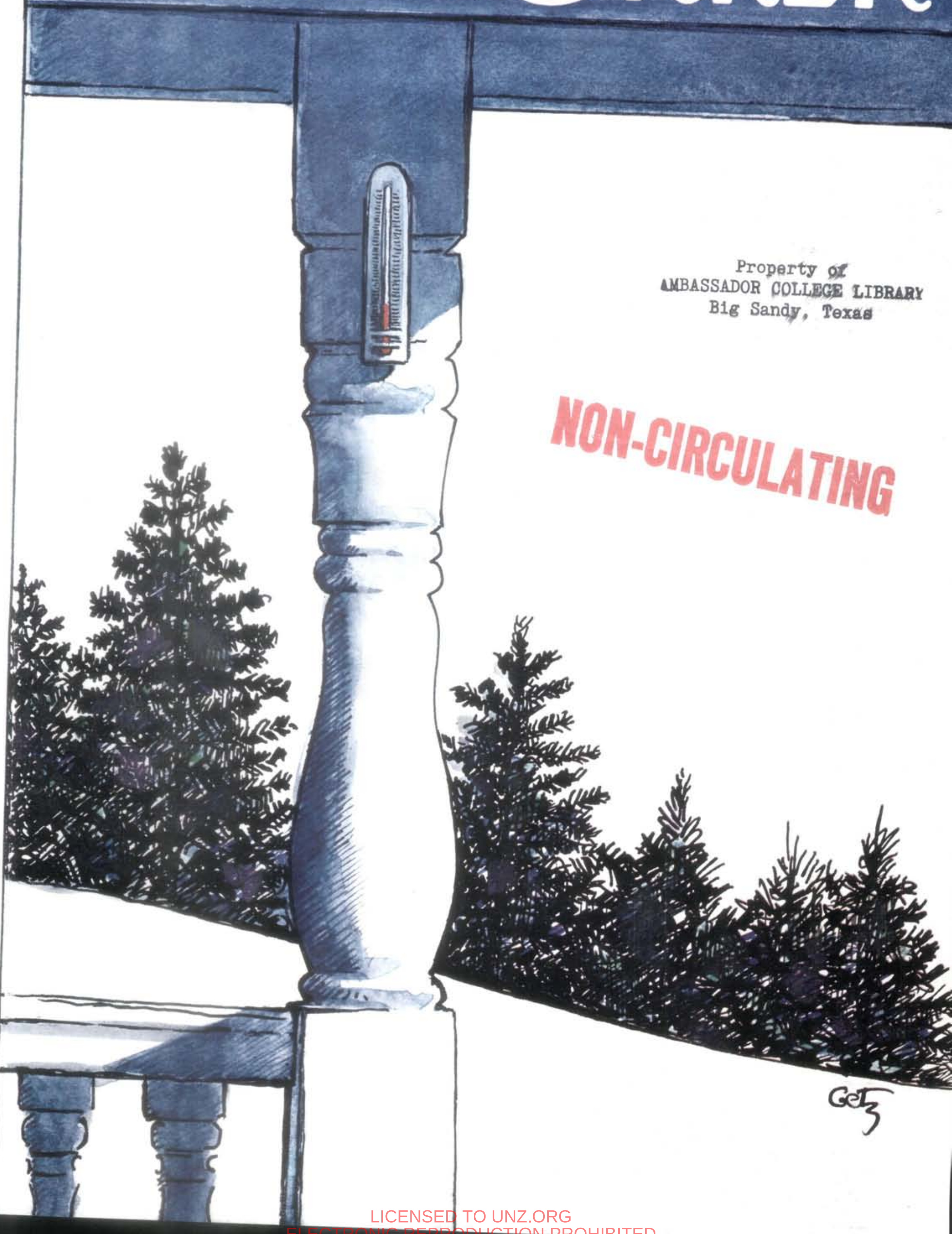

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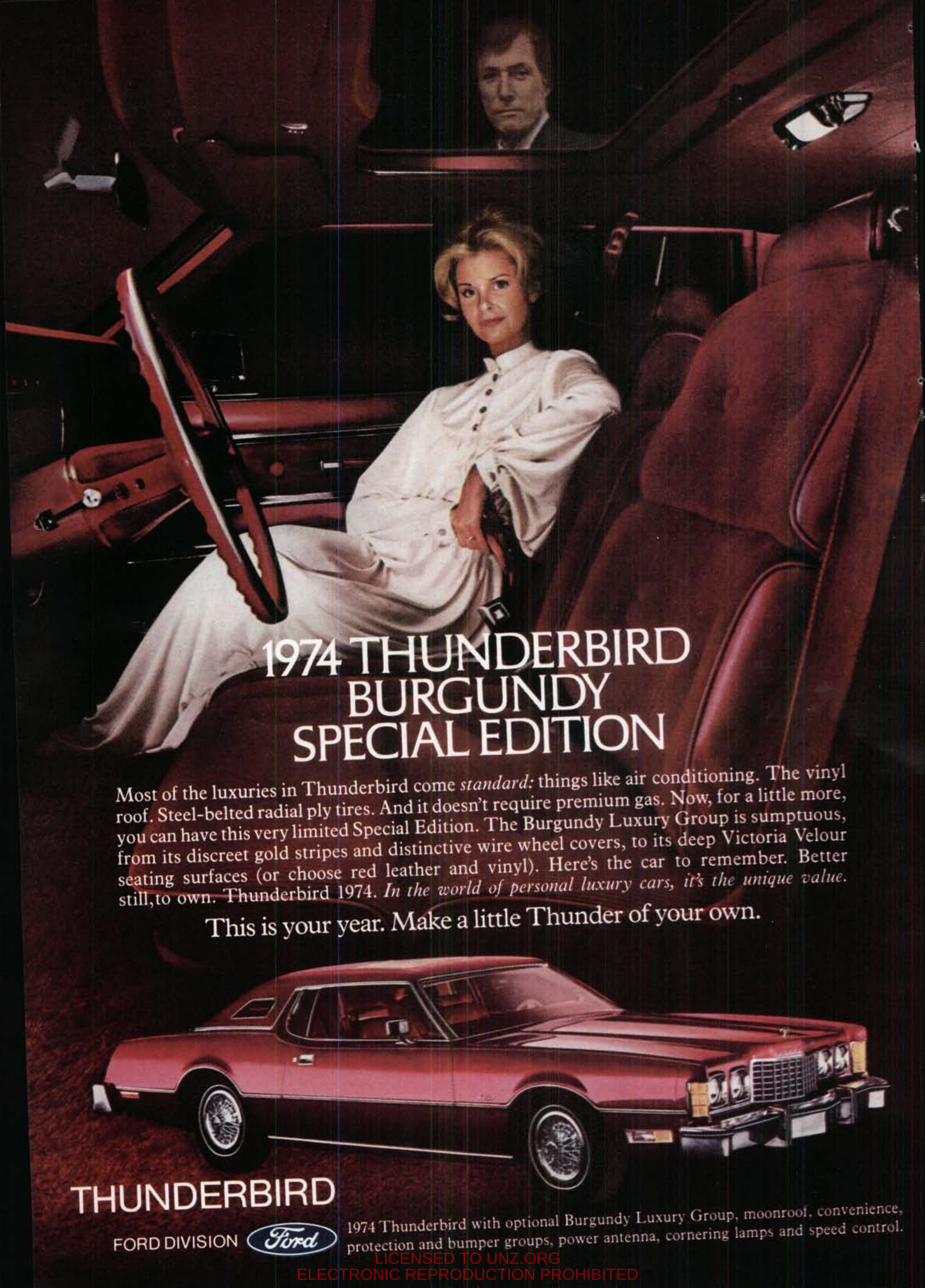

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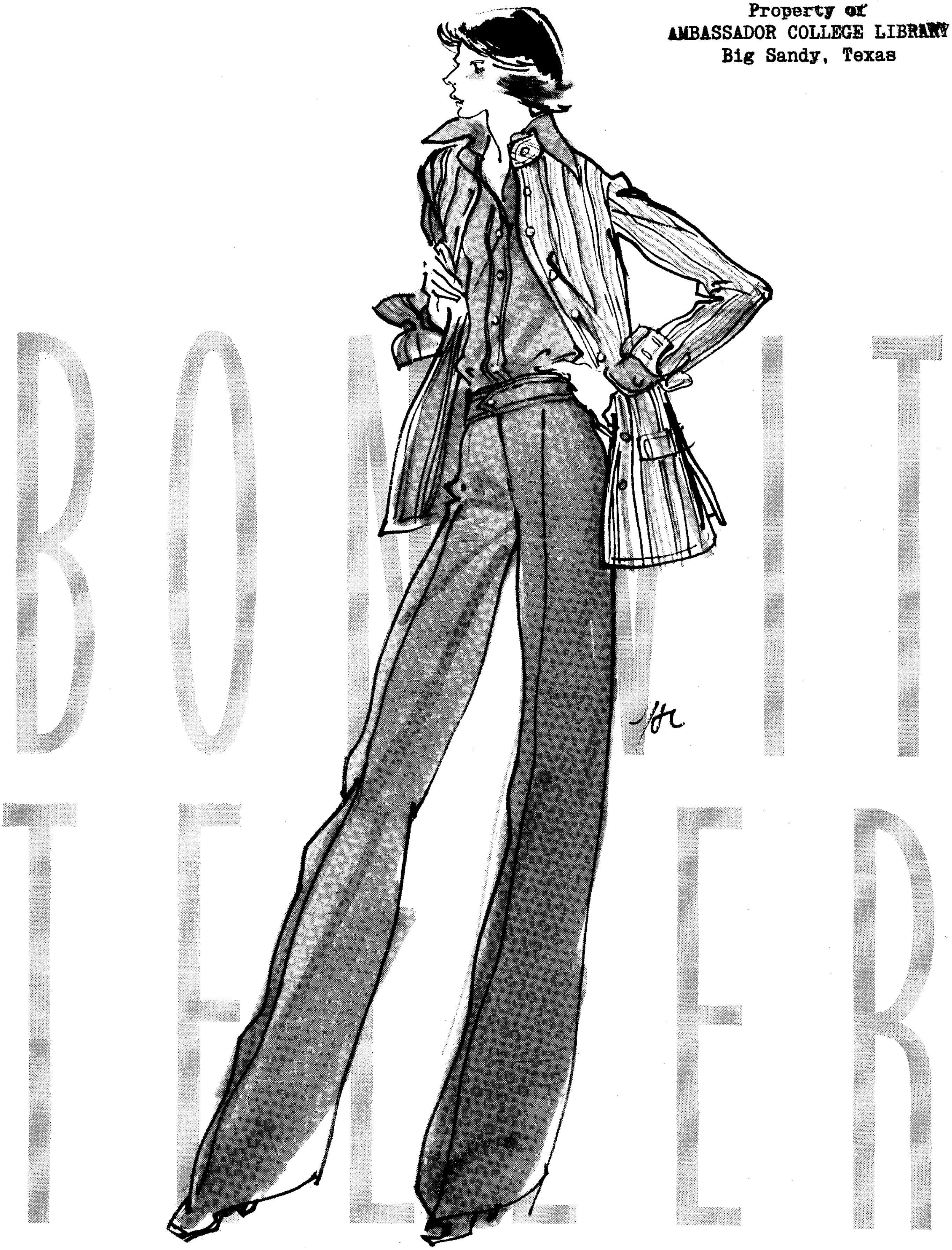

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A comedy by Terrence McNally, directed by Robert Drivas. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bread—A play by David Scott Milton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9.)

British Theatre Season—Performances by the Actors Company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There are also performances by two other companies—the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Young Vic—in the course of this long engagement. Shakespeare's **KING LEAR**, in the Opera House: Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 1:30 and 8. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **THE WOOD DEMON**, in the Opera House: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 12, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Congreve's **THE WAY OF THE WORLD**, in the Opera House: Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 8. . . . **KNOTS**, adapted from R. D. Laing, in the Music Hall: Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Equity Library Theatre—Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **CAROUSEL** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Find Your Way Home—A play by John Hopkins about a triangle—a husband, his wife, and his young male lover. An interesting and often amusing play, well acted by Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gigi—A pleasing cast, headed by Alfred Drake; charming sets by Oliver Smith; and pretty costumes by Oliver Messel, make this Lerner-Loewe musical seem far livelier than it really is. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, and Frances Sternhagen. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 10.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

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The Iceman Cometh—Seventeen miserable wretches in a New York bar in the year 1912. The excellent cast is headed by James Earl Jones. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—Final performances of a thirteen-week engagement. Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **HOLIDAY**, directed by Michael Montel: Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Rob-

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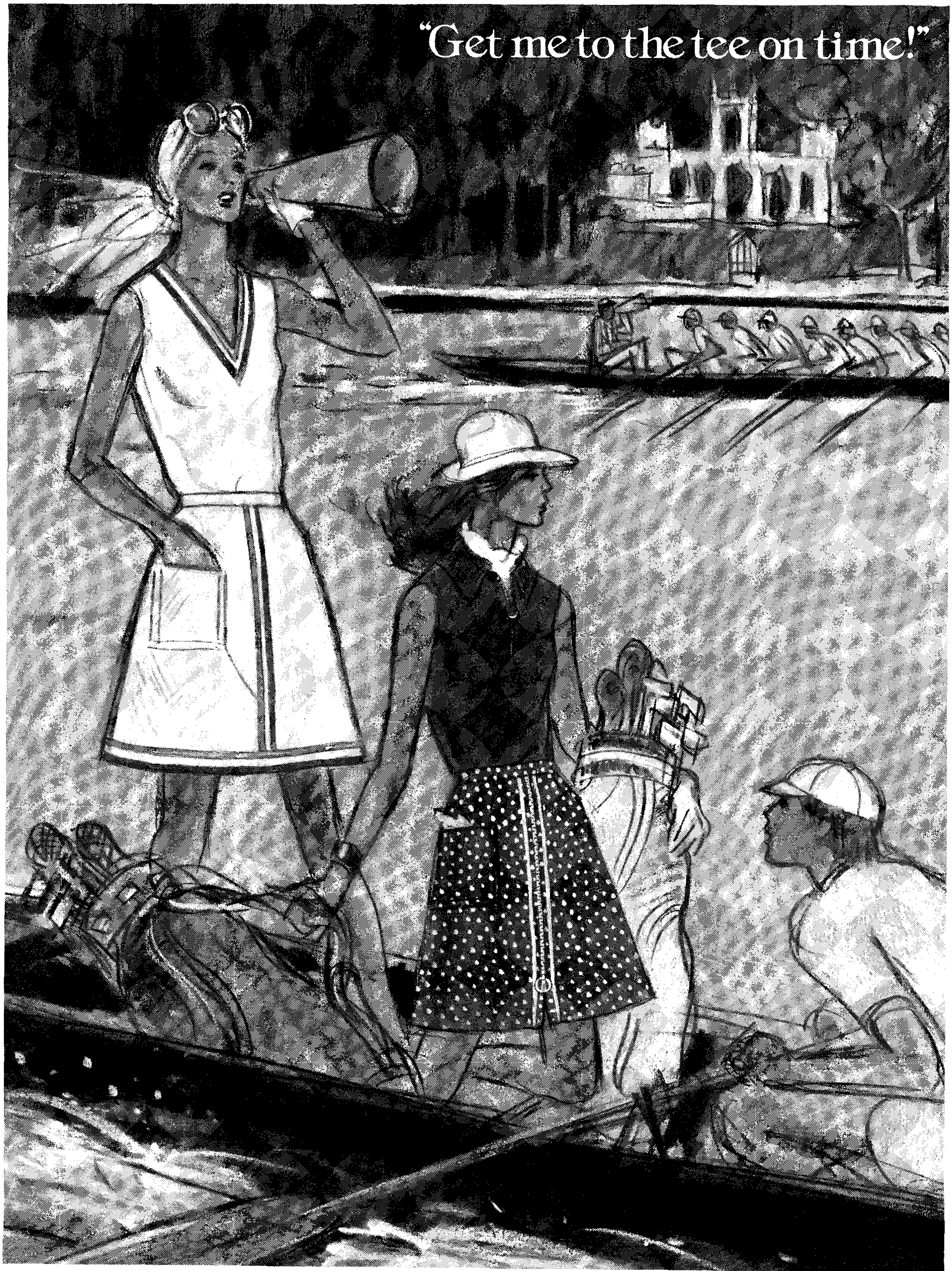
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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erts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, at 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390.).

The Past Is the Past and ***Going Thru Changes***—A pair of extraordinary one-acters about black life in America, by Richard Wesley. With Bill Cobbs, Robert Christian, and Michele Shay, among others. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 636-0919. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)

Rainbow Jones—A musical by Jill Williams, with Ruby Persson and Peter Kastner. Directed by Gene Persson. Previews Saturday evening, Feb. 9; Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 11-12; and Wednesday matinée, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 7. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Seagull—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

What the Wine-Sellers Buy—A play written by Ron Milner and directed by Michael Schultz. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 14, and will run through Sunday, March 17. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,737 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, *set in a tacky night club in* Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** Jane Powell (who has just replaced Debbie Reynolds), George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; on Thursday, Feb. 7, at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Moves on Tuesday, Feb. 12, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—**DON QUIXOTE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 1 and 7; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 12-13, at 8.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Cage," "Four Bagatelles," and "La Valse."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Tarantella," and "Serenade."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Four Bagatelles," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Serenade in A," and "Serenade."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 2 and 8, and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Sanctum Suite," "Cross-Fade" (première), and "Tower."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7, at 6:45; Friday, Feb. 8, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Divertissement," "Scrolls" (première), and "Tent." ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3: "Divertissement," "Scrolls," and "Tent."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 6:45; Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 2; Friday, Feb. 15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3: "*Somniloquy*," "Scenario," and "Foreplay."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Divertissement," "Scrolls," and "Tent."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Sanctum Suite," "Cross-Fade," and "Tower." (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897.)

Ambakaila, Trinidad Carnival Ballet and Steel Band—A company of sixty, including dancers, drummers, singers, and a steel band. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 6-8, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—The first performances here of Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Stimmung," with the six vocalists of the Collegium Vocale Cologne. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, at 8.)

George Faison Universal Dance Experience—The first four in a series of seven programs that will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. Thursday, Feb. 14 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 666-3381) and Saturday, Feb. 16: "In the Sweet Now and Now" (première).... ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, and Sunday, Feb. 17: "Reflections of a Lady" (première), "The Gazelle," and "Suite Otis." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Awaji Puppet Theatre of Japan—Almost lifesized puppets (each handled by three puppeteers visible on the stage), in four traditional dramas, with chanters and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Monday, Feb. 11, at ten.

Sonny Fortune—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Saxophone, leading a quintet *with trumpeter Charles Sullivan, from ten to* three, Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10.

Stan Getz—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Beginning Monday, Feb. 11.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Lionel Hampton—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a band, at nine and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by George Gershwin on Sunday, Feb. 10, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Yusef Lateef—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quartet. At ten, through Sunday, Feb. 10.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet. Starting Wednesday, Feb. 13, from nine to three.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar,

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respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 12, at ten.

Dave Van Ronk—Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892). Folksinger-guitarist, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sunday, Feb. 10, from ten until three-thirty.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Stories, a band that sounds uncannily like the Beatles (before they decided to become artists), shares the stage with folksinger Ken Tobias through Monday, Feb. 11. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser known performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. Through Saturday, Feb. 9, pianist Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson and Fender bassist Herb Bushler play with a quartet. Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 10-12, saxophonist David Schnitter works in front of a quartet. Trumpeter Joe Newman, a Basie alumnus who promotes jazz in New York through Jazz Interactions, promotes solid sounds with his quartet, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 13. Music from nine to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the fine guitar stylings of Joe Beck (who looks as though he enjoys his playing as much as his listeners do). Through Saturday, Feb. 9. Monday through Saturday, Feb. 11-16, pianist John Bunch, a distinguished sideman and leader, works with Fender bassist Jay Leonhart. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, Jaki Byard plays with a confident feel for stride, ragtime, and more modern piano styles. Bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument, plucks, slaps, and bows in accompaniment.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, who's come a long way from Kansas City, has taken over here while Bobby Short's away. She is aided by her bassist, Milton Suggs, from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays and Mondays. Pianist Julius Monk supplies cocktail music every evening but Sunday. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see and hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of drummer Sam Woodyard and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple—he sounds like Young and holds his horn the way Young did, in a nearly horizontal position—who was once dubbed "the Vice-Pres." Wednesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist, fills in Sundays through Tuesdays. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy occupies the center of the room now, along with bassist Morris Edwards. Eight to one nightly, except Sundays, when Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, most not.) The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

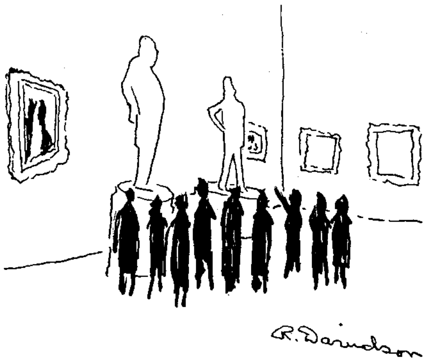
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting nightly from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 10, the duo will play an all-George Gershwin concert from four-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Mondays, Norma Shepherd sings at the piano with bass accompaniment by Johnny Williams. Tuesdays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Guitarists Sal Salvador and Allen Hanlon perform them through Saturday, Feb. 9. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently offering percussionist Mongo Santamaria and his band, whose repertory includes songs about watermelons and tangos. Guitarist Attila Zoller begins the sets through Saturday. Feb. 9. On Monday, Feb. 11, smooth-as-silk tenorman Stan Getz and his band will perform opposite pianist Mike Longo's duo. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at nine, eleven, and one, and Fridays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly, except Mondays.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—An unpretentious (yet relatively comfortable) club concerned with jazz as a serious business. So is saxophonist Sonny Fortune, who heads a quintet that features the fine solo-trumpet work of Charles Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10. Music from ten to three. Closed Mondays through Wednesdays.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, and bassist Lawrence Evans compete with the din Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **52nd Street Room** is occupied by impressionist and potshooter David Frye through Friday, Feb. 8. On Monday, Feb. 11, the vigorous blues-and-soul singer Lou Rawls takes up residence. Mondays through Wednesdays at nine-thirty; Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue (updated now and then) called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Despite the skeletons in its closet (it was once a discothèque), this lively music enterprise, unique on the upper East Side, has come to rival (and occasionally surpass) even Max's Kansas City in its first-rate line-up of entertainers and musicians—blues, folk, rock, and jazz, too—and in the crowds that these performers draw. The back room, where the stage is located, has become a mass of ropes, riggings, masts, and jammed-together tables and chairs; the bar provides a large standing space for the neck-craning youths who can't get a table, and the barroom walls are papered with posters of Robert Redford, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Azuma porn. Flutist Jeremy Steig leads a quintet opposite Thunderhead, a New Orleans rock band, through Sunday, Feb. 10. On Tuesday, Feb. 12, Novella Nelson, a locally popular vocalist with dramatic credentials (she's an actress, a director, and a consultant to Joseph Papp), brings her repertory to these uptown quarters. Music nightly, starting at nine-thirty. Snacks. Mondays, various other musical types drop in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Amazing Blondel, an English folk duo, heads the bill through Monday, Feb. 11. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

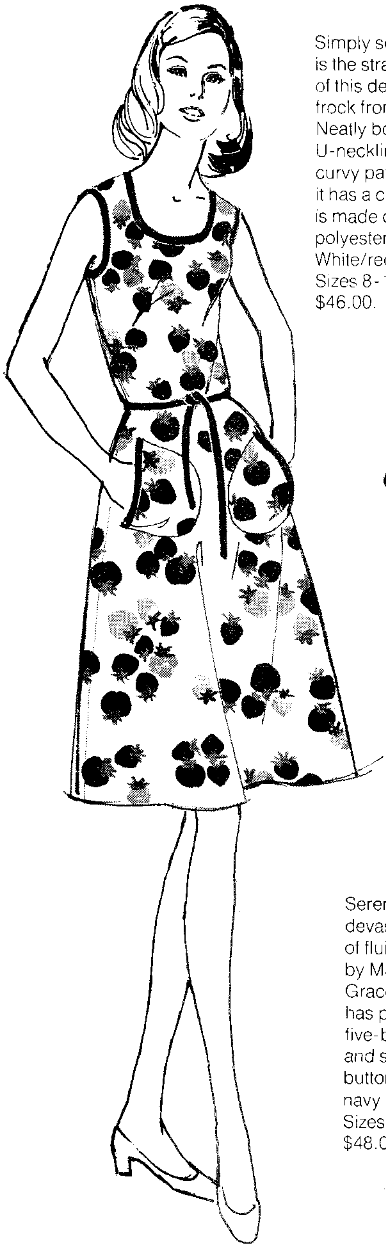
Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. Guitarist Danny Kalb, who used to be the fastest picker on MacDougal Street, performs through Thursday, Feb. 7. Folklorist, guitarist, and singer Dave Van Ronk delivers his classics with gravel-voiced sensitivity Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10. On Wednesday, Feb. 13, the Country Gentlemen arrive to play bluegrass and "new" grass; i.e., contemporary tunes with traditional interpretations. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Barbara Carroll, on piano, and bassist Lisle Atkinson perform from nine Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sometime clarinettist and Renaissance man Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

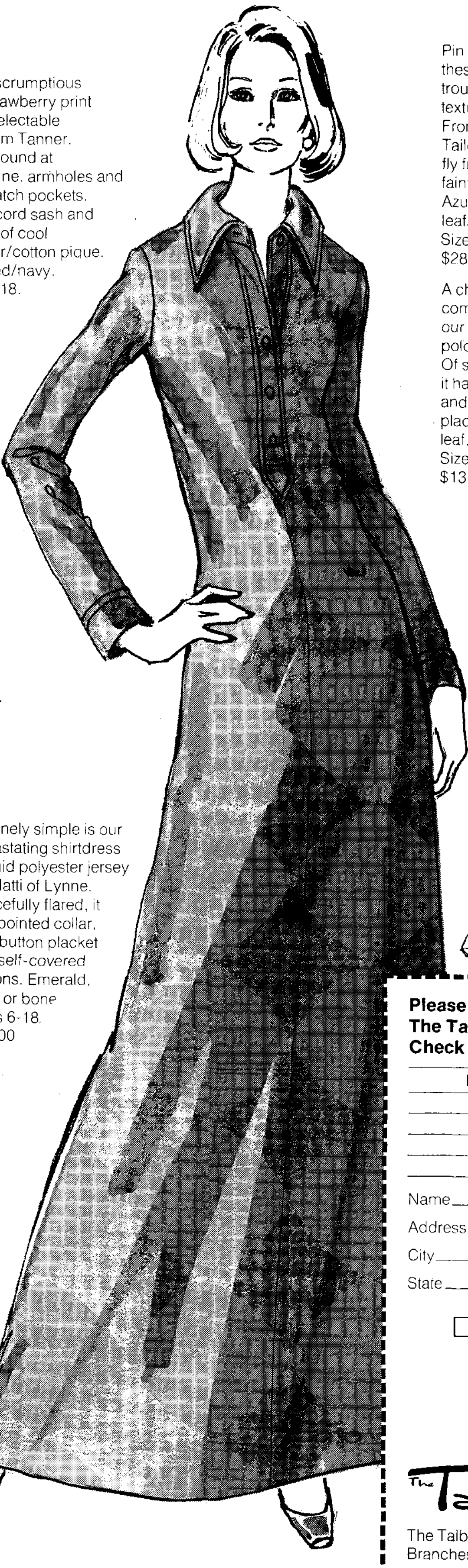
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Drummer Chico Hamilton is here Thursdays through Saturdays with his fine young quintet. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer and comedienne Lee Horwin alternates with another singer, Victor Vail, through Saturday,

Distinctive Sportswear in The Talbots Tradition of Good Taste.



Simply scrumptious is the strawberry print of this delectable frock from Tanner. Neatly bound at U-neckline, armholes and curvy patch pockets, it has a cord sash and is made of cool polyester/cotton pique. White/red/navy. Sizes 8-18. $46.00.



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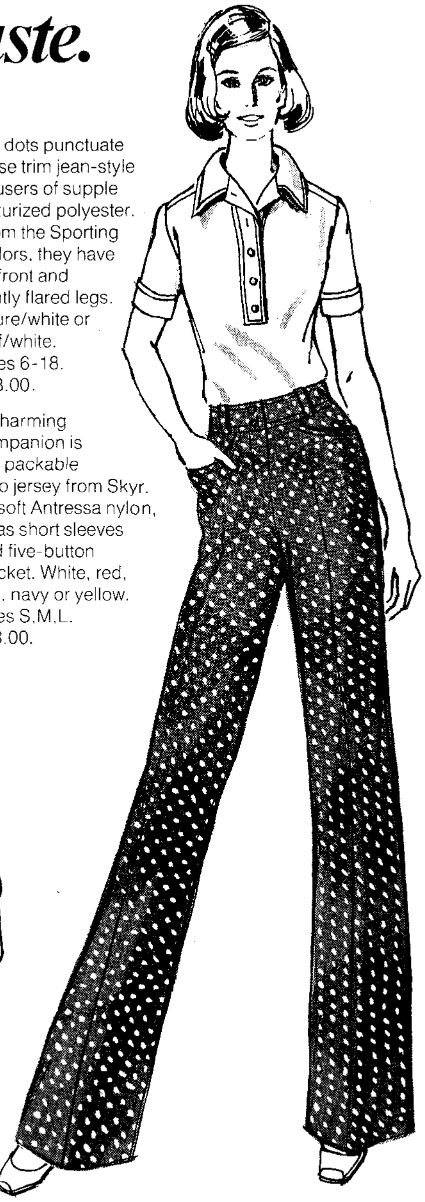
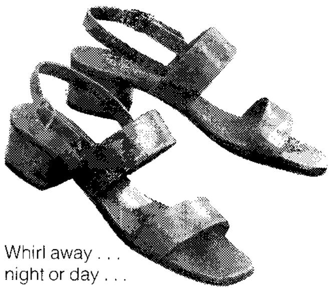


Pin dots punctuate these trim jean-style trousers of supple texturized polyester. From the Sporting Tailors, they have fly front and faintly flared legs. Azure/white or leaf/white. Sizes 6-18. $28.00.

A charming companion is our packable polo jersey from Skyr. Of soft Antressa nylon, it has short sleeves and five-button placket. White, red, leaf, navy or yellow. Sizes S,M,L. $13.00.



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Feb. 9, and with still another singer, Marc Allen Trujillo, Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 12-16. Shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, Feb. 10, Peter Allen, an amiable Australian, sings and plays (at the piano) his compositions at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining. Mondays are showcases for even more new talent.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, collaborates with tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims. Nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Drummer Bill Mintz and his trio perform Thursday, Feb. 7, followed by vibraharpist Vera Auer's trio Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9. The polished guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma drops in Sunday, Feb. 10. On Thursday, Feb. 14, pianist Teddy Saunders brings in a trio, and reedman Richard Clay heads up a quartet Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three (nine to two on Sundays). Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. The Yusef Lateef quartet is here through Sunday, Feb. 10. On Tuesday, Feb. 12, brilliant pianist McCoy Tyner begins guiding his quartet through labyrinthine sets. Monday, Feb. 11, is given over to the fifteen-piece aggregation of pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans. Evans, looking more like a prematurely gray rock star than the sixty-one-year-old jazz patriarch he is, leads one of the very few up-to-date big bands. At a time when such elder statesmen as Woody Herman and Buddy Rich satisfy themselves, or their accountants, by grafting an overamplified, rock-vamping guitar onto their charts, Evans' forward-looking innovations come as a pure relief. To the extent that some of his writing does incorporate rock, it is a genuine development, not merely an appendage of riffs. What's more, Evans can still evoke that rich, lush lyricism and resonance of texture that have lured such pacesetters as Miles Davis to work with him in the past. In addition to his assortment of tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizer, Evans has surrounded himself with some of the best soloists around—most notably, tenor saxophonist Billy Harper, trumpeter Marvin Peterson, and, on the tuba, the very fine Howard Johnson. The music begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Pianist Brooks Kerr and his ensemble—Sam Woodyard and Paul Quinichette, with the addition of trumpeter Franc Williams—troop across the park from their upper East Side base (Churchill's) to perform here Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, clarinettist Art Miller leads his No Gap Generation Band. Dill Jones, a fine Welsh pianist, gives a solo stride performance on Sunday, Feb. 10. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the Peppi Morreale band alternates with the Frankie Dash trio for dancing. On Monday, Feb. 11, the Sy Oliver orchestra will replace the Dash threesome. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ,** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Joseph Murello plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

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PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ednita Nazario is the soprano in the **PERSIAN ROOM.** She will be succeeded on Monday, Feb. 11, by a singer known to his press agent as the Luv Machine. Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lionel Hampton's band pours out the famous old noises during dinner and supper in this well-run mountain resort. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—An Italian Fortnight is being celebrated here, with folk dancers and strolling musicians, and a team of Italian chefs behind the scene. The hours for entertainment run from five to eleven.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Four Freshmen have the floor in the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper. In between times, Anthony Terini's orchestra provides the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** a quiet glade, is dispensing accordion and piano music from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Pianist Emme Kemp and conga drummer Candido are in residence in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** Their hours are Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** will reopen on Tuesday, Feb. 12, to accommodate the team of singer Tony Martin and dancer Cyd Charisse. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, except opening night, when there will be just one show, at ten. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BERNARD ARNEST—Landscapes of Colorado and paintings of young rock musicians, plus a series of small drawings based on a recent trip abroad. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MARIT GUINNESS ASCHAN—Enamelled objects and plaques by a British artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RUDOLF BARANIK—Paintings with black backgrounds and areas (often collage) of white and gray. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN BENSON—Geometric collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HARVEY BREVERMAN—Paintings combining hard-edge, Photo-Realist, and abstract elements, plus drawings. Through Feb. 23. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings. Through Feb. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDITH CARLSON—Paintings of vertical rectangles set against a background of horizontal bands. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR COPPEDGE—Portraits, and paintings of figures and city scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings of the red-light quarter in Amsterdam, by a founder of the Cobra group. Through March 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Brightly colored geometric tapestries. Through Feb. 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Fifteen oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LEE GATCH (1902-68)—Two decades of compositions in various combinations of oil, collage, and stone. Through March 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HERBERT—Small watercolors, pastels, and charcoal-and-pencil drawings, all of figures. Through March 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGO HOFF—Acrylic canvas collages. Through Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

SERGE HOLLERBACH—Figure studies in casein and acrylic. Through Feb. 23. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings from 1973. Through Feb. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Watercolors of bouquets of flowers, interiors with flowers, and wintry landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ELENA KEPALAS—Geometric aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS MARCOUSSIS (1883-1944)—Cubist etchings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Still-lifes and Icelandic landscapes with figures, horses, or, in two instances, a cow. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Oils, pastels, and prints of interiors and views from windows by an artist who formerly worked with an air brush. Through Feb. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT REID—Abstract paintings of beaches, incorporating letters and numerals. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

REINHOUD—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

IRA RICHER—Large white paintings joined in sections, and small unstretched canvases. Through Feb. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDWIG SANDER—Geometric color-field paintings. Through Feb. 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Portraitlike paintings of American Indians. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—A new series of gouaches based on a trip to North Africa. Through Feb. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA (1874-1949)—Paintings by the South American abstractionist. Starts Saturday, Feb. 9. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

FREDERICK WARDY—Linear black-and-white paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

CHRIS WILMARTH—Small wall sculptures of squares and rectangles in etched glass against steel plates, plus watercolors and graphite relief drawings. Through March 7. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figure paintings and drawings by Milton Avery and nine European masters, including Bonnard, Matisse, and Rousseau. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such American artists as Philip Evergood, Balcomb Greene, and Max Weber. Through Friday,

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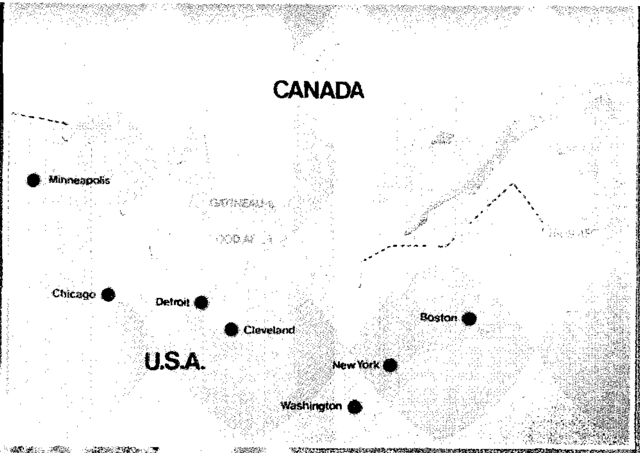

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Season: December to April	Developed vertical rise: 340' to 800'
GATINEAU/OUTAOUAIS AREA, QUEBEC	6 major ski centres
Season: December to April	Developed vertical rise: 500' to 1,250'
LAURENTIAN AREA, QUEBEC	16 major ski centres
Season: Late November to April	Developed vertical rise: 400' to 2,300'
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS AREA, QUEBEC	6 major ski centres
Season: December to April	Developed vertical rise: 1,050' to 1,770'
QUEBEC CITY AREA, QUEBEC	4 major ski centres
Season: November to April	Developed vertical rise: 500' to 2,050'

Canada

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by, among others, Paul Jenkins, Alan Davie, and Barbara Hepworth. Through Feb. 10. . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Milton Avery, Darby Bannard, Hans Hofmann, and Burgoyne Diller. Through March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by five artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SOLOMON,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and graphics by Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Friday, Feb. 15. . . . **WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A reconstruction, in part, of the 1925 exhibition organized by Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries. Seven Americans are represented, including Demuth, Marin, and O'Keeffe. Through March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DORIS WEINER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American artists. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by Arp, Braque, Ernst, and others. Through March 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LUDWIG BEMELMANS (1898-1962)—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 23. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CIVITELLO—Muted paintings of roofs of buildings. Through Feb. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS EVANS—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

YVONNE JACQUETTE—Paintings and drawings of cities and skies. Through Feb. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

R. B. KITAJ—Figurative paintings from 1966 to the present. Through Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Bronzes and other small sculptures. Through March 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID LIGARE—Magic-Realist drawings by a California artist. Through Feb. 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PATRICIA MANGIONE—Semi-abstract paintings of imaginary landscapes and figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and constructions, together with some two hundred items from the Harry Holtzman Collection—*photographs, his painting materials*, writings, and books. Starts Thursday, Feb. 7. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Two landscapes and five paintings of the nude in the studio. A collateral show to his retrospective at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

RANDALL ROSENTHAL—Paintings, often massive yet minutely detailed. Through Feb. 23. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JOHN SEERY—Large abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT SLUTZKY—Hard-edge paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Abstract paintings and collages. Through March 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of American folk art. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings executed and shown during the thirties by eight gallery artists. Through March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: American paintings of the fifties by Pollack, de Kooning, Rothko, Kline, and others. Starts Saturday, Feb. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Le Parc, Tomasello, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 9.

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GALLERIES—SoHo

JAMIS H. BENEFIELD / ESTA NESBITT—Painted-clay figures, highly detailed and placed in miniature landscapes. / Paintings of abstracted figures. Starts Saturday, Feb. 9. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BRADLEY—Sprayed-paint abstractions. Through Feb. 20. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY CHALFANT—Sculptures in limestone, marble, and granite. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HILO CHEN—Photo-Realistic paintings of figures on a beach. Through March 13. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays.)

ROBERT CLARK / NANCY LAGIN—Neon sculptures and wall pieces. / Watercolors and two large paintings with a feeling of landscape. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

ALAN COTE—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

DOKTORI—Latex wall pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

TOM DOYLE / HARRY KRAMER—Two large sculptures (ramps, really) that can be walked on. / Large abstract black-and-white paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD FRIEDBERG—One enormous sculpture and thirty related drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—Sculptures of large spheres in glazed clay, concrete, and steel. Through Feb. 21. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARDENA PINDELL—Works on paper. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

MORGAN SANDERS / ROSALIND SHAFFER—Assemblages of metal, glass, fur, and other materials, linked together by photographs and painted areas. / Figure paintings. Through Feb. 20. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Sculptures in wood and metal. Starts Saturday, Feb. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

MARJORIE STRIDER—Wall pieces and drawings depicting boxes and bags overflowing with foam. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MICHELLE STUART—Large graphite paintings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 9. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD VAUX / CHARLES MAGISTRO—Paintings in acrylic on layers of vinyl. / Silk-screen prints of fantasy landscapes. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Eight interpretations of the human figure in painting, by Barnet, Gretna Campbell, Marsicano, and others. Through Feb. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Duane Hanson, paintings by Gerald Horn, and projections by Eric Staller. Through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

AL HIRSCHFELD—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOYCE WEINSTEIN—Cityscapes in oil. Through March 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PHOENIX,** 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings by George Kanelous and Margaret Pomfret and sculptures by Elena Kepalas. Through March 1. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: "Diamond Mirror: The Art of the Buddhist and Hindu Tantra," including more than a hundred examples from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. Through March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—Photographs. Through March 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

ROBERT FICHTER / NATHAN LYONS—Photographs with autobiographic images. / Photographs. Through March 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUDY TOMKINS / LEIGH RICHMOND MINER / JEREMY COGAN—Black-and-white photographs of the black community in Bridgehampton, L.I. / Black-and-white photographs of the black community on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, taken in the early nineteen-hundreds. / Sharp-focus color photographs of nature. Through Feb. 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

DON WORTH / OLIVER GAGLIANI—Photographs. / Abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties, selected and arranged to illustrate their common abstract quality and the practice, adapted from Futurism, of pointing the camera down on their subject. Moholy-Nagy's photographs have a look of experiment (some employ peculiar printing techniques), and many resemble the late Bauhaus Master's serene, orderly, static abstract paintings. An untypical photograph by Moholy-Nagy called "The Water's Edge" is a conventional, unforgettable view of a beach up its length, with little clusters of people standing near the scalloped line of the shining water's edge—and is a reminder that what photography is about is the evocation of visible, familiar reality. The handsome, painterly abstract photographs are photography *manqué* in contrast. Rodchenko's grim geometries—views of shadowy Moscow streets, dark railroad stations, grimy telephone booths, Stalinist parades, groups of gray soldiers in the snow, and sad, shabby women—look startlingly familiar; one realizes that this is what one sees while reading Solzhenitsyn. Kertész (who has led a life devoted to photography, while photography for Rodchenko and Moholy-Nagy has been one among many concerns) is a fusion of realism and abstraction that is unique in photography. Kertész's photographs are as immediately recognizable as the paintings of Cézanne, and all express (as John Szarkowski has precisely characterized it) "a sense of the sweetness of life, a free and childlike pleasure in the beauty of the world and the preciousness of sight." Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **ELLIOTT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Scenes of battles and portraits of the men who fought them, from the Crimean War through the First World War. Through March 2. . . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs on the theme of women by Ken Heyman, Mary Ellen Andrews, Edna Katz, and Bob Rogers. Through Feb. 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from the Cloisters. Starts Friday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ "The Tens,

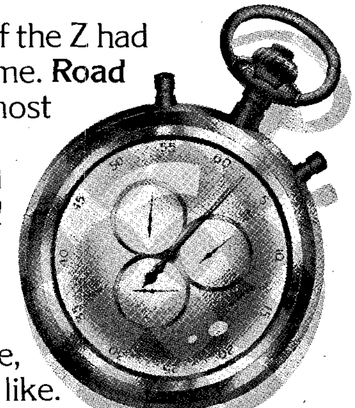
Anatomy of a legend:

Introducing Datsun 260-Z for 1974. A product of four years of exhaustive development in Japan, and four in America. Eight years of in-depth scrutiny resulting in numerous design and engineering refinements to give America what it wants: gran-turismo motoring as faultless as modern automotive technology can provide. And, at a reasonable price.

The legacy of "Z."

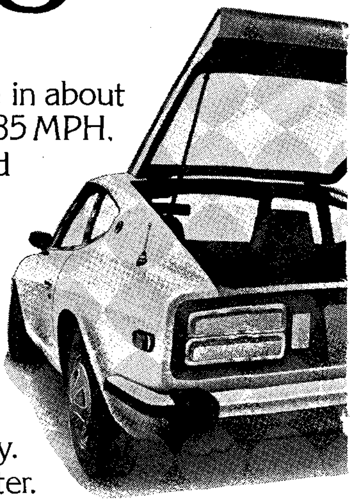
Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.

Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. **Road & Track** called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, **Car and Driver** readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a **Road & Track** owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."



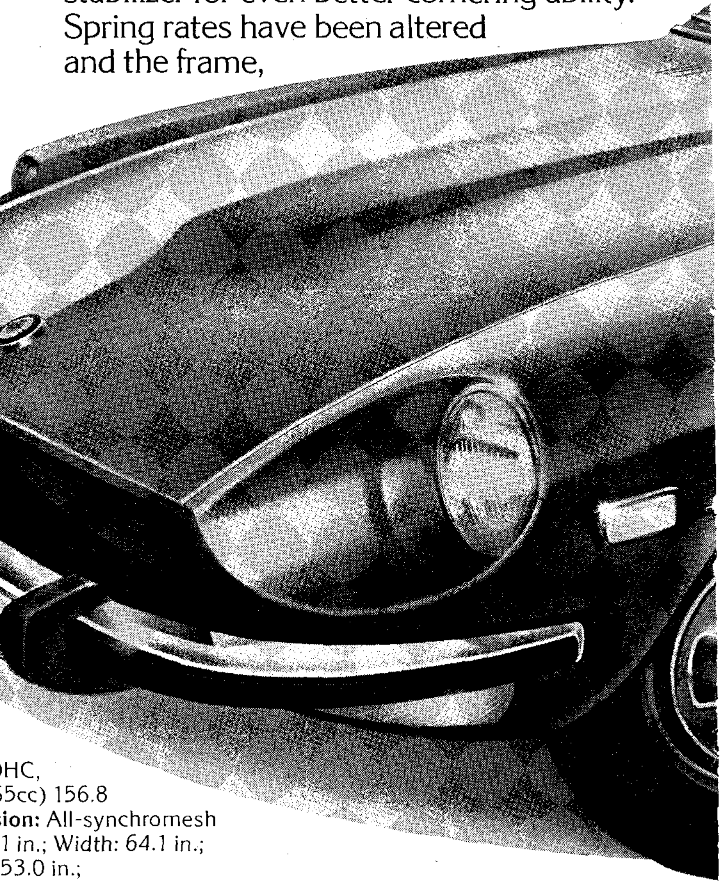
The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.



The picking of nits.

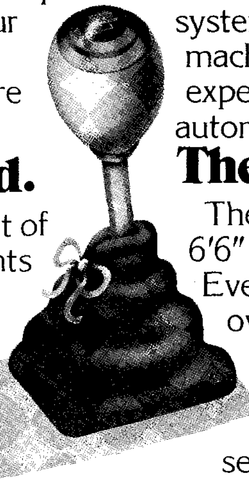
Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new *stabilizer* for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,



DATSUN 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: **Engine:** 6-cylinder, in-line SOHC, water cooled. Bore & stroke: 3.27 in. x 3.11 in.; Displacement (2565cc) 156.8 cu. in.; Compression ratio: 8.8:1; Carburetion: 2 Hitachi. **Transmission:** All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. **Dimensions:** Length: 169.1 in.; Width: 64.1 in.; Height: 50.6 in.; Wheelbase: 90.7 in.; Tread,(front) 53.3 in.; (rear) 53.0 in.;

new Datsun 260-Z.

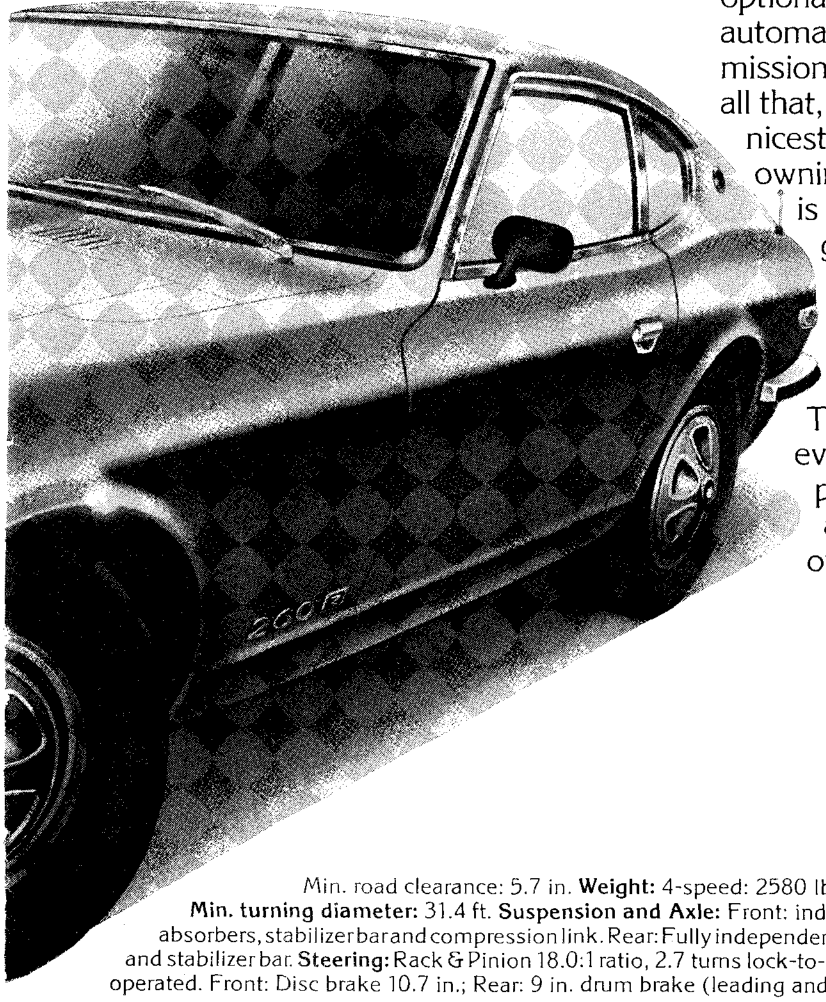
engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from $9,000 to $25,000.



The affordable legend.

The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

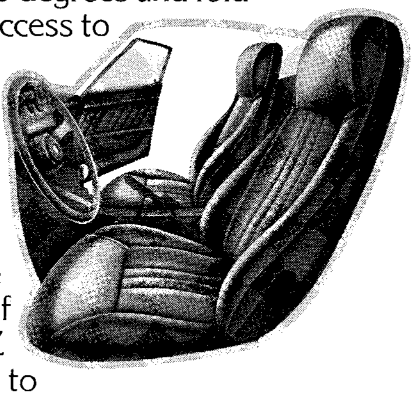
Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.



The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6′6″ adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning. Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z is being able to get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide.



What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun…then decide.

Datsun Saves

Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. **Weight:** 4-speed: 2580 lbs.; Automatic: 2590 lbs. **Seating capacity:** 2 persons. **Min. turning diameter:** 31.4 ft. **Suspension and Axle:** Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer bar and compression link. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. **Steering:** Rack & Pinion 18.0:1 ratio, 2.7 turns lock-to-lock. **Brakes:** Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in.; Rear: 9 in. drum brake (leading and trailing shoes).

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art.". . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope, sand, and other materials, by Barry Flanagan. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Photographs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-five prints dated from 1903 to 1942 by Wassily Kandinsky, on loan from the Stadtische Galerie, in Munich. Through Feb. 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through March 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of portraits from the nineteen-thirties to the present, by Alice Neel. Starts Thursday, Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Paintings by William Allan, a young Californian. Through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, wall hangings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by nine artists (Charles Hinman, Robert Indiana, and Agnes Martin among them) who lived on Coenties Slip between 1954 and 1967. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—English prints and drawings from the seventeenth century to the present, including work by Hogarth, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Beardsley, Rossetti, Hamilton, Hockney, and Riley. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Terra-cotta sculptures (toys, cult figures, and relief panels) from ancient India. Through March 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Lincoln's Birthday until 6:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Through March 17. A complementary show is at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Illustrations of John Milton's work by Blake, Turner, Arthur Rackham, and others, plus first editions of Milton's poetry. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through March 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Over a hundred paintings and drawings by leading Belgian Symbolists and Surrealists, dated from 1885 to the present, on loan from more than forty museums and private collections in America and Europe. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and magazine illustrations and covers by Benito, the Art Deco artist who did much work for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the twenties and thirties. Through March 20. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document their life both in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and etchings of the black ghetto and African landscapes by Vincent Smith. Through March 3. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 11, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Walter Cassel, and Paul Plishka; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—A concert on Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 8, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 7:30 (all with Christoph Eschenbach, piano); and performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 8 Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30 (with Edda Moser and Felicity Palmer, sopranos; Betty Allen and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-sopranos; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Siegmund Nimsgern, baritone; Raymond Michalski, bass-baritone; the Westminster Choir; and several other choirs).... NOTE: Mr. Boulez will also conduct the orchestra in a performance of Elliott Carter's "Concerto for Orchestra," as well as discuss Carter and his music (and answer questions) on Monday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, at Avery Fisher Hall.

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8, with Leonard Rose, cello.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

"The Gypsy Baron"—Thomas Scherman directing a chorus and an orchestra in a concert version of Johann Strauss's operetta, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; William Lewis, tenor; Cyril Ritchard, narrator; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

RECITALS

Rita Bouboulidi—Three of the concerts in a series of eight presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Wednesday, Feb. 6; Saturday, Feb. 9; and Wednesday, Feb. 13, all at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Christopher Johnson Yavelow and David Cope. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—Principal players from the orchestra in the third in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting a chamber concert of contemporary music. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Waverly Consort—"Music at Versailles," a program of instrumental and vocal music, with Edward Smith, harpsichord, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Cambridge Consort—Two singers and three instrumentalists from Boston in a program entitled "Love and Dalliance in Renaissance France." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Oscar Shumsky, violin; Lynn Harrell, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 5:45: **José Limón Dance Company**.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 5:45: **Tom Paxton**.

Stephen Stills and Maria Muldaur—Carnegie

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8 and at midnight.

Loudon Wainwright III and David Bromberg—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.

Stardrive—An electronic keyboard synthesizer (played by Robert Mason) hooked up with the Planetarium's star-projection machine. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. 873-1300. Final performances Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 8:30 and 11.)

Two Generations of Brubeck—The Dave Brubeck Trio and the Darius Brubeck Ensemble with Chris and Dan Brubeck, plus Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Country in New York—The second in a series of five programs, this one with Charlie Rich, Bill Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys, and Tom T. Hall and his Storytellers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 5 and 8:30.)

Eddie Bonnemère's Orchestra—With the JESU Choir and the Brooklyn Chorale Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

Lee Konitz Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Big Mama Thornton—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.

Rita Dimitri—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—With Chuck Wayne, Joe Puma, Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard, and Matthew Gee. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

New York Dolls and Elliott Murphy—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, the Four Tops, and Jay & the Americans—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.

Bob Greene's "World of Jelly Roll Morton"—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.

Black Oak Arkansas, Duke Williams & the Extremes, and Jo Jo Gunne—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 7:35.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7:05. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Feb. 16.

Racing—At **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Tuesday, Feb. 12, through Monday, May 27. No racing Thursday, Feb. 14. . . . **liberty bell**, Philadelphia: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 8, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic**: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a program of music by George Gershwin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . **light opera of manhattan**: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 9-10, at 4. . . . ¶ "Patience," Saturday, Feb. 16, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting a program that will include the première of Benjamin Lees' "The Trumpet of the Swan" (based on the E. B. White story), with Emile Renan, narrator. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

H. R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting over a hundred characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," "Lidsville," and "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," plus TV star Johnny Whitaker and a twenty-eight-piece puppet orchestra. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 12, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 10:30 and 2; Saturdays at 10:30, 1, and 3:30; and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes**: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **meri mini players**: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **paper bag players**: "I Won't Take a Bath!" (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.). . . **performing arts repertory theatre**: "Pocahontas." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:30. For tickets, call 866-4602.). . . **poko puppets**: "A Canterbury Tale for Children." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

Fun and Fantasy '74—A gallimaufry of whimsical craft work, in a variety of mediums, with prices—seven hundred and fifty dollars, for example—strictly for adults. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Fairtree, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition of children's art done by students in the John F. Kennedy Schule, in West Berlin. Through March 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth." (Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5, and on Lincoln's Birthday from 8 to 10 A.M. On Saturday, Feb. 9, at 10, there will be an ice carnival with skating races and an exhibition of figure skating.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Robert Bly, Lewis Hyde and Galway Kinnell reading translations from the works of the late Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Feb. 11, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

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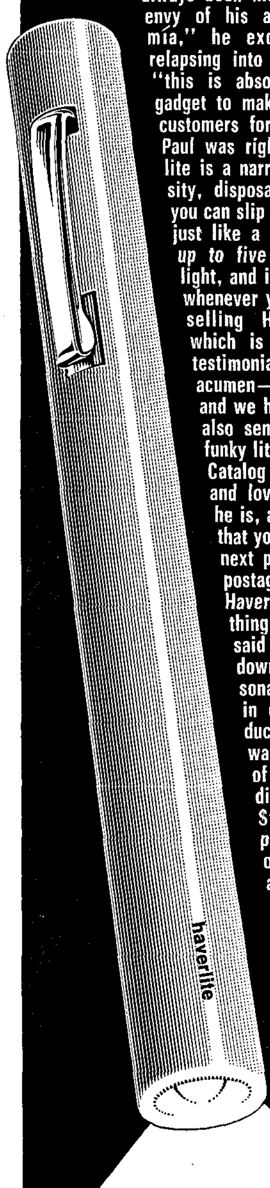

I SAW THE HAVERLITE

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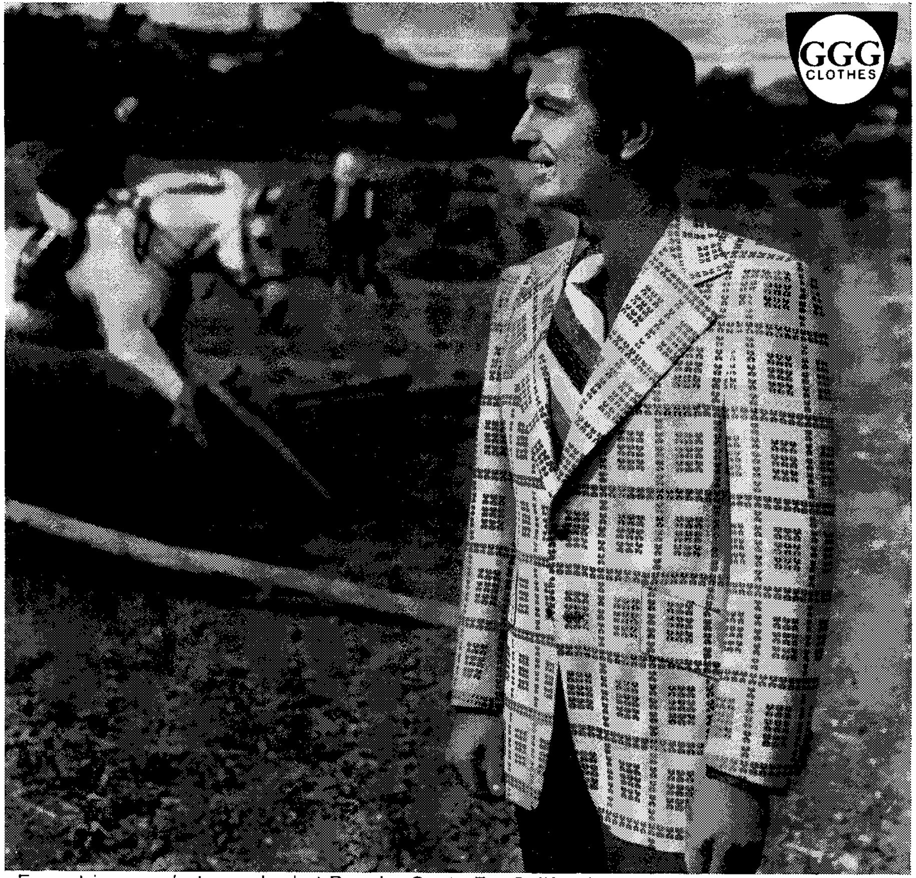
AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, belonging to James Marshall Plumer and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: Nineteenth-century furniture, decorations, and works of art; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 7.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 6 at 5:30: "A Time for Burning" (1966), directed by William C. Jersey and Barbara Connell, a documentary film. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:30: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8 and Feb. 8 at 2: "Mina de Vanghel" (1953), in French, directed by Maurice Clavel and Maurice Barry; and "The Crimson Curtain" (1952), in French, directed by Alexandre Astruc. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5:30 and Feb. 9 at noon: "Mother Joan of the Angels" (1960), in Polish, directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 3: "Masculine Feminine" (1966), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30: "Mouchette" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 12:30 and 3: "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (1935), directed by William Dieterle, with Paul Muni. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5:30 and Feb. 11 at 2: "The First Night" (1957), directed by George Franju; "The Whalers (1958), directed by Mario Ruspoli; and "Du Côte de la Côte" (1958), directed by Agnès Varda. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 5:30: "Concerto Pour un Exil" (1967), in French, directed by Désiré Ecaré; and "Cabascabo" (1968), in French, directed by Oumarou Ganda, no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5:30: "Still Life" (1970) and "Work Done" (1972), both directed by Robert Beavers. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5:30: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30: "Seventeenth Parallel" (1968), in French, directed by Joris Ives. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "Lettre de Sibérie" (1957), directed by Chris Marker. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Feb. 6: "Boy Meets Girl" (1938), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Feb. 7: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard and William Powell. . . . ¶ Feb. 8: "The Big City" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer. . . . ¶ Feb. 9-10: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ Feb. 13-14: "Viva Villa" (1934), directed by Jack Conway and Howard Hawks, with Wallace Beery. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 6: "The Free Life," directed by R. Selig Hersh, Russ Schwartz, and Richard Searls. . . . ¶ Feb. 7-13: "The Jail," directed by Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau, and Bill Yahraus. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 14: "American Moods," a program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:30 on Tuesday evenings); on Feb. 6 at 1:10, 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. . . . BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Feb. 12: "Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Feb. 13: "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Feb. 14: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Feb. 15: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. (Showings at 8.)

The Adventures of a Man with a Style for Living.



Equestrienne, photographed at Rancho Santa Fe, California. Shakespearean troupe, photographed at Old Globe Theater, Balboa Park, San Diego. Write for free booklet, "Adventures of the Man with a Style for Living." GGG Clothes, Dept. A, 12 East 14 St., New York 10003.

Photo: Pesin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Partner."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 9: "The Thin Man" and "After the Thin Man."
Feb. 10-12: "Strange Interlude" and "Ah Wilderness!"
From Feb. 13: "The Band Wagon" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "Child's Play."
From Feb. 13: "Cops and Robbers" and "Slither."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 7: "Cry of the Wild."
From Feb. 8: "Walking Tall."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 12: "The Paper Chase."
From Feb. 13: "The Long Goodbye" and "Slither."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Vanishing Wilderness."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Feb. 6: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 7: "Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Zardoz."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Don't Look Now."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Road Movie."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 9: "Sleeper."
From Feb. 10: "The Last Detail."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Feb. 6: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 7: "The Paper Chase."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 6: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."
From Feb. 7: "The Ceremony."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Magnum Force."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Feb. 6: "American Graffiti."
From Feb. 7: "The Way We Were."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 10: "Fantastic Planet."
From Feb. 11: "Thieves Like Us."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 7: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
From Feb. 8: "Robin Hood."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 7: "O Lucky Man!"
From Feb. 8: "Deep Throat II."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Vanishing Wilderness."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 7: "The Seven-Ups."
From Feb. 8: "Walking Tall."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"McQ."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sugar Hill."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Belt Jones."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Alfredo Alfredo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 7: "The Paper Chase."
From Feb. 8: "Sleuth" and "Slither."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "The Last American Hero."
From Feb. 13: "Happy New Year."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 12 at one or another of the theatres: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green" / "O Lucky Man!" and "If . . ." / "Magnum Force" / "Ash Wednesday" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 6: "Open City" and "The Easy Life."
Feb. 7-11: "Jules and Jim" and "Two English Girls."
Feb. 12: "Children of Paradise."
Feb. 13: "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria."
From Feb. 14: "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 12: "Ash Wednesday" and "Straw Dogs."
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Feb. 6: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 7: "Vanishing Wilderness."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Feb. 6, at 8: Joni Mitchell.
From Feb. 7: "Superdad."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of Feb. 12: "The Paper Chase" and "Kid Blue."
From Feb. 13: "Happy New Year."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 7: "Lola Montès" and "Letter from an Unknown Woman."
Feb. 8-10: "State Fair" and "How Green Was My Valley."
Feb. 11-12: "Ikiru" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
Feb. 13-14: "Red River" and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 7: "The Laughing Policeman."
From Feb. 8: "Robin Hood."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Vanishing Wilderness."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 12: "The Way We Were" and "Butterflies Are Free."
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Westworld" and "Soylent Green."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 12: "The Getaway" and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 6: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Feb. 7: "Alfredo Alfredo."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 12: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green."
From Feb. 13: "Happy New Year."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 7: "Money, Money, Money" and "Le Boucher."
From Feb. 8: "Walking Tall."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 7: "The Long Goodbye" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Feb. 8: "Persona," "Hour of the Wolf," and "Shame."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**bleecker st. cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10: "Swing Time" (1936; Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire) and "Once Upon a Honeymoon" (1942; Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant). . . . **film forum,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In this one, mushmouthed Elissa Landi is a lady in distress: she's lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 9.)

Ah Wilderness! (1935)—Eugene O'Neill wrote the play, but it seems to have come out of a dream world based on Booth Tarkington. This piece of ordinary-family-life Americana, centering on the sweet love pangs of adolescence, is so remote from O'Neill's life and his other work that it's something of a freak. Eric Linden (who always looks as if he's just about to cry) plays the dreamy high-school valedictorian hero in the era of choking starched collars; that clawing old fraud Lionel Barrymore is his father; Wallace Beery is his tippling uncle; and Aline MacMahon and Spring Byington wear neat shirtwaists and make themselves useful about the house. If it sounds Andy Hardyish, it is, and more than a little, and M-G-M later, in 1948, tried to capitalize on the resemblance by starring Mickey Rooney in a musical version of the play called "Summer Holiday." The musical turned out an abomination, but this early version, directed by Clarence Brown, while not a world-shaker, and rather dim as entertainment, has at least a nice sense of period. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10-12.)

Alfredo Alfredo—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Reviewed in these pages 1/21/74.) (Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Feb. 7.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age

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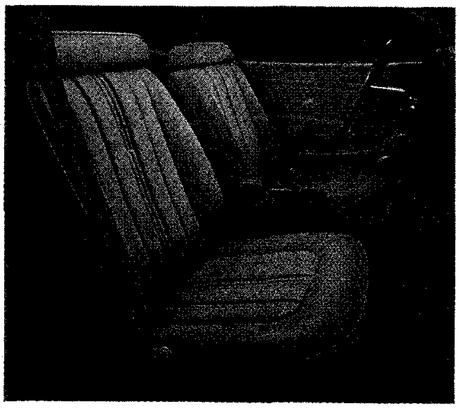

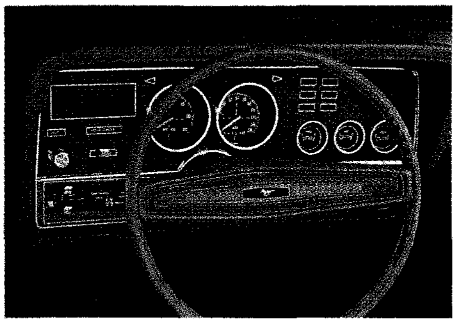

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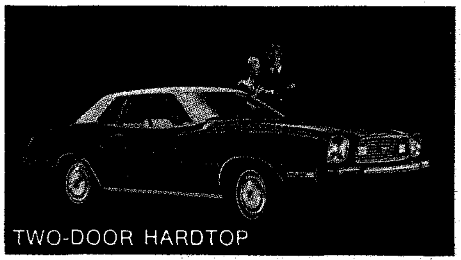
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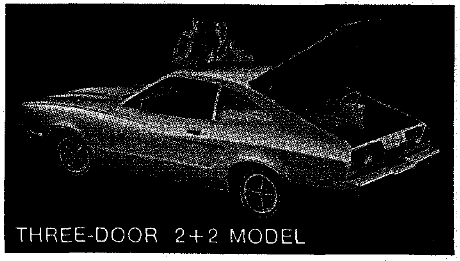
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (Columbia II; Feb. 6.)

ASH WEDNESDAY—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 13.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Greenwich; through Feb. 12.)

BLACK BELT JONES—With Jim Kelly and Gloria Hendry, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

BLAZING SADDLES—With Cleavon Little and Gene Wilder, directed by Mel Brooks. (Sutton; starting Feb. 7.)

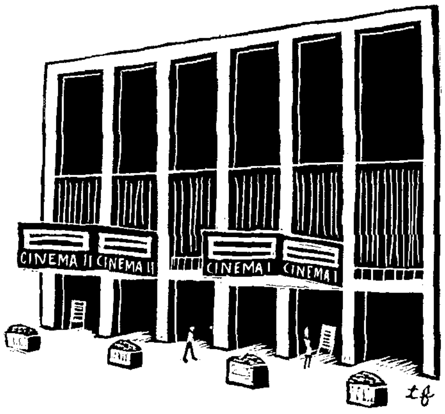
LE BOUCHER (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (2/5/72) (Thalia; through Feb. 7.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 13.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE (1972)—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 12.)

THE CEREMONY (1971)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Feb. 7.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 12.)



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CHILD'S PLAY (1972)—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (12/16/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

COPS AND ROBBERS—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 13.)

CRY OF THE WILD—Wolves in the back country of Canada. (Cinema Village; through Feb. 7.)

DAY FOR NIGHT—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Festival.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Fine Arts.)

THE EASY LIFE (1963)—Vittorio Gassman is the man-about-town, and Jean-Louis Trintignant is the academic he corrupts. Dino Risi directed this celebrated social comedy. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 6.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Cinema I, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

FANTASTIC PLANET—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. (68th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 10.)

THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

THE GETAWAY (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 12.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Greenwich, Playboy, and Symphony; starting Feb. 13.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Olympia; starting Feb. 8.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. With Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors; the singers, however, are really Welsh. And Roddy McDowall was such a nice little boy, and Walter Pidgeon such a gentleman and so sincere. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8-10.)

IF . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

IKIRU (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11-12.)

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Juliet 1; through Feb. 7.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 7-11.)

KID BLUE—With Dennis Hopper and Warren Oates, directed by James Frawley. (Playboy; through the afternoon of Feb. 12.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; starting Feb. 14.)

The Last American Hero—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Greenwich; through Feb. 12.)

The Last Detail—With Jack Nicholson, directed by Hal Ashby. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Feb. 10.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 7.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (1/13/73) (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 12.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Olympia; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Feb. 13.)

Luther—From John Osborne's play. The fifth presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Stacy Keach, Hugh Griffith, and Robert Stephens; screenplay by Edward Anhalt, directed by Guy Green. The film will be shown on Feb. 6, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

McQ—With John Wayne, directed by John Sturges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11-12.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogamy and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder sardonic and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 6.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (4/21/73) (Thalia; through Feb. 7.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 13.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Juliet 2; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 6.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Playboy; through the afternoon of Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting Feb. 7.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (3/27/71) (Art.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Olympia; starting Feb. 8.)

Red River (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13-14.)

Road Movie—With Regina Baff, Robert Drivas, and Barry Bostwick, directed by Joseph Strick. (Plaza.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Juliet 1, and Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 8.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (U. A. East; through Feb. 7.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Olympia; starting Feb. 8.)

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and the film has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party;" screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13-14.)

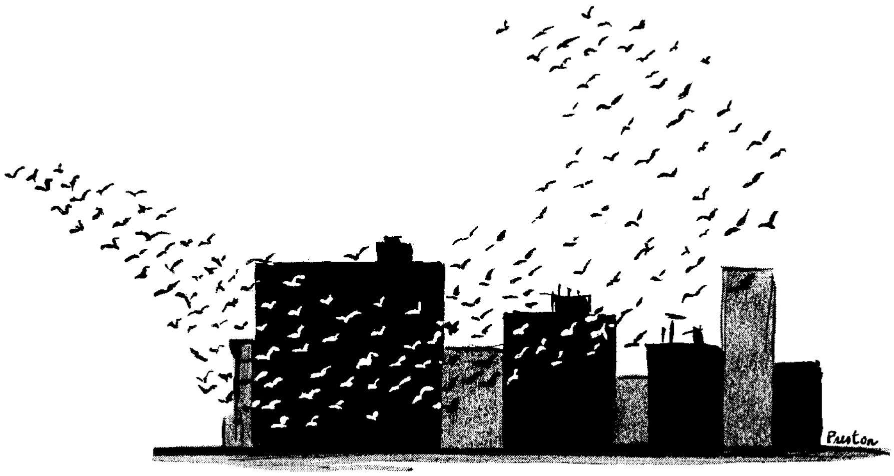
Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Feb. 9.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (12/23/72) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 8.)

Slither—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (3/10/73) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting Feb. 13.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (4/28/73) (Beacon. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Feb. 12.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In



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Holland. It isn't the biggest country in Europe. But every square inch of us is like one giant resort.

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But in the countryside as well. A countryside made familiar by artists for centuries.

You'll find that every village and hamlet in Holland has facilities designed to take good care of people. Family people. With kids, grandkids, and in-laws and uncles and aunts.

In fact, you'll find a whole nation of Dutch uncles just waiting to entertain yours.

In times like these it's also good to remind you that Holland is a country that really likes Americans. (We liked America so much we bought Manhattan. Remember?)

And we'll never forget what you Americans did for us during World War II. (Who could forget that?)

So for a change come to Holland. To our dikes and windmills and tulips and seasides and countrysides and citysides.

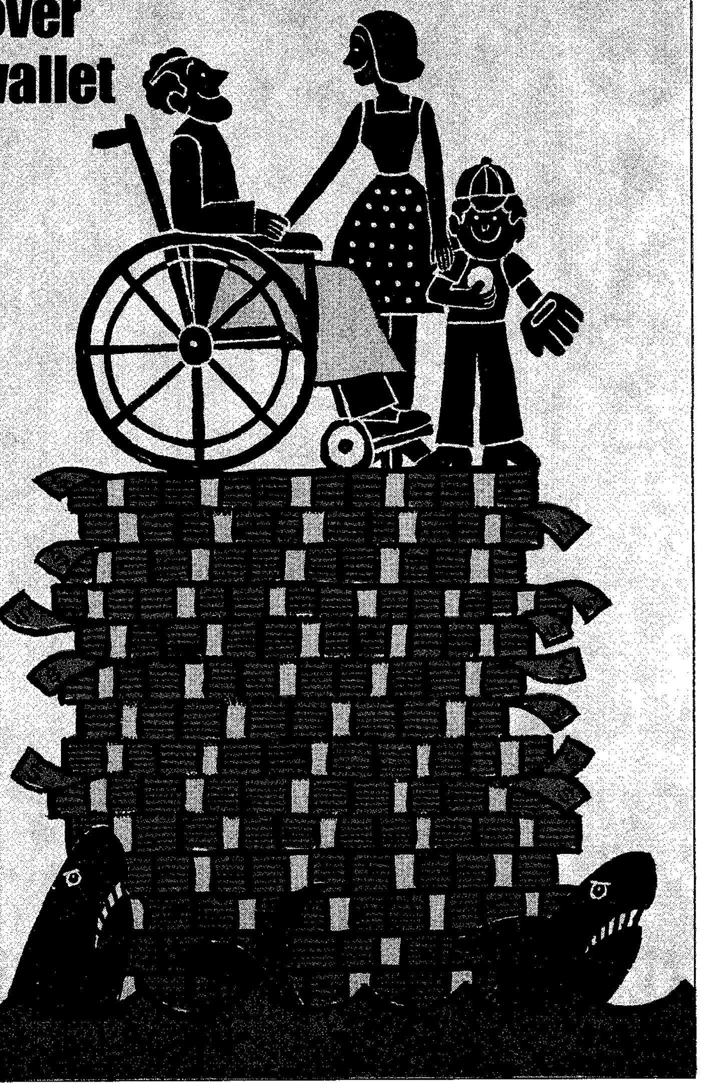
And so it shouldn't be a total loss, remember. When you go back to Grossingers, you'll have a lot to talk about.

Holland.
Don't visit us. Live with us.

For complete details on a Dutch vacation, see your travel agent or write for our free booklet: "Getting into Dutch." It will tell you about some of the most unusual tours you'll find anywhere in Europe. Or anywhere. Write: The Netherlands National Tourist Office, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

HOLLAND

We agree—when you recover from a long illness, your wallet should be healthy, too.



Medical bills are the problem,
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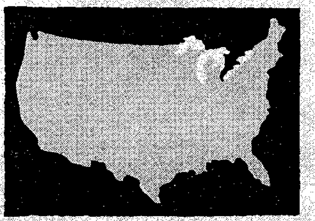

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 6.)

State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses him of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile, the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8-10.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 13.)

Strange Interlude (1932)—Whoever decided to revive this forgot that sound bit of advice: let sleeping dogs lie. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable star in this version of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10-12.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

Sugar Hill—With Marki Bey, directed by Paul Maslansky. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Superdad—Bland, vacuous situation comedy from the Disney studios, with Bob Crane and Barbara Rush having slapstick troubles with their teen-age daughter, Kathleen Cody. Vincent McEveety directed; that is, he supervised the grimaces that are meant to provoke laughter. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 7.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Cinema II.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 11.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gambell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 9.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; starting Feb. 14.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (10/14/72) (Elgin; Feb. 7-11.)

Vanishing Wilderness—A documentary. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Regency. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Feb. 7.)

Walking Tall—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Hartman, directed by Phil Karlson. (Cinema Village, U. A. East, and Thalia; starting Feb. 8.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, and East 50th Street II. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Columbia II; starting Feb. 7.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (11/26/73) (Beacon. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Feb. 12.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; through Feb. 7.)

Zardoz—With Sean Connery, directed by John Boorman. (Trans-Lux East.)

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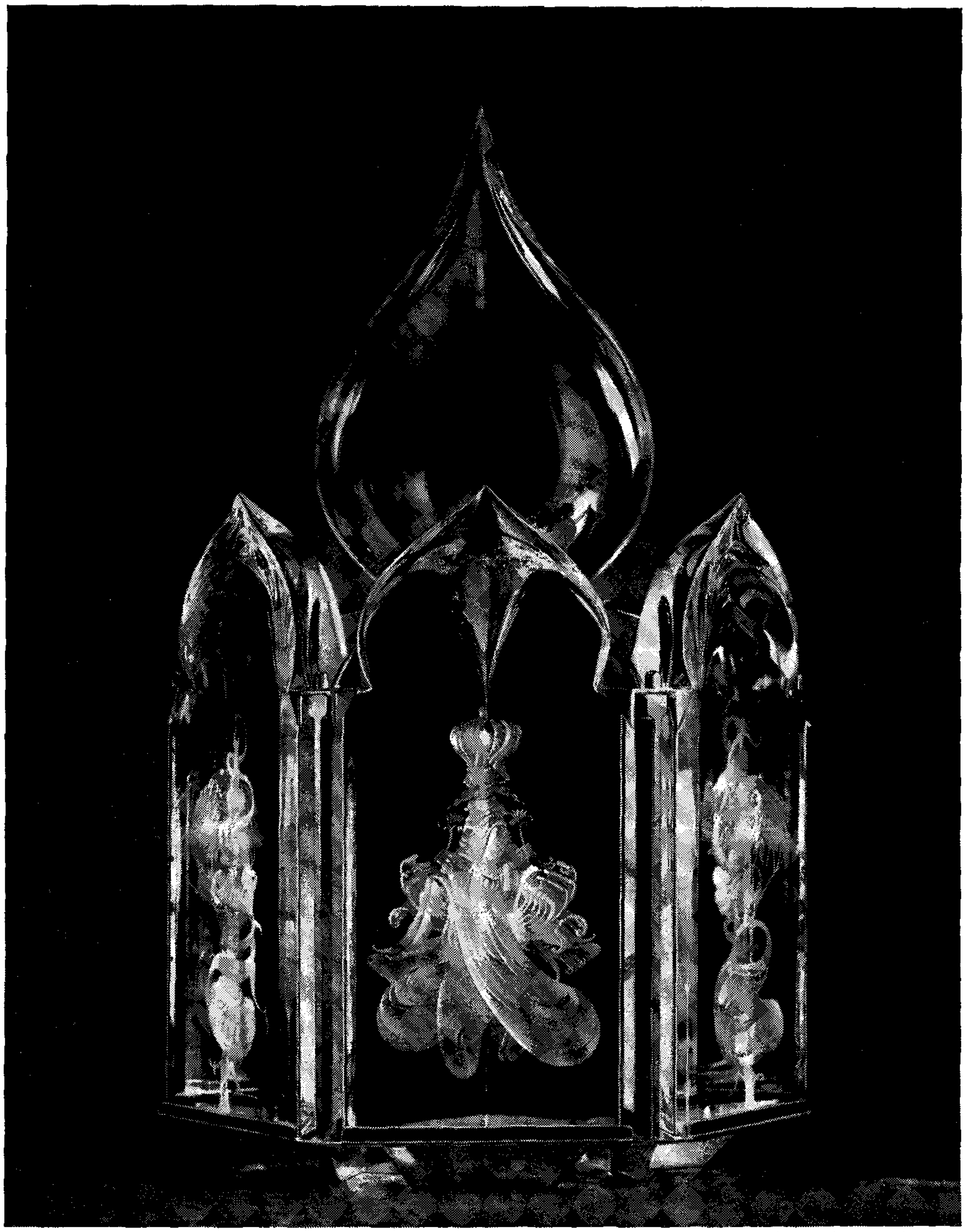

Glass design by George Thompson • Engraving design by Zevi Blum • Engraved by Roland Erlacher
Height 11 inches • Width 7 inches • Depth 6½ inches

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

A Persian palace of crystal is held in a slender framework of sterling silver.

From the center rises an Isfahan dome surrounded by six crystal prisms—each engraved by copper wheel with figures from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

Three prisms depict Scheherazade dancing as she spins the tales by which she saved her life, and three depict characters from her tales. Shown is Prince Houssain riding his flying carpet.

Prismatic reflections double, but reverse, each image.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the days before the State of the Union Address last week, there was a good deal of curiosity around the country about what the President might say. Ordinarily, the occasion is one in which the Union becomes briefly visible and audible in the form of the officers of all three branches of our government assembled under one roof. The President speaks, and the rest applaud, and we the citizens are reminded that, when all is said and done, we are one nation. This year, of course, with the Congress considering impeachment of the President, there were special problems. At the appointed hour, we turned on our television set, and soon it became obvious that there would be no State of the Union Address. The President was speaking, and the officers of the other branches were there, but the Union remained concealed. Intense discomfort was written on the faces of the men and women in the audience, as though they wished they were somewhere else. The President, too, looked as though he wished he were elsewhere. He began by describing the state of the Union five years ago. It had been poor. There had been burning cities, campus riots, war, crime, drug addiction. Now things were better. The President continued to make a series of proposals. Time slowed. At one point, the President seemed to falter and to gasp for breath, as though he could not go on. And why should he go on? The words were without weight or importance. ("The time has come, therefore, for a major initiative to define the nature and extent of the basic rights of privacy. . . . I shall launch such an effort this year at the highest levels of the Administration. . . . There will be no recession in the United States of America.") From time to time, a cheer went up from a small band of people somewhere in the House chamber. It was a particular kind of cheer, and we recognized its special sound from other occasions. We had first heard it, perhaps, from the people at the Republican National Convention of 1972 who shouted "Four more years!" on cue. We heard it again when Gerald Ford was nominated for the Vice-Presidency at the White House. It was hoarse and loud, and went on too long. The second the President completed his prepared text, a number of senators and representatives made for the podium to escort him to the exit, but they were premature, and had to be brought back. The President had a "personal word" to add. "One year of Watergate is enough," he said. For a moment, he got into the details of his defense. He would coöperate with the House Judiciary Committee in its inquiry into impeachment, but only up to a certain point. And then he said, "I have no intention whatever of ever walking away from the job that the people elected me to do for the people of the United States!" He seemed to liven up as he made his declaration, and he smiled. It was what he had come to say. A part of his audience gave him an ovation, and a part remained seated.

Until this moment, a shaky pretense had been kept up that what we had been hearing was a State of the Union Address. But now the occasion was revealed for what it was: a purely personal transaction. All year, the President had used the powers of government to protect himself. He had invoked the special privileges of his office; he had fired the man he appointed to investigate him; he had programmed his assistants and his Vice-Presidents to launch nationwide "offensives" against his opposition; and he had taken refuge behind the foreign policy of the United States, telling us to keep our eye on what was happening abroad and to forget about Watergate. Now, in his address, he made his defense before the entire government and the entire nation. Given his predicament, and his unwillingness to resign, it no doubt had to be that way. In the meantime, as the senators, representatives, Cabinet officers, and Supreme Court justices sat and listened to what was not a description of the state of the Union but a disguised legal brief, it seemed that one man had borrowed the whole Republic and all its officers and converted it to his private, idiosyncratic ends.

Rankians Unbowed

A FRIEND who spent a recent Saturday at a meeting of psychotherapists in Pennsylvania sent us this report:

"Most of us have heard by now of the Jungians and the Adlerians—to say nothing of the Freudians, from whom, in a sense, they are descended. Not so many people, I think, have heard of the Rankians. Though they are also of Freudian descent, one hears so little of them, in comparison with the others, that it is almost as if they were a dead or dying branch of the family.

"The Rankians, as you may remember, are followers of the late Dr. Otto Rank (1884-1939), the Austrian psychologist who was trained under Freud and broke away in the early nineteen-twenties to preach his own doctrines of individuality and creativity. Put simply, Rank's position was this (as he stated it in a speech at Yale in 1929): 'But neither Freud nor Jung nor Adler sufficiently considers the creative part of our personality; namely, that which is not purely biological, as Freud sees it, nor purely racial, as Jung conceives it, nor yet purely social, as Adler thinks, but which is purely individual. This I consider the most important part.' Or, as he once said to Anaïs Nin, who came under his influence in the early nineteen-thirties: 'I go beyond the psychoanalytical. Psychoanalysis emphasizes the resemblance between people; I emphasize the differences between people. They try to bring everybody to a certain normal level. I try to adapt each person to his own kind of universe.'

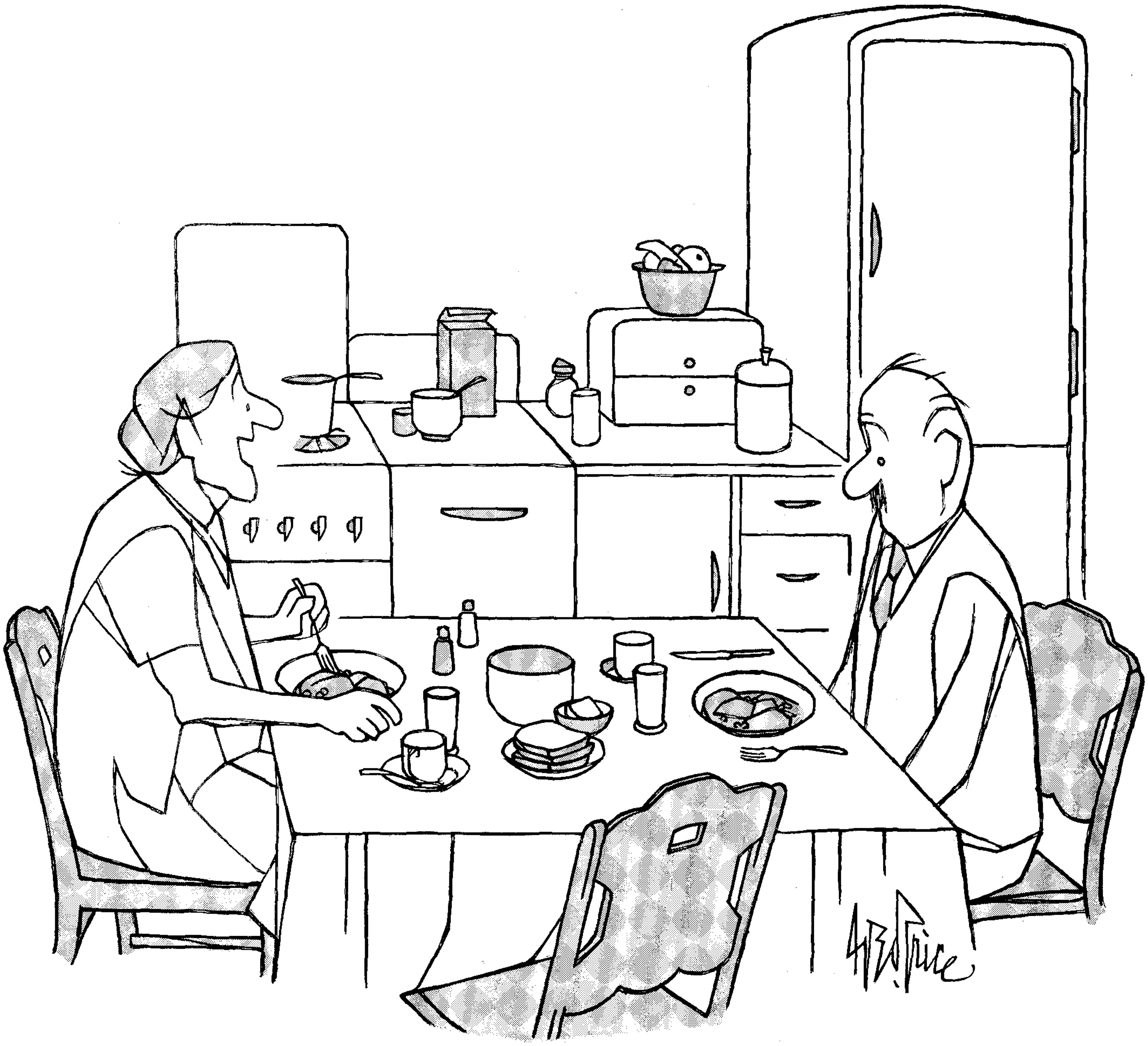
"Rank, I'm told by his present followers, was Freud's fair-haired boy; and when Freud became convinced that the young man was serious in what he was saying, he gave him up. Rank's 'heresy' gained a modest following among psychiatrists in America, and was adopted in the nineteen-thirties by the Pennsylvania School of Social Work—probably the only noteworthy memorial to Rankianism in America—as the basis for a new ('functional') approach to therapy. Virtually all the other schools of social work went on following Freud's ('diagnostic') approach.

"Today, the Rankians are even fewer than they used to be. They are scattered here and there throughout the country, but they are mostly to be found in the East. They are a gritty little band. They refuse to pass away. It is their conviction, I understand, that Rankianism will one day rise again—or, at any rate, rise—to claim the wide following it deserves in the field of psychotherapy. Most of the remaining apostles keep the faith in or around the Otto Rank Association, which was founded in 1965 to foster interest in Rank's ideas, and which has its headquarters in Doylestown, in Bucks County. The founder of the Association is Dr. Virginia P. Robinson, who recently turned ninety. Dr. Robinson was a teacher and an assistant dean at the Pennsylvania School of Social Work for many years and may be said to have raised a large number of today's generation of Rankian social workers.

"Every now and then, to help keep the flame of their inspiration alive, the Rankians get together somewhere in Pennsylvania—usually not too far from Doylestown, or from Dr. Robinson. The most recent gathering took place in Warrington (just outside Doylestown), and I drove over, one of the members having sent me an invitation, along with a note that said, 'The meetings are lovely little gracious affairs, somewhat wistful—and with a never-say-die spirit, but probably hopeless anyway.'

"With one exception, I found this to be true. I will have to concede that the Rankians are better judges of hopelessness than I am, but I cannot say I noticed anything hopeless about the latest meeting—not when almost four hundred of the Association's four hundred and fifty members had turned out, and certainly not when one member had come from as far away as California and another had travelled all the way from Mexico.

"Loveliness there surely was. For example, Bucks County was having one of its better days—everything washed in bright sunshine, the sky a clean blue. From what I saw in the ballroom of the Warrington Country Club, where the meeting



"It's Julia Child's cutlets with Galloping Gourmet sauce."

• •

was held, I would say that more than half of the Association's membership is made up of people in their middle age and over. As a result, perhaps, they were very courteous—even courtly. They seemed to me to be a gentle set of people, having no taste whatever for *anything* harsh. Their 'better selves'—a term Rankians seem to like, judging from the number of times I heard it used—were always on display, with the help of nothing stronger than a little fruit punch, though I must admit I was not keeping an eye on those who may have sneaked away to the club bar. During and after speeches, disagreements were raised very delicately from the floor—I imagine so as not to hurt the speakers' feelings in any way—and the speakers themselves reciprocated by suffering the most foolish questions gladly.

"The *éminence grise* of the proceedings was Dr. Robinson. She was born a year earlier than Rank himself, and the fact that she had just had her ninetieth birthday gave an extra fillip to the occasion. She is short and slight of build, has sparse white hair, and is bent pronouncedly at the shoulders. But her frailness appears to conceal great authority. As she hobbled slowly on a cane to her place on the platform, most people seemed to stop talking until she sat down. When she spoke, she revealed a mind that was still very alert, and opinions that were quite firm. Once or twice, she gave orders from her chair with the easy assurance of one who does not question her authority and has little or no experience of its being questioned by anyone else. Indeed, if Rank was the father of the gathering, it was clear enough to me that almost everyone there regarded her as its sustaining spirit.

"During one of the breaks, I went up to have a word with her, and found her much warmer and friendlier than she had appeared from the floor. 'Despite our small membership, I think we are doing quite well,' she said. 'Associations like ours don't really have bursts of success. What's important is to hold things together. I knew Dr. Rank very well. He was a brilliant man, quick in his thoughts and in his movements. He talked very fast. It took all your concentration to keep up with what he was saying. His teachings developed in the United States because it was only when he came to this country that he found an audience that was really interested in what he had to say. He was a wonderful man, and we still miss him.'

"As I saw it, whatever wistfulness there was came chiefly from William G. Nagel, a former deputy superintendent in a New Jersey correctional institution, who was one of the speakers in the morning symposium, 'The Relation of Function to Process.' Expressing sadness over what he termed the failure of the American penal system—its tendency to dehumanize inmates and send them out worse criminals than when they went in—Mr. Nagel envisaged the day when jails would be abolished entirely and be replaced by a more humane alternative. This, we were told, is a very Rankian ideal—regardless of whatever prospects may or may not exist for its fulfillment.

"The never-say-die Rankian spirit was introduced boldly when Dr. Robert P. Kemble, the final speaker of the day, came to the microphone. Dr. Kemble, a child psychiatrist in South Hadley, Massachusetts, and an affable man with a silvery head of hair and a Vandyke that is only slightly less silvery, acknowledged his indebtedness to Rank's ideas of creativity and individuality. 'Rank,' he said, 'gives us a clear dedication to what will free a soul to strike out on its own, to be the controlling spirit in its own destiny.' A few minutes further into his speech, Dr. Kemble—who shares the Rankian bias against long-drawn-out analysis—cleared his throat and broke into song (composed by three Rankian associates of his, to a tune from 'H.M.S. Pinafore'):

'Psychoanalysis
Gives me paralysis,
Though I could never tell why.
It cures the neuroses,
But ever since Moses
Men lived with them—why shouldn't I?' "

◆

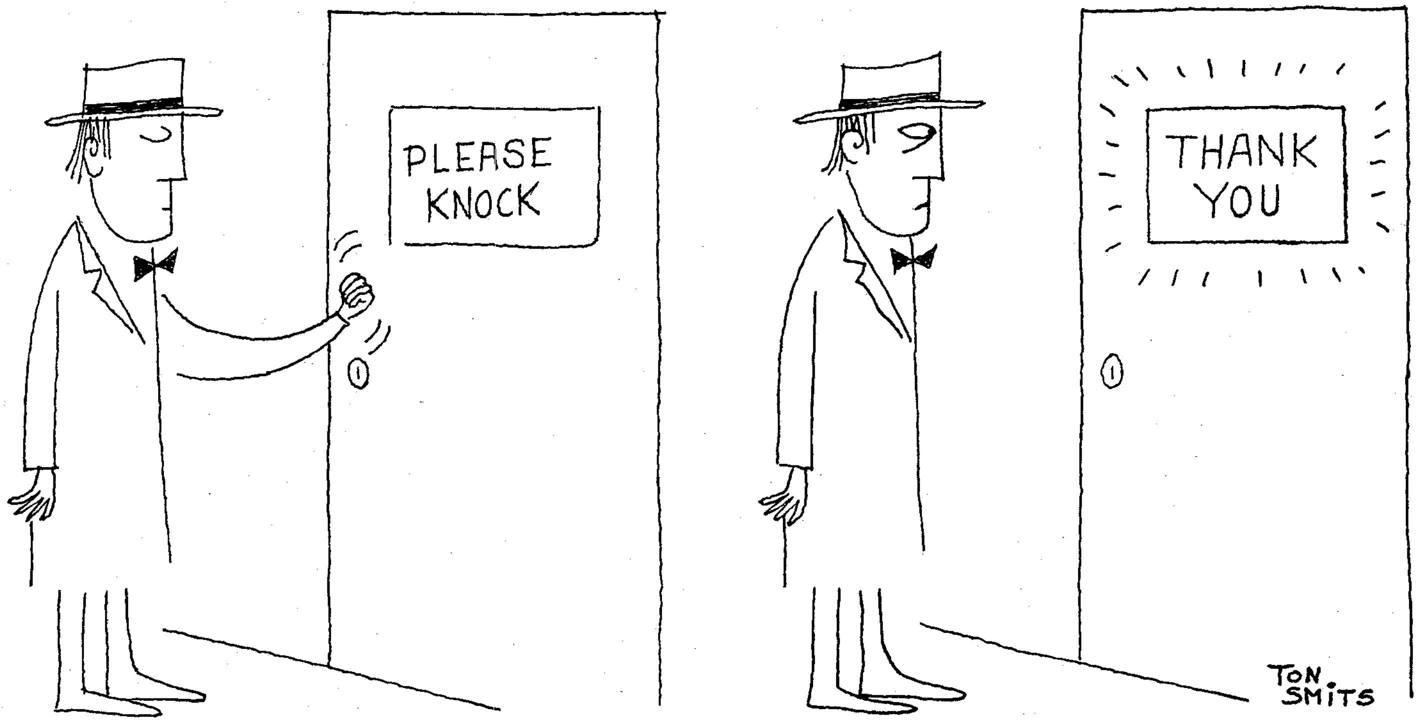
SMALL admonitory sign observed in a small family-owned restaurant on the upper East Side:

PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE CHILD

Dylan

WE had breakfast Thursday morning with two friends (one blond, the other dark-haired, both recently turned thirty) who had been to the Bob Dylan concert at Madison Square Garden the night before. "I'll tell you some people who were there," our blond friend said. "Yoko Ono was there. Her seat was two rows in front of Dick Cavett's. Pete Hamill and Shirley MacLaine were there and had seats four rows ahead of Yoko Ono's. That's six ahead of Dick Cavett. James Taylor and Carly Simon were in the vicinity, and I want to tell you that this is only the *back* part of the front section of the orchestra I'm talking about. I couldn't see the *front* part of the front section, where one assumes the real heavies, Yeats and so forth, were sitting. I'll tell you some people who weren't there. There were no blacks there, and no transvestites, and there were very few people in embroidered jeans. Instead, there were extraordinary numbers of people who seemed to have come directly from registration at the New School. A very earnest group. One of my problems with old Dylan has to do with humor, you see. I don't think he has any. Which is why the blacks and the transvestites stay away. I personally don't *trust* any rock-and-roll concert without a single transvestite, but never mind. The point is that Dylan has irony—I mean, he knows how to milk a juxtaposition—but no humor. He reminds me of a guy I went to school with who was very bright and very ambitious and who just missed starring in 'Zabriskie Point.' My schoolmate sang songs about Franco in the offices of our school newspaper in 1957, but luckily he was completely tone-deaf and had to go into the social sciences."

"What's *that* all about?" our dark-haired friend said. "We're talking about a *Bob Dylan concert.* Look at it from the Dylan-can-do-no-wrong angle, which is how I look at it. All through his career, Dylan has been a highly elusive figure. He always manages to free himself from the expectations of his audience. When they were expecting folk songs about the struggles of the thirties, he gave them folk songs about the struggles of the sixties. When they were expecting a revolutionary anthem with all the answers, he gave them a revolutionary anthem that was all questions. 'The answer is blowin' in the wind'—was there ever a better summing up of the intuitive, improvisatory, unreflective approach of what we



used to call 'the Movement'? When people expected acoustic, he gave them electric. When they expected funk, he gave them mysticism. When they expected psychedelia, he gave them simple country love tunes. When they finally learned not to expect anything in particular except genius, he gave them mediocrity. So. The first half of the concert felt strange—a little disappointing, a little disorienting. Dylan sang too fast, in a sort of strong, high chant, and he virtually obliterated the melodies—to no purpose. Or so I thought at intermission time. But in light of what happened in the second half of the concert, I look upon the whole first half as a necessary softening-up process for both Dylan and the audience. The room was full of complicated yearnings, after all. He was singing his old songs, and he had to avoid the dangers of a 'Dylan's Greatest Hits' atmosphere, so he recast them in such a way that you had a hard time recognizing them and a rather hard time enjoying them. He was nervous but not hostile. He had to establish the right mixture of friendliness and distance. He had to make it plain that he goes his way and others, including the audience, go theirs."

WELCOME
Lorenz

"And what sector of the economy are you folks from?"

• •

"And the second half of the concert?" we asked.

"Ah," our dark-haired friend went on. "Dylan came out all alone, small and brave, with just his harmonica and his acoustic guitar. I was too far away to see the details of his face, but I could see his hair, curly and mousy, and that tense, crabbed stance. He sang 'The Times They Are A-Changin'' and 'Don't Think Twice, It's All Right' and 'Gates of Eden'—still too fast, still in that almost strangled high chant. Then, halfway through 'Just Like a Woman,' it started to get magical, and when he sang 'It's All Right, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)' it all fell into place. He was still fooling with the melody, but with a purpose. I felt I was hearing that song for the first time instead of the thousandth. When he sang the line about 'But even the President of the United States sometimes must have to stand naked,' everyone cheered, of course, but they cheered even louder for the line 'And it's all right, Ma, I can make it.' After The Band came back on again, he sang a couple of very pretty new songs, and then 'Like a Rolling Stone.' People began streaming down the aisles, and everyone stood up—there was no particular cue; we just all stood up at once. Dylan's accompaniment for the chorus was the whole audience—twenty thousand people singing 'HOW DOES IT FEEL?' at the top of their lungs. The houselights were turned on, so we could all see each other, and four huge klieg lights went on behind Dylan, making everything—Dylan, us, the music—seem half again as big. He did two encores: a reprise of 'Most Likely You Go Your Way (and I'll Go Mine),' much more melodic and accessible this time, and 'Blowin' in the Wind.' I'd never heard him sing it quite that way before. He never does anything the same way twice. His voice was clear, strong, and true. He pulled it off—he kept the myth intact."

"Personally," our blond friend said, "when it comes to mythic figures I prefer the ones like Elvis Presley, who stay mythic in spite of themselves. Dylan was never really a successful archetype, if you know what I mean. He was only someone who seemed to be somewhere we thought we ought to be. That's why people worried so much about his changes of style. People worried about where Dylan was and what he was doing because they wanted to know where *they* should be and what *they* should be doing. The style changes prophesied—falsely, perhaps—some kind of movement, and that mercurial quality of his appealed to our generation's love of novelty. But now, you see, he has run out of ways to seem some distance *ahead*, and has fallen back on devices that will allow him to seem (at all but a few carefully chosen moments) some distance *away*. It's a little sad to fight so hard for Mythic Distance."

"But that's precisely what I like about him," said our dark-haired friend. "He lives by his wits."

A JOURNEY

FEBRUARY the twenty-second. Not far away was the honking of waterfowl from the pond in Battersea Park. The wrong side of London, some said, but she liked it, found it homely; the big power station was her landmark, as once upon a time a straggle of blue hills in Ireland had been.

The morning was cold, the ice had clawed at the window and left its telltale marks—long jagged lines, crisscross lines, scrawls, lines at war with one another, lines bent on torment. It was still like twilight in the bedroom, and yet she wakened with alertness and her heart was as warm as a little ball of knitting wool. He was deep in a trough of sleep, impervious to nudging, to hitting, to pounding. He was beautiful. His hair like a halo was arced around his head—beautiful hair, not quite brown, not quite red, not quite gold, of the same darkness as gunmetal but with strands of brightness. Oh Christ, he'll think he's in his own house with his own woman, she thought as his eyelids flickered and he peered through. But he didn't. He knew where he was and said how glad he was to be there, and drawing her toward him he held her and squeezed her out like a bit of old washing.

They were off to Scotland, where he had to deliver a lecture to some students at a technical college, and later to a group of men—fellow-unionists who worked in the shipyards. "We're going a-travelling," she said, almost worried.

"Yes, pet," he said.

At any rate he hadn't changed his mind yet. He was a bit of a vacillator.

She made the coffee while he contemplated getting up, and from the kitchen she kept urging him, saying how they would be late, how he must please bestir himself. For some reason she was reminded of her wedding morning; both mornings had a feeling of unrealness, plus the same uncertainty and the same anxiety about being late. But that was a long time ago. That was over, and dry in the mouth like a pod or a desiccated seed. This was this.

Why do I love him, this man upstairs, this Boyce, she thought. A workingman, a man unaccustomed to a woman like her, a man shy and moody and inarticulate.

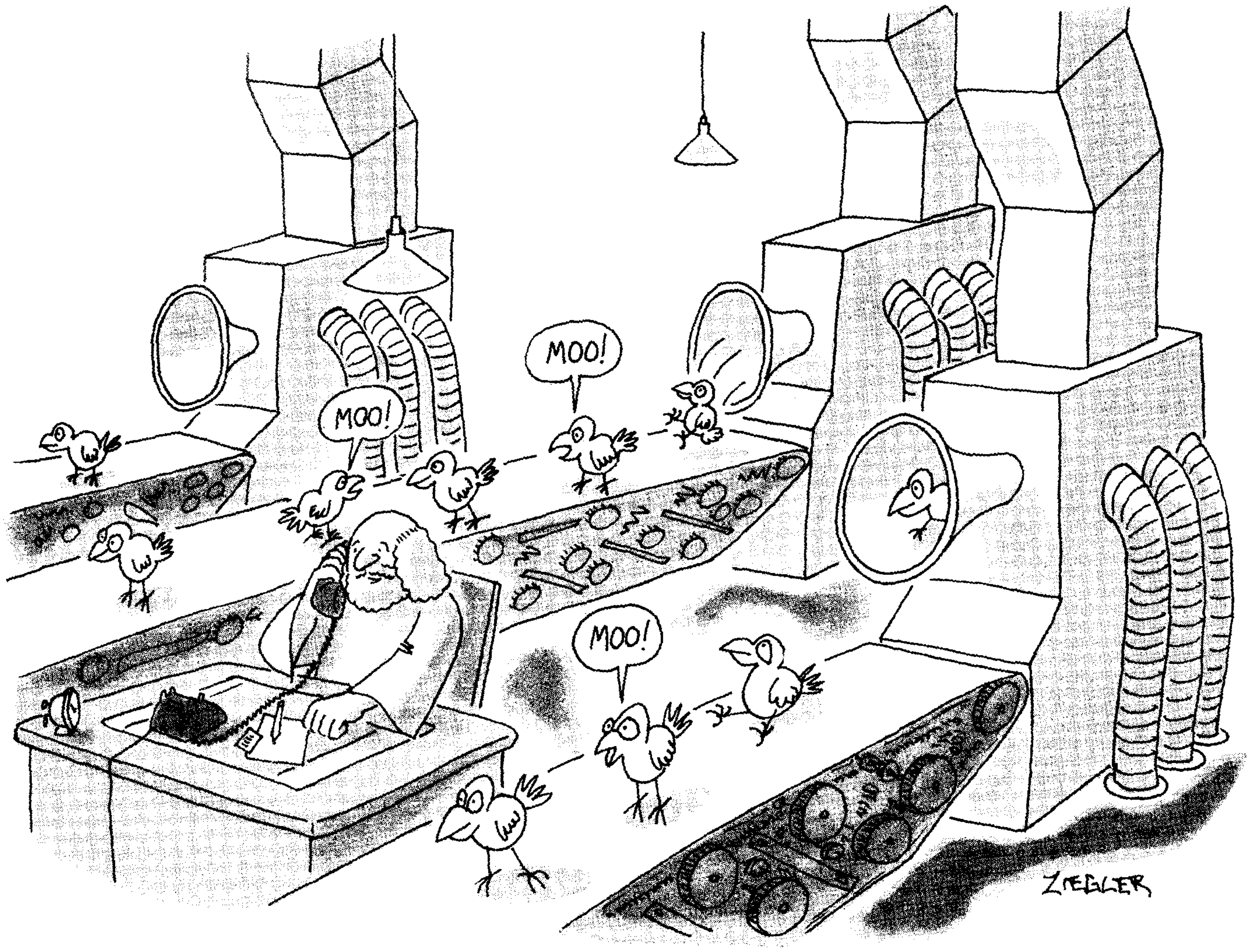
Not that speech was what mattered between people. She learned that the very day she had accosted him on a train a few weeks before. A young man. She saw him and simply had to touch the newspaper he was scanning, flick it delicately with her finger; and he stared across at her and very quietly received her into his being, but without a word, without even a face-saving hello.

"I can't say things," he had said, and then breathed out quickly and nervously as if it had cost him a lot to admit it. He was like a hound, a little whippet. To venture loving him was like crossing the Rubicon—also daft. Also dicey. A journey of pain. She had no idea then how extensive that journey would be. A good man? Maybe. Maybe not. She was looking for reasons to unlove him. When he came down to the kitchen, he almost but didn't smile. There was such a tentativeness about him. Is it always going to be like this, she thought, spilling the coffee, slopping it in the saucer, and then nervously dumping the brown granular mass from a strainer onto an ashtray, and for no reason.

"I have no composure," she said. From him a wan smile. Would her buying the tickets be all right, would he look away while she paid, would it be an auspicious trip? She took his hand and warmed it and said she never wanted to do aught else, and he said not to say such things, not to say them, but in fact they were only a skimming of the real things she was longing to say. Years divided them, class divided them, position divided them. He wanted to give her a present and couldn't in case it wasn't swish enough. He bought perfume off a hawker in Oxford Circus, offered it to her, and then took it back. Probably gave it to Madge, his woman, put it down on the table along with his pay packet. Or maybe left it on a dressing table, if they had one. A tender moment? All these unknowns divided them. The morning she was getting married he was pruning trees in an English park, earning a smallish sum and living with a woman who had four children. He had always lived with some woman or another but insisted that he wasn't a philanderer, wasn't. He lived with Madge now, drank two pints of beer every evening, cuddled his baby girl, and smoked forty cigarettes a day.

IN the taxi, he whispered to her to please not look at him like that, and at the airport he spent the bulk of the waiting time in the gents'. She wondered if there was a barber's in there, or if perhaps he had done a disappearance act, like people on their wedding day who do not show up at the altar rails. In fact, he had bought a plastic hairbrush to straighten his hair for the journey because it had got tangled in the night. Afterward, he put it in her travel bag. Did she need a travel bag? How long were they to stay? No knowing. They were terribly near and they were not near. No outsider could guess the relationship. In the plane, the hostess tried hard to flirt with him, said she'd seen him on television, but he skirted the subject by asking for a light. He was very active in his union and often appeared in television debates; at private meetings, he exhorted the members to think hard for themselves, to forget race and creed but to be on the side of their fellow-workers and to rope in new ones. He had made quite a reputation for himself by reading them cases from history, clippings from old newspapers, making them realize how they had been ill-treated for hundreds of years. He was a scaffolder like his father before him, but he had left Belfast soon after his parents died. His brothers and sisters were scattered.

WHEN they got to the city destination, he suddenly suggested that she dump her bag in a safety locker, and she knew then that she shouldn't have brought it, that possibly they would not be staying overnight. Walking up the street of Edinburgh with a bitter breeze in their faces, she pointed to a castle that looked like a dungeon and asked him what he thought of it. Not much. He didn't think much—that was his answer. What did he do? Dream, daydream, imagine, forget? The leaves in the municipal flower bed were blowing and shivered like tatters, but the soil was a beautiful flaky black. They happened to be passing a funeral parlor and she asked if he preferred burial or cremation, but about that, too, he was indifferent. It made no matter. They should still be in bed, under covers, drowsed. She linked him and he jerked his arm away, saying those who knew him knew the woman he lived


MOO!
MOO!
MOO!
ZIEGLER

"Hello? Beasts of the Field? This is Lou, over in Birds of the Air. Anything funny going on at your end?"

• •

with and he would not like to appear knavish. They were halfway up the hill, and there was between them now one of those little swords of silence that are always slicing love—that kind of love.

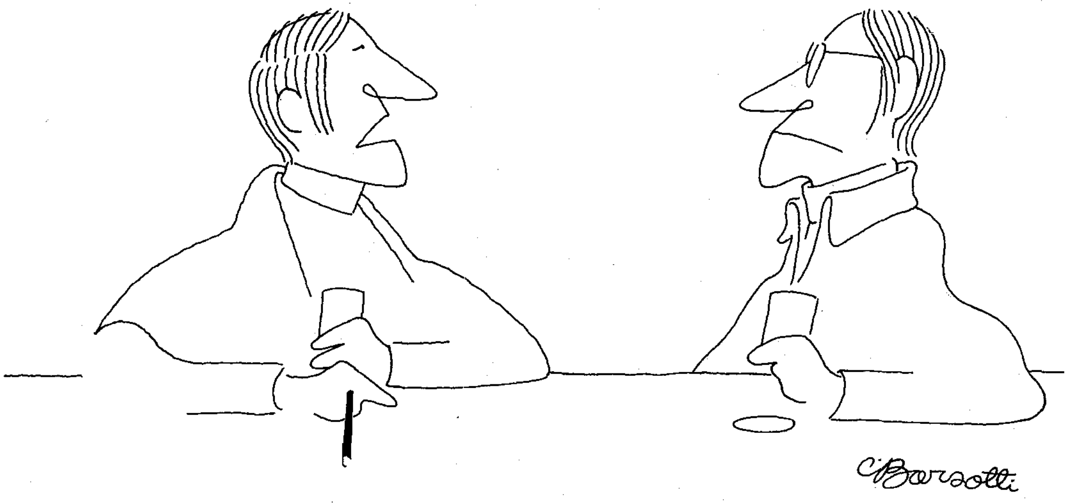
"If Madge knew about this, she'd be immeasurably hurt," he said.

But Madge will know, she thought but did not say. She said instead that it was colder up north, that they were not far from the sea, and didn't he detect bits of hail in the wind? He saw her sadness, traced it lightly with his finger, traced the near-tears and the little pouch under the lids. He said, "You're a terrible woman altogether," to which she replied, "You're not a bad bloke," and they laughed. He was supposed to have travelled by train the night before, the very night he slept with her and had his hair pulled from the roots, like a bush brought away from a hillside. How good a liar was he, and how strong a man? He had crossed the street ahead of her, and to make amends he waited for her by the lights and watched her, admiring, as she came toward him, watched her walk, her lovely legs, her long, incongruous skirt, and watched the effect she had on others—one of shock, as if she were undressed or carrying some sort of invisible torch. He spoke of it—her poise—and even referred to an ancient queen.

"It's not that it's not pleasant holding your arm," he said and took her elbow, feeling the wobble of the funny bone. Then he had to make a phone call, and soon they were going somewhere in a taxi, and the back streets of Edinburgh were not unlike the back streets of any other town—a bit black, a bit decrepit, pub fronts being washed down.

He's afraid of me, she thought. And I'm afraid of him. Fear is corrosive, and she felt certain that the woman he lived with was much more adept at living and arguing than she was. Probably would insist that he bring in the coal or clean out the ashes or share his last cigarette, would put her cards on the table. For a moment she was seized with a desire to see them together, and had the terrible idea that she would call at their place as a door-to-door saleswoman with a little attaché case full of cleaning stuffs, so she would have to go in and show her wares. She would see their kitchen and their pram and the baby in it, she would see how disposed they were to one another. But that would not be necessary, because he was leaving, because he had told her that between him and the woman it was all over; it had all gone dry and flaccid. When Boyce looked at her then, it was a true felt look and laden with sweetness—white, mesmerizing, like the blossom that hangs from the cherry tree.

Before addressing the students, he called on some friends. Even that was furtive—he didn't knock; he whistled some sort of code through the letter box. In the big, sparsely furnished room there was a pregnant cat—marmalade—and the leftovers of a breakfast, and a man and a woman who had



"Hamill and Royko are right up there, all right, but for my money Breslin is still the master."

• •

obviously just tumbled out of their bed. She thought, This is how it should be. When, through a crack in the door, catching a glimpse of their big tossed bed and the dented pillows without pillow slips, she ached to go in and lie there, she knew that the sight of it had permeated her consciousness and it was a longing she would always feel. That longing was replaced by a stitch in the chest, then a lot of stitches, and then something like a lump in the back of the mouth—something sad that would not dissolve. Would he live with her, as he had said? Would he do it? Would he forsake everything—fear, respectability, safeness, the woman, the child? The questions were like pendulums swinging this way and that. The answers would swing, too.

The woman she had just met was called Ita and the man was called Jim the Limb. He had some defect in his right arm. They were plump and radiant, what with their night and their big breakfast and now a fresh pot of tea. They were chain smokers. Ita said her fur coat and the marmalade cat were alike, and Boyce said that was a wrong thing to say. But there was no wrong thing so far as she was concerned. She just wanted them to welcome her in, to accept her. When they talked about the union and the various men and the weekly meetings, when they discussed a rally that was to take place in London, she thought, Let me be one of you, let me put aside my old stupid flitting life, let me take part, let me in. Her life was not exactly soignée and she, too, had lived in poor rooms and ridden a ridiculous bicycle and swapped old shoes for other old shoes, but she seemed not to belong, because she had bettered herself—had done it on her own, and now that she was a graphic designer she designed alone. Also, these people in the union were townspeople; they all had lived in small steep town houses, slept two or three or four to a bed, sparred, lived in and out of one another's pockets, knew familiarity well enough to know that it was tolerable.

Ita announced that she was not going to the factory that morning, said dammit, the bloody sweatshop, and told of two women who were fired because they had gone deaf from the machines and weren't able to hear proper.

Instantly Boyce said they must fight it. They were a clan. Yet when he winked at *her* he seemed to be saying something else, something ambiguous, like "I see you there, I am not forsaking you"—or was he saying, "Look how influential I am, look at me"? A word he often used was "big shot." Maybe he had dreams of being a big shot? Just before the four of them left the house for the college, he went for the third time to the lavatory, and she believed he had gone to be sick. Yet when he stood on the small ladder platform, holding up a faulty loudspeaker, brandishing it, making jokes about it—calling it Big Brother—he seemed to be utterly in his element. He spoke without notes, he spoke freely, telling the crowd of his background in Belfast, his father's work at the shipyards, his having to emigrate, his job in London, the lads, the way this fellow or that fellow had got nabbed, and though what he had to say was about discrimination, he made it all funny. When questions were put after he had finished, it was clear that he had cajoled them all, except for one dissenter—an aristocratic-looking boy in a dress suit, a boy who seemed to be on the brink of a nervous breakdown. Even with him he dealt deftly. He replied without any venom, and when the dissenter was booed and told to belt up, he said "Aach" to his friends who were heckling. The hat was passed around—a navy college cap—into which coins were tossed from all corners of the room. She hesitated, not knowing whether to give a lot or a little and wanting only to do the right thing. She gave a pound note, and afterward in the refectory to which they had all repaired she saw a girl hand him ten pounds and thought how the collection must have been to foot his expenses.

Ita and Jim decided to accompany them to Glasgow, where he was conducting the same sort of meeting in the evening, in a public hall. Getting to the station late as they did, he said, "Let's jump in here," and ushered them into a first-class carriage, though their tickets were for second. When the ticket-collector came, she paid the difference, knowing that he had chosen the first because he felt it was where she belonged. They couldn't hear one another for the rattle of the train, the shunting of other carriages, and a whipping wind that lashed through a broken window. He dozed; sometimes, coming awake, he nudged her with his shoe. The ladies sat on one side, the men opposite, and Ita was whispering to her in her ear, saying how when she met Jim they had gone to bed for an entire week. Boyce looked at the women whispering and tittering and he seemed to like that, and there was a satisfaction in the way he lolled.

By the time they got to the station they were all hungry. "Starving you I am," he said to her as he asked a porter for the name of a restaurant. "A French joint," he said. As they were settling down in the garish room, Ita tripped over the flex of the table lamp and Jim glowered with embarrassment, said this wasn't home—not by a long shot. They dived into the basket of bread, calling for butter, butter. Boyce made jokes about the wine, sniffed it, and asked if for sure it was the best vintage. She fed him with her fingers the little potato sticks on her plate. He accepted them as if they were matches, then gobbled them down, and the others knew what they had suspected—that this pair were lovers. Jim said they looked like two people in a snapshot, and they smiled as if they *were*, and their faces scanned one another as if in a beautiful daze.

At the meeting, he gave the same spiel, except that it had to be shortened, and this he did by omitting one anecdote about a man who was sent to jail for speaking Gaelic in the northern province of his own country. There was a collection here, too, and the amount was much higher, because the bulk of the audience were workingmen, and proud to contribute.

From the hall they went with a group to a big ramshackle room at the top of a large house in the north side of the city. In the front hall there were dozens of milk bottles, and in the back hall two or three bicycles jumbled together. He had bought a bottle of whiskey, and in the kitchen off the big room she heated a kettle to make a hot punch for him because his throat was sore. He came out to the kitchen and told her what a grand person she was, and he kissed her stealthily. The kitchen was a shambles, and although at first intending to tidy it a bit, all she did was scald two cups and a tumbler for his punch. Some had hot whiskey, some had cold; she had hers laced in a cup of tea. They all talked, interrupting one another, joking, having inside conversation about meetings they'd been to and other meetings to which they'd sent hecklers, and demonstrations that they were planning to have, and all their supporters in France, Italy, and throughout Europe.

She looked up at the light shade, wrinkled plastic as big as a beach ball, and decorated with a lot of fishes. She felt useless. The designs she made were simple and geometric and somewhat moving, but at that moment they seemed irrelevant. They had no relation to these people, to their conversation, to their curious kind of bantering anger. She remembered nights on end when she had striven to make a shape or a design that would go straight to the quick of someone's being, she had gruelled over it—but to these people it would be a piece of folly. The place was unkempt, but still it was a place. Above the window, several brass rings had come off their hooks and the heavy velvet curtain gaped. He was being witty. Someone had said that there were more ways than one of killing a cat, and he had intervened to say that the word was "skinning." That was the first flicker of cruelty she had seen in him. She was sitting next him on the divan bed, she leaning back against the wall slightly out of the melee, he pressing forward making the odd joke. He said that at forty he might find his true vocation in life, and feared it might be as a whiz kid. There was a rocking chair in which one of the men sat, and several easy chairs with stained and torn upholstery, their springs dipping down to variable degrees, depending on the weight and pranks of the sitters. Sometimes a girl with plaits would rush over and sit on her man's knee and pull his beard and then the springs dropped like the inside of a broken melodeon. If only he and she could be that unreserved.

Then he was missing—out on the landing, using the phone. She knew they had missed the last plane back to London, and long ago had missed the last train, and that they would have to kip down somewhere, and she thought how awful if it had to be in the center of town, in the freezing cold, on a bench. Ita asked her if they were perhaps going to make a touring holiday, and she said no but couldn't add to that, couldn't gloss the reply with some extra little piece of information. When he came back to the room, he told her that a taxi was on its way.

"I don't know where we're heading for—a wonderland," he said, shaking hands with Ita, and then he said cheers to the room at large.

The hotel was close to the airport—a modern building made of concrete cubes, like something built by a child, and with vertical slits for windows. They might be turned away. He went in whistling. She waited, one foot on the step of the taxi and one on the footpath, and said an involuntary prayer. She saw him handing over money, then beckoning for her to come in. He had signed the register, and in the lift, as he fondled her, he told her the false name that he had used. It was a nice name—Egan. In the bedroom they thought of whiskey, and then of milk, and then of milk and whiskey, but they were too tired, and shy all over again, and neither of them imperious enough to give an order while the other was listening.

"I KNOW you better now," he said. She wondered at what precise moment in the day he had come to know her better. Had he crept in on her like a little invisible camera and knew that he knew her and would know her for all time? Maybe some non-moment, when she walked gauchely toward the ladies' room, or when asked her second name she hesitated, in case by giving a name she should compromise him. She apologized for not talking more,

PERIPETEIA

Of course, the familiar rustling of programs,
My hair mussed from behind by a grand gesture
Of mink. A little craning about to see
If anyone I know is in the audience,
And, as the house fills up,
A mild relief that no one there knows me.
A certain amount of getting up and down
From my aisle seat to let the others in.
Then my eyes wander briefly over the cast,
Management, stand-ins, makeup men, designers,
Perfume and liquor ads, and rise prayerlike
To the false heaven of rosetted lights,
The stucco lyres and emblems of high art
That promise, with crude Broadway honesty,
Something less than perfection:
Two bulbs are missing and Apollo's bored.

And then the cool, drawn-out anticipation,
Not of the play itself, but the false dusk
And equally false night when the houselights
Obey some planetary rheostat
And bring a stillness on. It is that stillness
I wait for.
Before it comes,
Whether we like it or not, we are a crowd,
Foul-breathed, gum-chewing, fat with arrogance,
Passion, opinion, and appetite for blood.
But in that instant, which the mind protracts,
From dim to dark before the curtain rises,
Each of us is miraculously alone
In calm, invulnerable isolation,
Neither a neighbor nor a fellow but,
As at the beginning and end, a single soul,
With all the sweet and sour of loneliness.
I, as a connoisseur of loneliness,
Savor it richly, and set it down
In an endless umber landscape, a stubble field
Under a lilac, electric, storm-flushed sky,
Where, in companionship with worthless stones,
Mica-flecked, or at best some rusty quartz,
I stood in childhood, waiting for things to mend.
A useful discipline, perhaps. One that might lead
To solitary, self-denying work
That issues in something harmless, like a poem,
Governed by laws that stand for other laws,
Both of which aim, through kindred disciplines,
At the soul's knowledge and habiliment.
In any case, in a self-granted freedom,
The mind, lone regent of itself, prolongs
The dark and silence; mirrors itself, delights
In consciousness of consciousness, alone,
Sufficient, nimble, touched with a small grace.

Then, as it must at last, the curtain rises,
The play begins. Something by Shakespeare.
Framed in the arched proscenium, it seems
A dream, neither better nor worse
Than whatever I shall dream after I rise
With hat and coat, go home to bed, and dream.
If anything, more limited, more strict—
No one will fly or turn into a moose.
But acceptable, like a dream, because remote,
And there is, after all, a pretty girl.
Perhaps tonight she'll figure in the cast
I summon to my slumber and control
In vast arenas, limitless space, and time
That yield and sway in soft Einsteinian tides.
Who is she? Sylvia? Amelia Earhart?
Some creature that appears and disappears
From life, from reverie, a fugitive of dreams?
There on the stage, with awkward grace, the actors,
Beautifully costumed in Renaissance brocade,
Perform their duties, even as I must mine,
Though not, as I am, always free to smile.

Something is happening. Some consternation.
Are the knives out? Is someone's life in danger?
And can the magic cloak and book protect?
One has, of course, real confidence in Shakespeare.
And I relax in my plush seat, convinced
That prompt as dawn and genuine as a toothache
The dream will be accomplished, provisionally true
As anything else one cares to think about.
The players are aghast. Can it be the villain,
The outrageous drunks, plotting the coup d'état,
Are slyer than we thought? Or we more innocent?
Can it be that poems lie? As in a dream,
Leaving a stunned and gap-mouthed Ferdinand,
Father and faery pageant, she, even she,
Miraculous Miranda, steps from the stage,
Moves up the aisle to my seat, where she stops,
Smiles gently, seriously, and takes my hand
And leads me out of the theatre, into a night
As luminous as noon, more deeply real,
Simply because of her hand, than any dream
Shakespeare or I or anyone ever dreamed.

—ANTHONY HECHT

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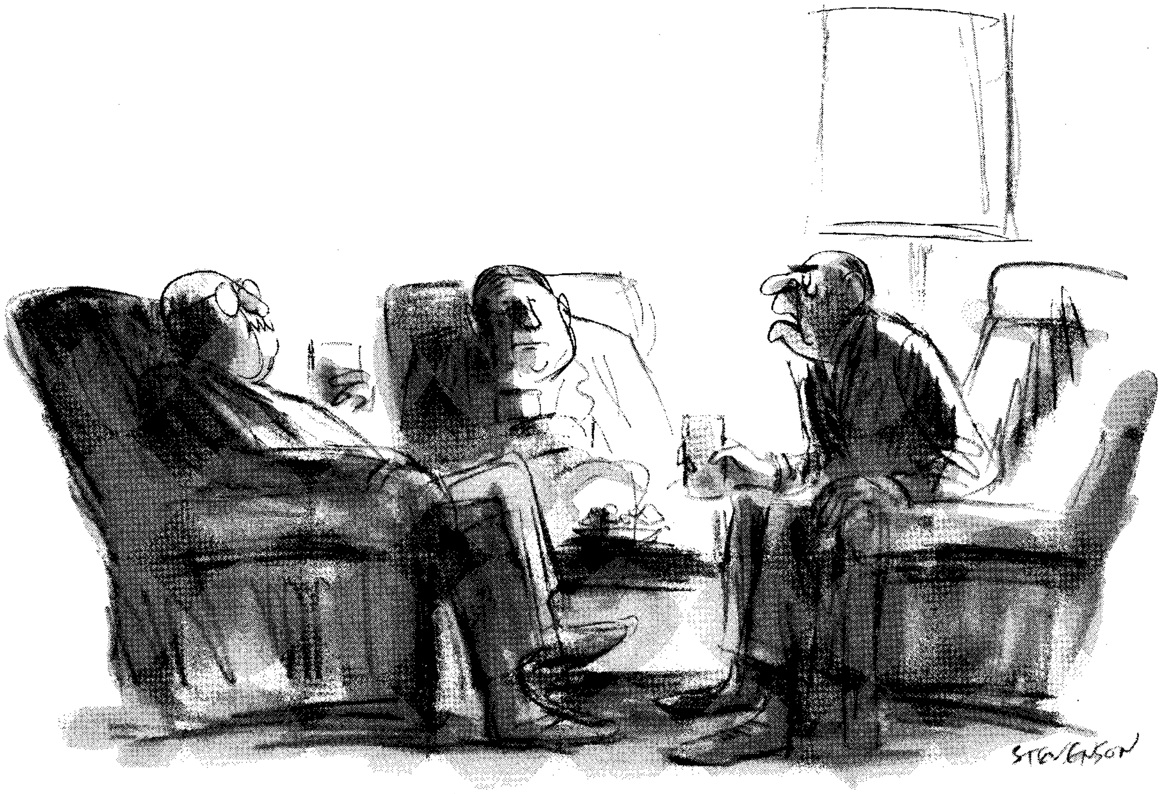
and he said that that was what was lovely about her, and he apologized for giving the same lecture twice, and for all the stupid things that got said. Then he trotted around naked, getting his tiny transistor from his overcoat pocket, studying the hotel clock—a square face set into the bedside table—fiddling with the various lights. He had never stayed in a hotel before, and it was then he told her that there would be a refund if in the morning they didn't eat breakfast. He had paid. His earnings for the day had been swallowed up by the payment.

"I'll refund you," she said, and he said what rot, and in the dark they were together again—together like spare limbs, like rag dolls or bits of motorcar tire, bits of themselves, together, effortless and full of harmony, as if they had grown that way, always were and always would be. But she couldn't ask for a pledge. It had to come from him. He was thinking of leaving London, changing jobs, going back home to Belfast. Well, wherever he went she was going, too. He had brought everything to a head, everything she had wanted to feel—love and pity and softness and passion and patience and barefaced jealousy. They went to sleep talking, then half talking, voices trailing away like tendrils, sleepy voices, sleepy brains, sleepy bodies, talking, not talking, dumb.

"I love you, I love you." He said it the very moment that the hotel clock



"By George, if there were a further right, I'd damn well veer to it!"

triggered off, and the doubts and the endless cups of coffee and the bulging ashtrays were all sweet reminders of a day in which the fates changed. He said he dearly wished that they could lie there for hours on end and have coffee and papers sent up, and lie there and let the bloody airplanes and the bloody world go by.

But why were they hurrying? It was a Saturday and he had no work.

"I'll say goodbye here," he said, and he kissed her and pulled the lapel of her fur coat up around her neck so that she wouldn't feel the cold.

"But we're going together," she said.

He said yes, but they would be in public places and they would not be able to say goodbye—not intimately. He kissed her.

"We will be together?" she said.

"It will take time," he said.

"How long?" she asked.

"Months, years . . ."

They were ready to go.

IN the plane, they talked first about mushrooms and she said how mushrooms were reputed to be magic, and then she asked him if he had wanted a son rather than a daughter, and he said no, a daughter, and smiled at the thought of his little one. He read four of the morning papers—read them, reread them, combed the small news items that were put in at the last minute, and got printing ink all over his hands. The edges of the paper sometimes jutted against her nose or her eye or her forehead, and without turning he would say, "Sorry, love." To live with, he would be all right—silent at times, undemonstrative, then all of a sudden touching as an infant. Every slight gesture of his, every "Sorry, love" tore at some place in her gut.

In London, a bus was waiting on the tarmac, right next to the landed plane. He said they needn't bother rushing, and as a result they were very nearly not taken at all. The steward looked down the aisle of the bus, put up a finger to say that there was room for only one, and then in the end grumpily let them both enter. They had to sit separately, with an aisle between them, and she began to revert to her cursed superstitions, such as if they passed a white gate all would be well.

At the terminus, he had to make a phone call, and she could see him, although she had meant not to look, gesticulating fiercely in the glass booth. When he came out, he was biting his thumb. After a while he said he was late, that the woman had had to stay home from work, that he was in the wrong again. She saw it clearly, cruelly—as clear and as cruel as the lines of ice that had claimed the windowpane. Claims. Responsibility. "Be here, be here."

They walked up the street toward the Underground station. No matter how she carried it, the travel bag bumped against her, or, when she changed hands, against him. Boyce said she was never to tell anyone. She said she wasn't likely to go spouting it, and he said why the frown, why spoil everything with a frown like that? It went out like a shooting star—the sense of peace, the suffusion, the near-happiness. He asked her to hang on while he got cigarettes, and then, plunging into the dark passage that led to the Underground, he saw her hesitate and said did she always take taxis? They kissed. It was a dark, unpropitious passage but a real kiss. Their mouths clung, the skins of their lips would not be parted; she felt that they might fall into a trance in order not to terminate it. He was as helpless then as a schoolboy, and his eyes as pathetic as watered ink.

"If I must, if I must talk to you, may I?" she said.

He looked at her bitterly. He was like a chisel. "I can't promise anything," he said, and repeated it. Then he was gone, doing a little hop through the turnstile and omitting to get a ticket. She walked on, the bag bumping off the calf of her leg; soon, when she had enough composure, she would hail a taxi. Would he go? Would he come back? What would he do? It was like a door that had just come ajar and anything could happen to it; it could shut tight or open a fraction or fly wide in a burst. She thought of the bigness and wonder of destiny; meeting him had been a fluke, and this now was a fluke, and so was the future, and they would be together or not be together as life the gaffer thought fit. —Edna O'Brien

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Sirica is known as a tough jurist, impatient with courtroom oratory that doesn't get to the point and willing to use the threat of long sentences to encourage co-operation from defendants.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

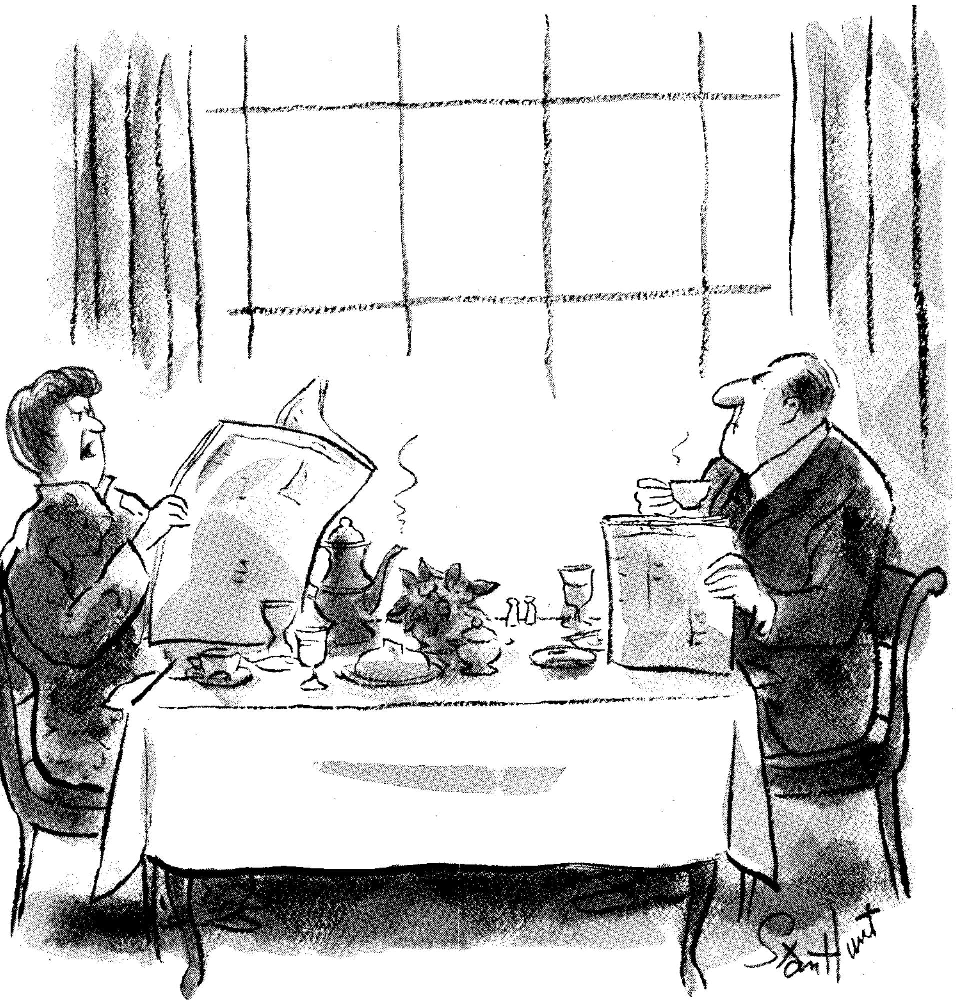
In other words, he can't take it, but he can dish it out.

CRIMES YOU'LL NEVER READ ABOUT

(NOT IN THE LACKEY PRESS, AT LEAST)

A RELIABLE source has told me that the all-night convenience store where he clerks (the Short Shrift) took inventory last week and came up with a three-hundred-and-thirty-seven-dollar overage. This was almost certainly the work of the ubiquitous shopleaver, a slick new operator who has become increasingly active in the inner cities and is now moving along to our suburbs. Working in highly organized "Fagin gangs," shopleavers can easily overload as many as ten or twelve neighborhood stores in a single day. Schlepping a variety of wares into the store—from Fritos to Frisbees, Ken-L Ration to Karo, all concealed in bulky overcoats or under capacious gypsy skirts—they feign shopping, while surreptitiously unloading their sundry goods. An experienced shopleaver is very hard to nail, since he is careful to place each added product on the proper shelf, with the day's exact price (including specials) purple-stamped on it. It has been conservatively estimated (by Conservative Estimates, Inc.) that American businessmen suffer a net gain from shopleavers of nearly seven billion dollars a year! The figure would be much larger without the deduction of the cost of rebalancing the overloaded stores' books. Actually, a good deal of shopleaving probably goes unreported, since many store owners are afraid to admit they have been "had." According to criminologists, the typical shopleaver tends to be a misfit with absolutely no vices; finding himself burdened with guilt because of his constant surplus of money and goods, he must unload as much as four hundred dollars' worth *each week* in order to feed his habit.

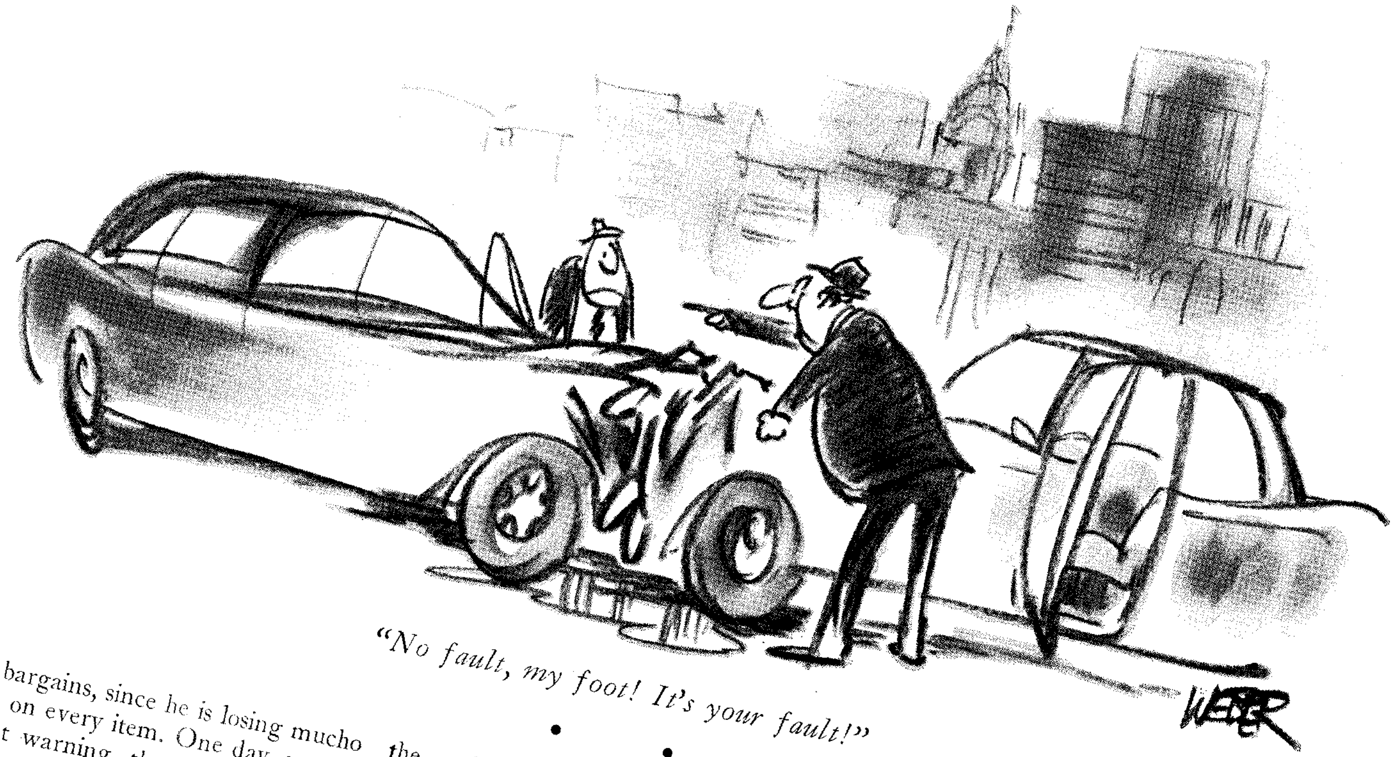
Because of the sickening collapse of our moral values, a whole raft of soft-core criminals like the shopleaver has recently sprung into being. I propose to describe a few of them here, so that the average, normally hostile citizen can protect himself. Most of these crimes go unreported in the uniform crime statistics issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation—for reasons all too easy to guess. Were the depredations of these shadowy perpetrators added to the existing statistics, we would see the highest single spurt in national crime figures since the Clabber and Whey Riots.



"William E. Simon says you cannot continue to live your wastrel ways."

The Overkiter: This unscrupulous trickster frequents garage sales and back-yard flea markets. Here he selects an item like an Ellsworth Vines-signature tennis racket or a period plywood bassinet, for which he writes you a check for, say, fifteen dollars. Because you are happy to find a good home for such a treasured rarity, you are too excited to notice until you get to the bank that the check is for a *hundred* and fifteen dollars! Don't bother to look for our slippery friend at the address on his check; it always turns out to be a vacant lot or a 50¢ Wash/35¢ Dry Laundromat. Oh, the check will be good—all too good—and there you are, stuck with the extra hundred, and no doubt just a little less trustful of your fellow-man. Next time, beware of strangers who come to your house in a Toyota Corolla with a "Have a Nice Day" bumper sticker. Have a nice day, indeed! The Better Business Bureau has found that families victimized by overkiters almost immediately begin to spend beyond their means, running up cost overruns that would shame an aerospace contractor.

The White-Marketeer: As we move now into Phase VI ⅞, which will feature shortages of ever more unusual products, we will see a good deal more of this unpatriotic Good Sam, who puts his own personal lack of gain above his country's. Benign in appearance, and often wearing a mandala-print shirt with flowing batwing sleeves, he hangs out around the entrances to art museums, food-stamp offices, libraries, thrift shops, and Zen centers, offering to sell to the unwary such easy-to-get items as Foster Grant shades, Love water beds, and Olivetti portables at half the retail price. Thinking you are getting "hot" goods, you jump at the offer—only to find to your chagrin that the stuff is legit. On another day, he will open his psychedelic cape and show you a row of watches pinned inside. For a dollar, you buy one with a Spiro Agnew face—and discover when you get it home and pry open the back that it has a twenty-one-jewel movement. And so it goes. Small wonder that all the goods he sells are fab-



"No fault, my foot! It's your fault!"

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ulous bargains, since he is losing mucho dinero on every item. One day, utterly without warning, the white-marketeer disappears—usually because he has been vending without a license and has been busted by our hardworking undercover police, who put in up to twenty-seven hours each week at five-figure salaries to protect us from these nefarious operators, and what thanks do they ever get? A tough, no-nonsense judge will now put away this con artist for a year or more, so that he can have a long think about his sins. Good for you, Judge! The white-marketeer is gone—but where does this leave you? You have developed the debilitating low-price habit, and now you have no Mr. Greatheart to supply you. Moral: Always stick to reputable merchants, who charge a nice, healthy eighty-per-cent markup. These men are in business to stay, and will be ready to serve you again the following week, when your product has worn out.

THE LONE SKYJACKETER: The American skies are threatened by a new and elusive phantom, whose m.o. is just beginning to be understood. Upon deplaning, the lone skyjacketer casually "forgets" his jacket (either a tweed double knit or the equally fashionable double-breasted blazer with deep vent and fake-heraldic bronze buttons), usually leaving it in a corner seat of the plane's lounge. Cunningly, almost cruelly, the skyjacketer leaves a coat that is *not his size*. Thus, when Sherri, the smiling, helpful stewardess, notices his oversight and hurries after him with the "forgotten" garment, he is easily able to prove that it cannot be his. Poor Sherri now must chase after all the other men who were on the plane, delaying and enraging them with her importunings. Eventually, she is reduced to tears, and the jacket goes into the airline's lost-and-found department. The motives of the lone skyjacketer are unclear (he may be a disgruntled air traveller who has been blackballed by the T.W.A. Ambassadors Club), but there is no doubt that he is succeeding. The steep decline of major-air-carrier profits in the past four years is almost directly proportional to the soaring cost of their lost-and-found operations, up a whacking eight hundred per cent since the advent of this diabolical operator.

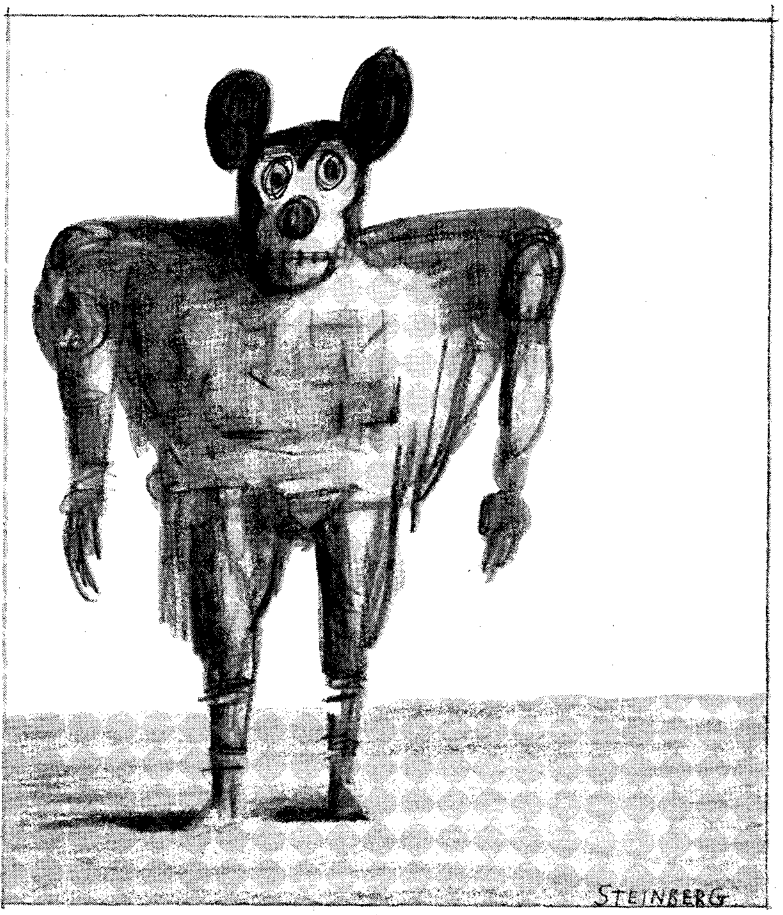
THE WHITE HOSE PLUMBER: This neat, smiling, oh-so-polite serviceman (his sobriquet comes from his habitual costume: white bib overalls and matching white Dacron hose with blue clocks) will usually turn up at your place less than fifteen minutes after your telephone call to the plumbers. (This alone should arouse your suspicions.) Within another half hour, he will be out the door again, muttering something about being unable to finish the job because he has left his tools at home. (Actually, all his tools have been concealed in the capacious pockets of his Can't Bust 'Em overalls.) When two or three hours pass and he does not return, you grow angry. Irritably pressing the nonfunctioning toilet lever, you are startled by a roar of flushing waters, and when you lift the lid of the tank you find that a brand-new copper float has also been installed! You hurry to the phone and dial the plumbing firm, only to find that they have no employee called Happy Hooligan (the repellent name he gave on his arrival). And so you are stuck, brother—with a toilet that works, with nothing to say when your friends begin comparing bad-service yarns at the next cocktail party, and with no major-improvement plumbing bill to deduct on your income tax.

THESE have been only a few examples—the tip of the iceberg, to use Barry Goldwater's felicitous phrase—which indicate a dangerous attack upon our moral fibre. Each new week brings fresh reports from our cities and suburbs of a soaring incidence of new and insidious gyp merchants—underweighing butchers, long-change artists, no-interest loan dolphins, spaced-out cabbies who "forget" to drop the flag, and benevolent door-to-door salesmen who end up buying your worn-out vacuum cleaner *and* the old guppy tank with the crack in the bottom. The aim of these altruistic bleeding hearts is frighteningly clear: They wish to make us forget that greed is what has made America great.

—F. P. TULLIUS

THE SPORTING SCENE

SUPER



IT was the kind of week in which it is easy to lose track of the days, but it was on either Wednesday or Thursday morning, while riding the press bus—*one* of the press buses, actually, or "media buses," as I usually heard them called—that I first remembered the man unlocking Wembley Stadium. That morning—and on the two previous mornings as well, if this was Thursday—we reporters had been given breakfast at the Marriott Motor Hotel at long, parallel tables covered with red tablecloths while the Miami Dolphins' coach, Don Shula (a tanned, muscular man in a blazer), addressed us from behind several microphones on a lectern on a dais and filled us in on the news, such as it was, of his team. Then we had interviewed some of the Dolphin players at individual tables in the same dining room, and asked them whatever it was it seemed important to know. Now we were in the bus and on our way to another hotel—the Sheraton Town & Country Inn—where we would be given drinks and lunch and would sit at smaller tables covered with red tablecloths while the Minnesota coach, Bud Grant (also a sizable man but a good deal grayer than Shula, and wearing a tan T-shirt), would tell us about what had happened to *his* team, the Vikings, in the past twenty-four hours, and then we would go and talk to some of the Viking players. (To tell the truth, when you got to the Sheraton Town & Country it was still way too early for lunch, especially after the big breakfast that the Marriott people had thrown at you, with the scrambled eggs and sausages and ham and bacon and the juice and toast and sweet rolls and all, but then you figured what the hell, all this had been carefully planned, perfectly planned, and it was easy to tell yourself that it was *nearly* lunchtime, and to remind yourself that there was still another bus trip ahead of you, to the Hyatt Regency Hotel, where we writers were staying and where we had all started from that morning, and that God only knew what time you would ever eat lunch if you waited until you got back there again.) Anyway, it was about midway on this Marriott-to-Sheraton leg of the journey, while jiggling along on some back avenue in Houston, which is where we were spending this long week that in time would take us to Sunday and the Super Bowl, that the business about Wembley Stadium came back to me. What I remembered was the opening scene of the official film of the World Cup soccer final that had been played in England back in 1966. The World Cup is an elimination tournament that is played every four years and involves all the nations that take soccer seriously—which is to say almost every nation except this one—and the final is the most widely watched and passionately followed sporting event anywhere. The 1966 final, between England and West Germany, was played in London, and the film begins wonderfully, with an early-morning shot of a man in a business suit and (I think) a cap walking up to a door set in a high green wooden fence and taking a key out of his pocket and unlocking Wembley Stadium for the day. An event is about to happen. All this came back to me because here at Houston we, too, were waiting for a sporting final, but it was becoming clear that the day and the game were being held off as long as possible, and that nothing as simple as opening a door could make it all begin. The Super Bowl, it sometimes seemed, was barely an event at all.

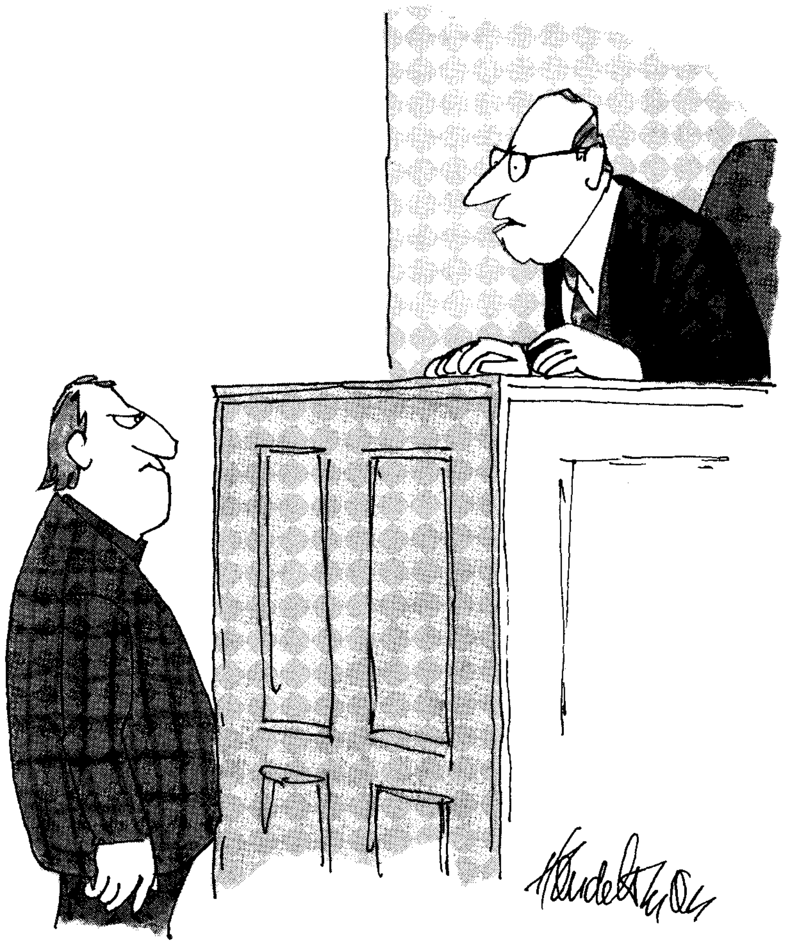
THE one-hundredth running of the Kentucky Derby will be held in May of this year, and the seventieth World Series was played last autumn. Last month's Super Bowl in Houston was only the eighth interleague professional-football championship game; as such things go, the Super Bowl is a very new institution, but it has already become a major holiday on our sporting calendar. In Houston, in fact, one heard and read frequent remarks to the effect that the Super Bowl was now "the big one"—the preëminent American sporting event. If this is true—and a good case can be made for it, statistically and financially—it is a status that has not been entirely earned by the games themselves. Last month's Super Bowl VIII (the official designation of each Supergame by Roman numerals rather than by year was an early inspiration of Pete Rozelle, a former public-relations man and now Commissioner of the National Football League, who thereby managed to hang on his gangling puppy dog a medallion instantly suggesting class and antiquity and almost Augustan continuity) was won by the Dolphins, who demolished the Vikings, 24–7, in a businesslike but dreary contest whose outcome was entirely clear after the first ten minutes. Of the previous games, only the upset of the Baltimore Colts by the New York Jets in 1969 constituted real sporting news, since it was the first triumph of an American League team over the ancient and lordly National League, whose celebrated representative, the

Green Bay Packers, had humiliated A.F.L. teams in the first two championships. Jet quarterback Joe Namath, ignoring the seventeen-point odds against his team, made an advance announcement that the Jets could not lose, and then pulled off the coup with a famous 16–7 victory. Two years later, the Colts defeated the Dallas Cowboys, 16–13, with a field goal kicked just five seconds before the final gun, but the game itself, with a total of five fumbles, six interceptions, and innumerable other malfeasances, was scarcely a champion affair. The other Super Bowls have been absolutely forgettable—a circumstance that is less a criticism of the nature of professional football than proof of the fact that perhaps only about two out of eight games in *any* sport are likely to be at all memorable, and that any sport which must determine its championship in a single final game, rather than a series, is thus permanently in need of dazzling P.R. work.

A good press sometimes results from nothing more complicated than making it possible for reporters to follow their secret dreams—in this case, to pass a midwinter week in a hospitable warm-weather city, with easy access to an undemanding news assignment, ideal working space, and an unlimited bar. This year, the N.F.L. public-relations people found rooms for about eight hundred media people at Houston's newest and shiniest hotel, the Hyatt Regency, where they also set up ninety-six typewriters, put in telephones and Western Union and SportsCom transmitting services, and laid on day-and-night refreshments, a steady flow of canned news releases, and the aforementioned bus tours to prearranged interviews and photo sessions with the players and coaches, all directed and assisted by fifteen friendly P.R. men. These services, to be sure, are only an enlargement of the press preparations that are made at most major porting events, and he significant added ingredients are probably the two-week post-playoffs hiatus and the obligatory arrival and encampment of the two teams in the chosen city a full week before kickoff time. Thus maddened with anticipation, the sports-desk lemmings swarm south and, clustering and leaping, fling themselves into this newsless sea, churning up a vast froth of pregame wordage.

The participants in this year's Super Bowl were celebrated teams. Both of them had played full, fourteen-game seasons (compiling identical 12–2 records) and had become wholly familiar to the national sports audience by means of regional and national television exposure. They had then won elimination playoffs on the last two weekends in December, before television audiences that numbered fifty million or more. The Dolphins, the defending champions, were making a record third straight appearance in the Super Bowl; the Vikings—many of them, at least—had played in the 1970 Super Bowl, in New Orleans, where they lost to the Kansas City Chiefs by 23–7. Viking quarterback Fran Tarkenton was, next to Namath, the highest-paid and most exciting passer in pro football; the Viking defensive linemen (Carl Eller, Gary Larsen, Alan Page, Jim Marshall) were the Purple People Eaters—the most celebrated front four in the history of the game. The Dolphins, who had run off a perfect season in 1972-73, were now being talked about as possibly the best team ever to play football, and their stars, though young, were scarcely anonymous—Bob Griese, the silent, perfectionist quarterback; Larry Csonka and Mercury Morris, the devastatingly complementary inside and outside runners; Paul Warfield, the elegant wide receiver; Garo Yepremian, the Cypriot kicker and necktie salesman; Nick Buoniconti, the middle linebacker and lawyer; Manny Fernandez; Jake Scott . . . These men and the two coaches were, above all, *known;* by this time in the long season, some of their styles, motions, and mannerisms had become part of our Sundays, part of the national family face. In Houston, however, this was deemed insufficient, and time was now called for the enforcement of further celebrity.

During the week's wait, Coach Bud Grant lost his temper over the shabby quarters assigned to his Viking squad at its local practice field; he took some reporters on a tour of the barracky room and then pointed out two sparrows that had taken refuge in the showers. Later, it was learned that the Miami defensive coach, Bill Arnsparger, would be named head coach of the New York Giants. In Wednesday's practice, Paul Warfield suffered a mild hamstring pull that would or would not keep him out of the starting lineup on Sunday. (It did not.) These bare buttons constituted the grand sum of pregame sports news during Super Week, but the two or three hundred working reporters present assiduously continued to meet their deadlines, thus accounting for many of the one million one hundred and sixty thousand words that went out over the wire-service machines during the week. The waiting world learned that Viking Doug Kingsriter did not mind it at all that the Super Bowl had postponed his honeymoon. "This



"You are charged with getting caught stealing."

Wm Hamilton

"Do you ever get the feeling you may have had a previous life style?"

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is not a vacation but a business trip," he said. "Our coaches know what is best." Miami backup quarterback Earl Morrall confessed that "things are a lot more enjoyable and time passes much faster when you're playing." Viking placekicker Fred Cox said, "You have to be careful your emotion doesn't get so high that you lose concentration on the fundamentals of kicking." Paul Warfield said that the zone defense against the pass should be banned. "For receivers, it's like taking brushes away from an artist," he explained. Viking linebacker Wally Hilgenberg disagreed. "Banning the zone is not the way to provide excitement," he said. "That won't improve our product." Mrs. Dan Shula, mother of the Miami coach, refused to make a game prediction. "We're just hoping and praying for a win," she said.

The more celebrated players, long inured to vapidity, seemed to endure the compulsory press conferences best. Fran Tarkenton (one day sporting a pale-tan sombrero garnished with a two-foot-long pheasant tailfeather) cheerfully lectured the press about football clichés. " 'Game plan' is overworked," he said, in soft Georgia tones. "You plan what you can do well, of course. Actually, almost everything happens out there by adjustment, after the game starts." Larry Csonka, whose combat-gnarled nose somehow forms part of an expression of gentle, almost delicate inwardness, said that excessive organization and supervision seemed to be driving out any sense of pleasure for youngsters now beginning football. He still relished the prospect of a big game, but he had come to hate the single-mindedness of his profession. "I disagree with the tremendous emphasis put on winning," he said quietly. "In this country, you can never be second-best and lift your head up. I disagree with winning being everything."

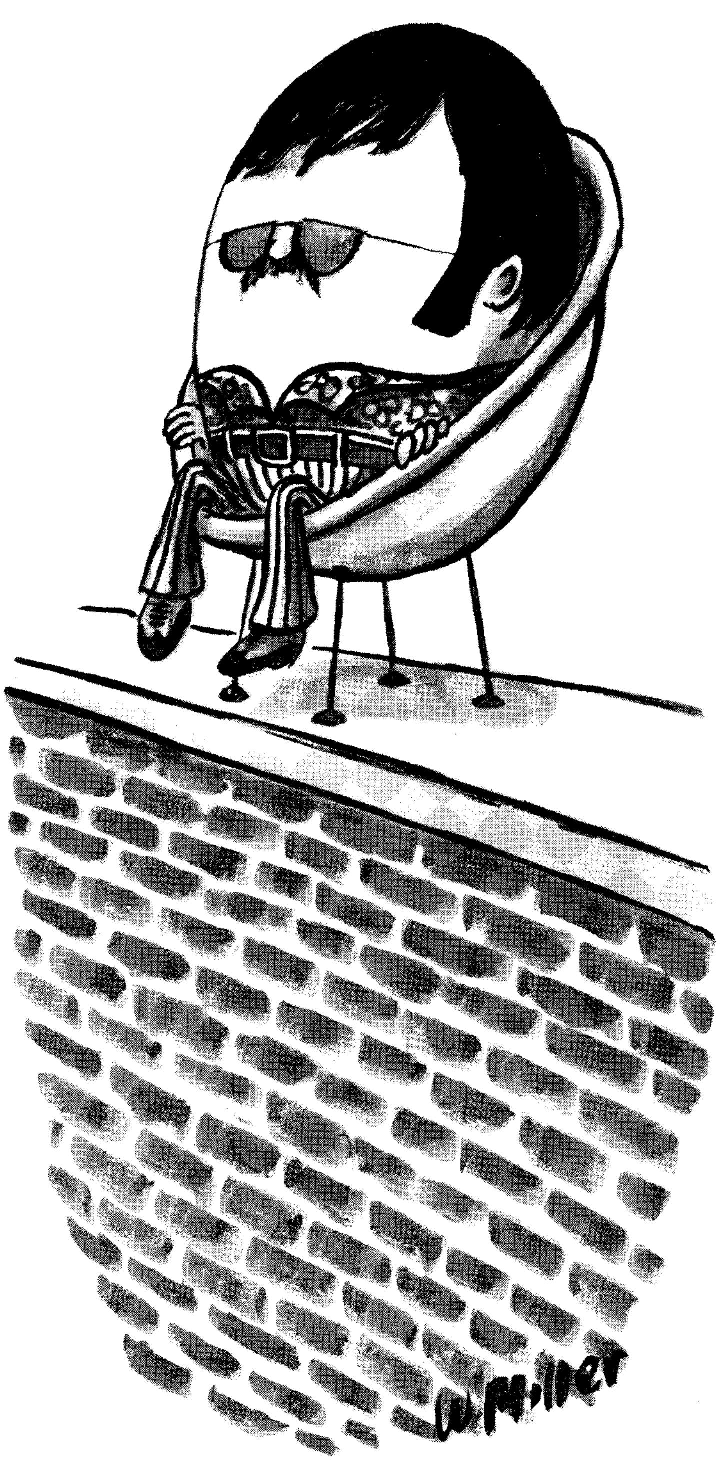
More often, though, there was an ill-concealed resentment evident among the players over the week of slow bleeding. "My God," Viking linebacker Jeff Siemon said to a teammate, "do you realize that I've seen 'American Graffiti' three times since I've been down here?" From his lectern, Coach Grant said, "The N.F.L. is selling this game by this week's activity, and they have done a great job. I'm just not sure it's conducive to the best football." Alan Page, a very large black man with a very small black mustache, said, "This is a stage production. You want me to say that this is the biggest moment of my life, but people who feel that way march to a different drummer than I do." Manny Fernandez, in muttonchop whiskers and tinted, gold-rimmed octagonal glasses, rested his bulging arms on an interview table and looked slowly about at the circle of waiting reporters and open note pads around him. "I love these get-togethers," he said. "It's like going to the dentist three or four days in a row and getting the same tooth filled each time. It's you guys in the press who are building up the Super Bowl, not the public or the players. You want us to go out there with rockets tied to our ass, or something. It's just not like that."

The truth was that the sportswriters, too, knew it was not like that. Their part in all this had been programmed, and they had no more choice in the matter than the coaches or the players. In the crowded bus headed back to the home hotel after one of these team interviews, Jim Murray, the Los Angeles *Times* columnist, suddenly said, "Listen, is there anybody here who *cares* about this? Do any of you really give a damn about who's going to win this game, and all?" One man put up his hand.

Something was being lost here. Sportswriters, in my experience, *do* care about games, which are their profession, after all; the best of them seem to care most. What keeps them at it is surely not the hours or the freeloading, and probably not the occasional colorful or eccentric athlete or entrepreneur who yields good copy. Rather, it is the game itself—the game down on the bright field, and the marvellously gifted men who play it, and who sometimes transcend its possibilities and make them into a true experience, into something that moves and affects us all. It is the same for the players. For them, it is not the fame, or even the money, that counts in the end; rather, it is the chance to play and to go on playing, to subject themselves once again to a part of life that is quick and difficult and forever fresh. Here in Houston, players and writers had somehow agreed to forget the game and the caring and, instead, to distract themselves and the public with an obligatory hype, with quotes and inconsequentialities that would blur and diminish the event to come. Pro football, more than any other game, astonishes the onlooker with its speed and violence and complexity, and the distance between its players and the rest of us is essential and nearly immeasurable. Once or twice that week, it seemed to me that a player I was talking to—Carl Eller, perhaps, who is six feet six inches tall and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and is, at thirty-two, a grown and grave man and a *presence*—represented a new species. Even as we writers continued to bore and belittle these men with our busy questions, it became clear that the distance between us and them remained, and they were untouched. When the game came, they would once again do what none of the rest of us could ever do. Of all the people in Houston that week, only the players were sure to feel something on Sunday.

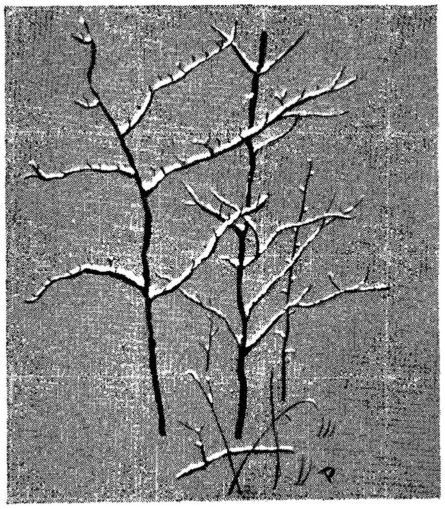
FRIDAY MORNING: National Football League Properties, Inc., is the promotion, licensing, and publishing branch of the N.F.L., and it has booked three hundred and fifty rooms at the Shamrock Hilton Hotel for its clients and their families and friends. Tomorrow night, there will be a bang-up cocktail party and reception for them all at the Petroleum Club, and after brunch on Sunday everyone will wheel out to the game behind a motorcycle escort. Business before pleasure, however, and here in the Shamrock Hilton's Embassy Room about fifty men have gathered to learn "How to Conduct a Successful Promotion Around Pro Football." The lights go down, and a film, "Super Sundays," begins on the screen. Hugh O'Brian, the actor, is up there, talking in an empty stadium. He is tall, manly. There is a pause in the film, and Bob Carey, president of N.F.L.P., stands up and welcomes us. Nice fellow, Bob Carey. The Super Bowl, he tells us, is "an event of incredible excitement and anticipation," and N.F.L.P. is there to help us with our promotions. Outfits that have already affiliated themselves with the N.F.L.P. include du Pont, Nestlé, International House of Pancakes, Coca-Cola, Chiquita Banana, Union Carbide, Standard Brands. Now is the time to start a dialogue with N.F.L.P. . . . The film resumes: highlights of Super Bowl I. Another pause in the film, and Bob Bell, director of marketing for N.F.L.P., stands up. The Super Bowl, he says, is "the culmination of a cultural phenomenon," with a large reservoir of promotional potential. Sixty-seven per cent of adult Americans follow pro football, according to a Harris Survey; the Gallup Poll finds that thirty-six per cent of adult Americans like pro football best of all sports. These are *younger*, more active Americans. Fifty-five per cent of all adult male Americans say that pro football offers the most excitement—a phenomenon, Bob Bell says, "ready to be tapped by astute promoters." Good man, Bob Bell.

Joe Namath's Super Bowl goes off quickly on another screen—a slide show. "The Jets were a new force in football," we are told. "One year later, the N.F.L.P. launched a new force in publishing—*Pro*." The new force is the official N.F.L. program—a fat, full-sized magazine that is sold at every N.F.L. game, with varying local inserts and game data. More than four million copies are sold each year, reaching an audience of ten million. Sixty-one per cent of *Pro's* readers are in professional positions; sixty-four per cent own stocks and bonds. The reader of *Pro* is "truly a successful American." . . . Time for Super Bowl IV, and then Bob Saulnier, promotion director of N.F.L.P., is talking. Pictures of successful N.F.L.P. promotions of the past several years appear in rapid succession on a screen over his head. Chiquita Banana helps kids collect N.F.L.-helmet decals. Gatorade bottle caps have N.F.L. decals on the inside, ideal for collecting and swapping. The International House of Pancakes has miniature N.F.L. helmets. Shell distributed N.F.L.-stamped glasses and trays, and enjoyed a seventeen-percent jump in business as a result—the highest ever recorded for this kind of gasoline campaign. Vitalis conducts a balloting of N.F.L. audiences for "the Citizen-Athlete Man of the Year." Eveready's contest, "Be My Guest at the Super Bowl," also includes a week in Hawaii and a genuine Super Bowl game ball. The American Express Card promotion, *N.F.L. Playbook*, is a "self-liquidating premium." Prell distributes a premium listing all televised N.F.L. games for the season; Mennen Skin Bracer has a refund called "Get the Quarter Back" (hey!); somebody has "Win a Range for Mom." . . . More football film, more talks. There is an overseas military edition of *Pro*, we learn. There is *Pro-log*, a newsstand football annual. There are N.F.L.P. books and the N.F.L. Encyclopedia. There are N.F.L. bedspreads, N.F.L. cups, N.F.L. sneakers, N.F.L. cat food . . .

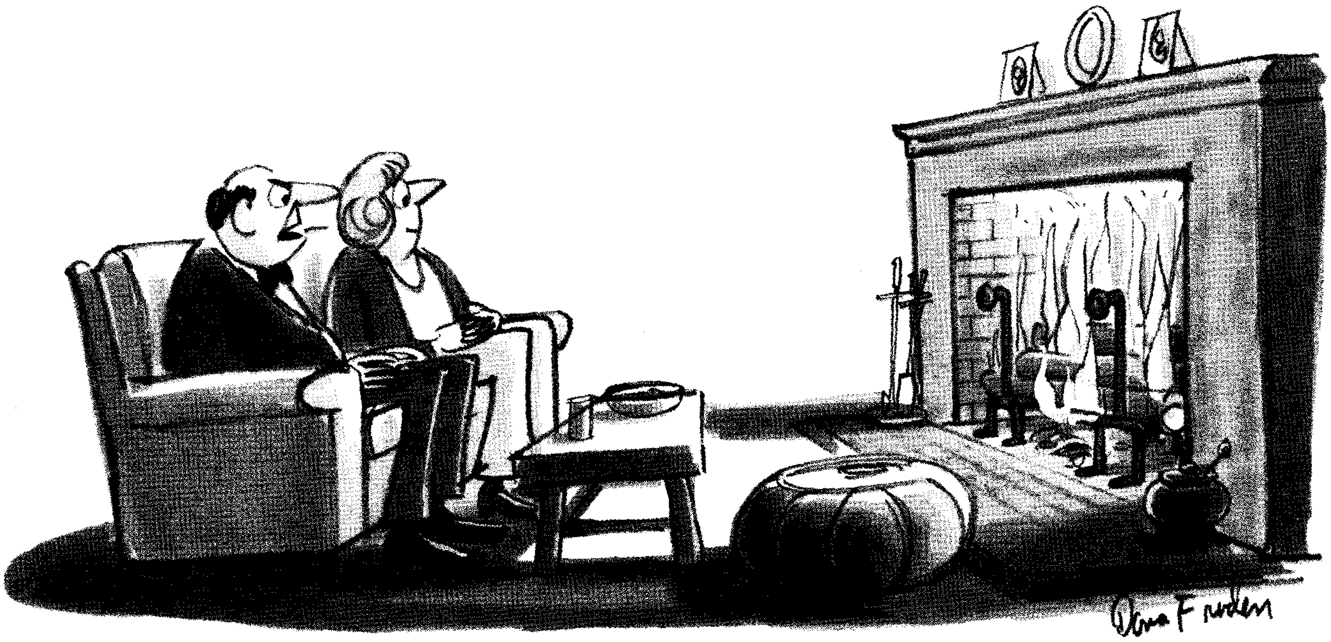


FRIDAY NOON: C.B.S. Television is handling the Super Bowl this year (N.B.C. gets the prize in alternate years), and today the network is holding a reception and luncheon in the Celestial Suite of the Astroworld Hotel for its top salespeople and some N.F.L. executives and the network brass. The Celestial Suite is a glassed-in rooftop restaurant with a circular dance floor and a raised bar; there is a pretty good view of some Houston roofs, which are being washed at the moment by a pelting rain. The weather here has been miserable all week, but everybody is reassuring everybody else that it will clear up for the game: "It's never rained on a Super Bowl, you know." Here is Jack Whitaker, and there are Dave Marr and Ray Scott, and there are Pat Summerall and Mrs. Summerall, and somebody is introducing his twelve-year-old son to Bart Starr, and this is *Mrs.* Starr, who is the former Cherry Morton. The announcers are the celebrities here, of course, but let's say hello to Bill Fitts, who will produce the show on Sunday, and Tony Verna, the director, who's here with his wife. Here's Bob Wood, president of C.B.S.-TV, and Frank Smith, vice-president for sales, and Ellen Beckwith, who is Bill Fitts's assistant, and shake hands with Carl Tillmanns, who is the network general sales manager. Lots of Gucci shoes here today. Lots of razor cuts. Blazers and turtlenecks. Lots of tanned, good-looking women with expensive-looking hair. This is Bloody Mary country, and now the conversation and the laughter grow louder, and the aroma of something delicious for lunch begins to drift over from the buffet tables, and for the first time this week something like expectancy about the game can be tasted, too. C.B.S. has a lot to be expectant about. It has brought down a hundred and seventy-five people to work the game, including thirty-five production men. There will be fourteen color cameras this year, including one in the blimp. Three announcers will do the game itself, with Bart Starr outside in a truck watching the slo-mo discs and analyzing plays. After the game, there will be sixteen sports announcers—almost everybody who did football for C.B.S. this season—in a special C.B.S. tent, where they will get to interview the game's important players away from the customary schlocky scenes in the locker rooms, away from all those half-dressed players and the champagne-throwing and all the reporters and photographers pushing and shoving. There will be some interruptions, of course—five pregame commercials, at the rate of eighty-five thousand dollars a minute, and nine postgame, at ninety thousand per. The nineteen game commercials come in at two hundred and ten thousand dollars a minute, but that's really for newcomers; the steady, regular-season N.F.L.-game sponsors, like Chrysler and American Express and Ford, get to pay less. If you count in all the local commercials across the country during the station-identification breaks, the whole package probably comes to ten million—ten million easy. C.B.S. paid two and three-quarters million dollars to the N.F.L. for the game rights, and the projected audience in this country (never mind Central and South America, or satellite relays to Europe for armed forces TV, and all) is seventy million viewers. Then there is radio. . . . The talk and the laughter in the Celestial Suite go up a notch or two, and suddenly you are convinced that it *can't* rain on Sunday. A young C.B.S. public-relations man in a blazer and plaid pants comes over to the bar and beckons to the bartender. "Gimme a Virgin Mary," he says. "You know—no vodka." While he is waiting for his drink, he catches your eye and smiles, and then he raises his eyebrows expressively and nods at the crowd, and silently mouths "Whew!"

FRIDAY AFTERNOON: At the front curb of the Astroworld Hotel, a family is unloading a station wagon, moving in. A bellboy helps with the bags, running through the rain, and then, finally, the man of the family reaches into the back of the wagon and takes out a set of football shoulder pads and a helmet. What's this? The pads and the helmet look pretty small, and it comes to you that they must belong to a boy and that the boy must be one of the twelve finalists in the Punt, Pass, and Kick competition, which will be held at the Super Bowl just prior to the game on Sunday. Punt, Pass, and Kick is a season-long promotion sponsored by Ford and the N.F.L., and it involved a million ninety-five thousand kids this year. Twelve out of one million ninety-five thousand is pretty good going, and it will be hard for the six boys who come in second. The young finalist who arrived in the station wagon doesn't seem to be around. Maybe he's inside, resting.



FRIDAY AFTERNOON: Pete Rozelle, the N.F.L. Commissioner, is holding his annual Super Week press conference in the Imperial Ballroom of the Hyatt Regency. A couple of hundred reporters are here, and a cluster of microphones is attached to the front of the lectern. "Gentlemen," a P.R. man says. "Gentlemen . . ." and then Pete Rozelle gets up. He is wearing a beautifully cut gray suit, and he is tall and cheerful and tan, and he says he will try to answer all our questions. He points to a reporter and listens politely. Yes, the matter of whether or not Bud Grant will be fined for complaining about that locker room is "a determination I will make after the Super Bowl.". . . Yes, he has heard of the new World Football League, and he understands that it is interested in major franchise areas—which is to say big cities. If it has any money, Pete says, it can get into pro football. (At least one franchise in this fetal league has been heard from; its team will be called the Chicago Fire.). . . Yes, the Players Association and the N.F.L. Management Council will begin talking full time about the renewal of player-contract benefits after the Super Bowl. (These two questions are about the threat of gigantic player raids and salary wars posed by the arrival of a new professional-football league, and the possibility of a full-scale player strike before the coming season. Neither potential disaster is discussed by Rozelle.) The Commissioner lights a cigarette. . . . Yes, he is concerned about the lifting of local blackouts on the televising of N.F.L. games, which was ordered by Congress last year. There were over a million no-shows at N.F.L. games this year, a jump of sixty-eight per cent. The N.F.L., he says, plans to go back to Congress. . . . Somebody in the audience says that at least ten per cent of the seats at the Super Bowl seem to be allocated to corporations and business concerns. Is the Super Bowl a sports spectacular or a business spectacular? Rozelle smiles. "Quite an aura has been built up around the Super Bowl," he says. "The fact that big business *and* little people are interested in it is pleasing.". . . Monte Stickles, a former tight end with the 49ers and now a radio broadcaster in San Francisco, gets up and asks



"I'll tell you what I see in the dancing flames. I see logs that cost ninety-five dollars a cord, that's what I see."

• •

about the Lance Rentzel case. (Rentzel was suspended by the N.F.L. after being convicted of possession of marijuana.) How come, Stickles asks, Rentzel was canned while his appeal was still pending? As you know, Rozelle says, Rentzel had already been in difficulties with the law. But isn't that all the *more* reason, Stickles begins. Rozelle smiles. "Lance broke a personal agreement with me," he says. . . . The questions go on, and at one point Rozelle reveals that one N.F.L. club was fined fourteen thousand dollars this year for illegally concealing nonroster players. He declines to say which club. But, says a reporter, this is meant to be the *public's* game, so why aren't these things made public? Rozelle smiles and spreads his hands. He would prefer it that way, he says, but . . . He lights another cigarette, takes another question.

Pete Rozelle is something. He is quick and friendly and bland and intelligent and apparently unassailable, and perhaps the best modern businessman in the business of sports. Only one major question went unanswered at his press conference this year: Where in the world did that reporter get the notion that this game belonged to the public?

FRIDAY AFTERNOON: Bob Cochran, the N.F.L.'s Broadcast Coördinator, looks out over the balcony alongside the press lounge at the Hyatt Regency and sees that it has stopped raining. He picks up a phone and tries again to put through a call to Jim Skinner, out at Rice Stadium, where the game will be played on Sunday. Jim Skinner is the entertainment director for the Dallas Cowboys, and he has been hired by Cochran to run the big halftime show this year. Skinner has picked the theme for this year's show, which will be called "A Musical America," and Cochran has hired the main entertainment—the Longhorn Band of the University of Texas. The band comes in today, and the problem now is whether the AstroTurf at Rice will be dry enough for them to practice there. For that matter, Cochran isn't even sure that the new paint job on the AstroTurf—the N.F.L. logo at midfield, and the team name in each end zone—had a chance to dry before the rain came. Where *is* Skinner? Cochran jiggles the phone. At least, the music will set us back less than it did last year, out at L.A., where the University of Michigan's band cost about twenty-five thousand dollars. This year, the band will be about fifteen thousand, including hotel rooms and box lunches. The balloon man is all set—seventeen thousand balloons will take flight at halftime. Less than four thou for the balloons. Charley Pride will sing the anthem this year. That's all set, but stars are—well, unpredictable. But what if the Texas band can't practice tomorrow? The trouble with Rice Stadium is that it has only this one tunnel onto the field, and the band is three hundred and fifteen performers. How are they going to get *in*? Well, at least we don't have any Air Force flyovers this year, or the tribute to the P.O.W.s, or the Roberto Clemente spot. For the last two or three Super Bowls, the White House asked for these things, and we were glad to oblige, but this year we haven't heard from them. He jiggles the phone again and then puts it down and grabs his raincoat. Nothing to do but get out to the stadium.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON: A young corporate public-relations man gets aboard an elevator at the Civic Center Holiday Inn, punches his floor button, and then begins to study the itinerary sheet he is carrying. Actually, it is the top sheet of a stack of about twelve, and the rest seem to be freshly Xeroxed copies. The list is short and very neatly typed:

5:45—Mr. Harnett and Mr. and Mrs. Gerson arrive at Houston International via Braniff Flt. 147. They will be met by Jim Whitten, and driven to the Warwick.

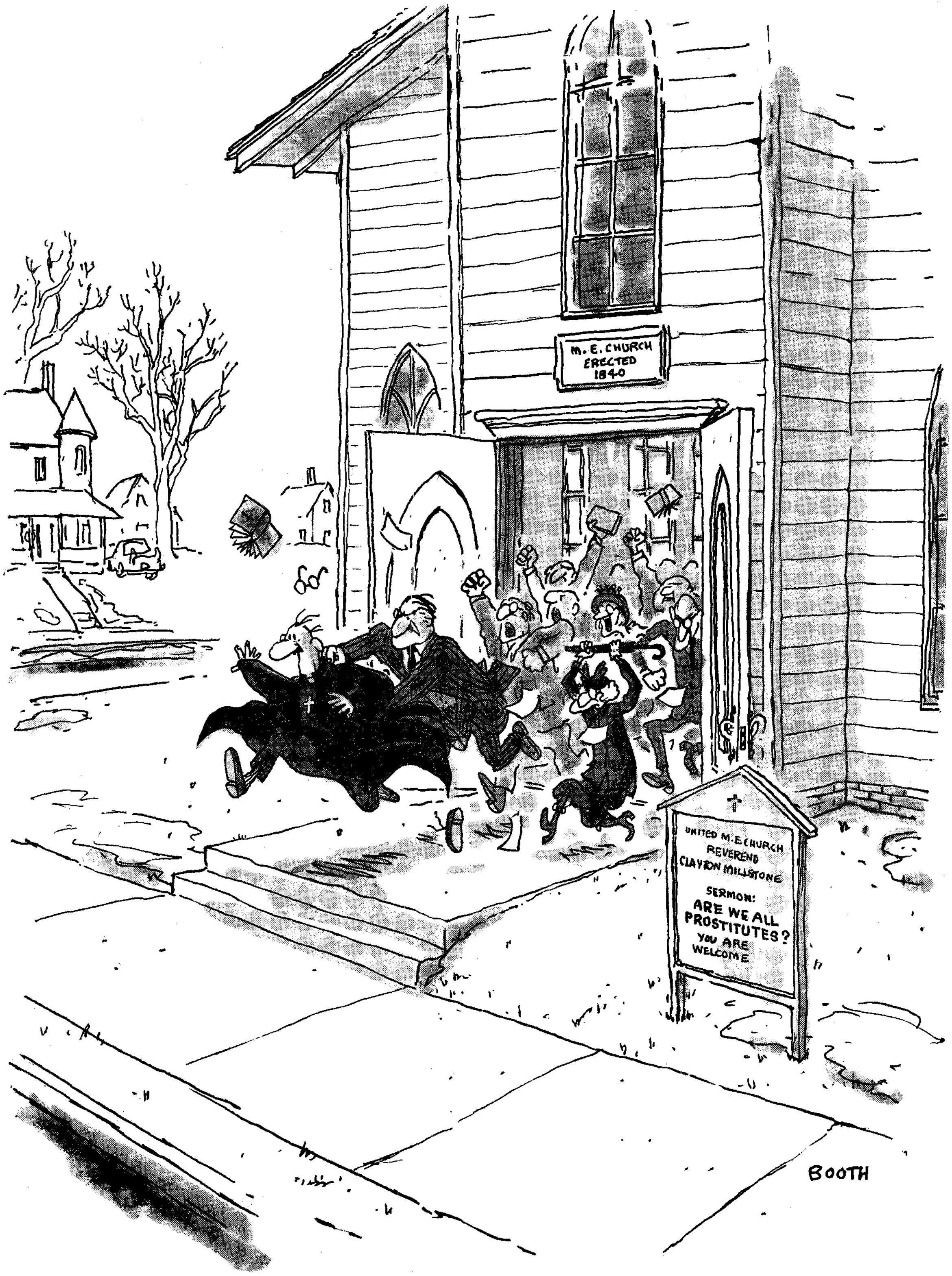
6:37—Mr. and Mrs. Braisted, Mr. Gold, and Fred Milgram arrive at Houston International via Continental Flt. 64. They will be met by Ken Farris and Tom Schaeffer, with *two cars*, and driven to the Hyatt Regency.

8:35—Mr. Harnett, Mr. and Mrs. Gerson, and Mr. and Mrs. Braisted will depart from their hotels by local transportation (taxis, which have been reserved) to Tony's Restaurant (1810 South Post Oak) for dinner. They will be met there by Fred Milgram and/or Jim Whitten. Reservation in Jim's name.

10:00—Two cars will pick up Mr. Harnett and party at Tony's. Subsequent evening activities informal.

FRIDAY NIGHT: Veteran sports people, looking back over the panoply of the years, distinguish one Super Bowl from another not by the Roman numerals or the game scores but by the parties. According to their reckoning, the best party *city* was New Orleans, in 1970 and again in 1972; the most memorable party was the N.F.L.'s blowout aboard the moored Queen Mary in Long Beach, California, last year. This year's official N.F.L. blast is a "Texas Hoedown" in the Astrodome, which has been dressed up for the occasion in a manner that suggests a vacationing New Jersey realtor on his first day at a dude ranch. (Sunday's game, by the way, will be played in Rice Stadium rather than in the Astrodome for the best possible reason: Rice Stadium has a capacity of 71,882, as against the Astrodome's 50,000.) Entering the fabled Hofheinz spread through stage-prop saloon doors, one discovers red sawdust covering most of the Astrofloor, and two smoldering open fires, emitting thin columns of smoke, which are cooking, or perhaps only warming, a spitted dressed steer and a spitted whole hog; the smoke drifts hazily up toward the high latticework of the dome, blueing and dimming the empty scoreboard and the circling rows of empty, silent seats. Painted flats depicting cow-town storefronts have been pinned up on two facing red-curtain backdrops, and between them there is a bit of corral railing around a strip of fake grass, and a cutout plywood cowboy raising a wooden hat. The provender is real enough, though—beef barbecue and corn on the cob and biscuits and beans and much more—and there is Lone Star beer on tap at some imitation chuck wagons, and the drinkin' whiskey being served up at the big Western bars is real, too, and free. The south forty (or outfield) is jammed with dining tables, row on row, and beyond that, up on the feedbox or the butte or something, a big, loud country band is laying down the word. This party is a little slow in getting off the ground, which is probably inevitable for a get-together for twenty-eight hundred guests. There are football people here, of course—executives and players and writers—but most of the guests seem to be Houston locals. There are lots of couples in Western getups—heavy women in fringed buckskins, men in high-heeled boots and frontier vests, with banker-faces or dentist-faces under ten-gallon hats. Invitees were urged to wear casual duds tonight, but this has been interpreted variously. Here are men in business suits, women in pants suits, women in full-length evening gowns and mink wraps, men in golf sweaters, men in sarapes and sombreros, lots of younger men and women in tailored denim pants, and some couples in identical His 'n' Hers bells, with identical flowered or rhinestone-studded denim jackets—very swinging, except for the matching married faces.

You get up and get another drink and walk around a little, and then



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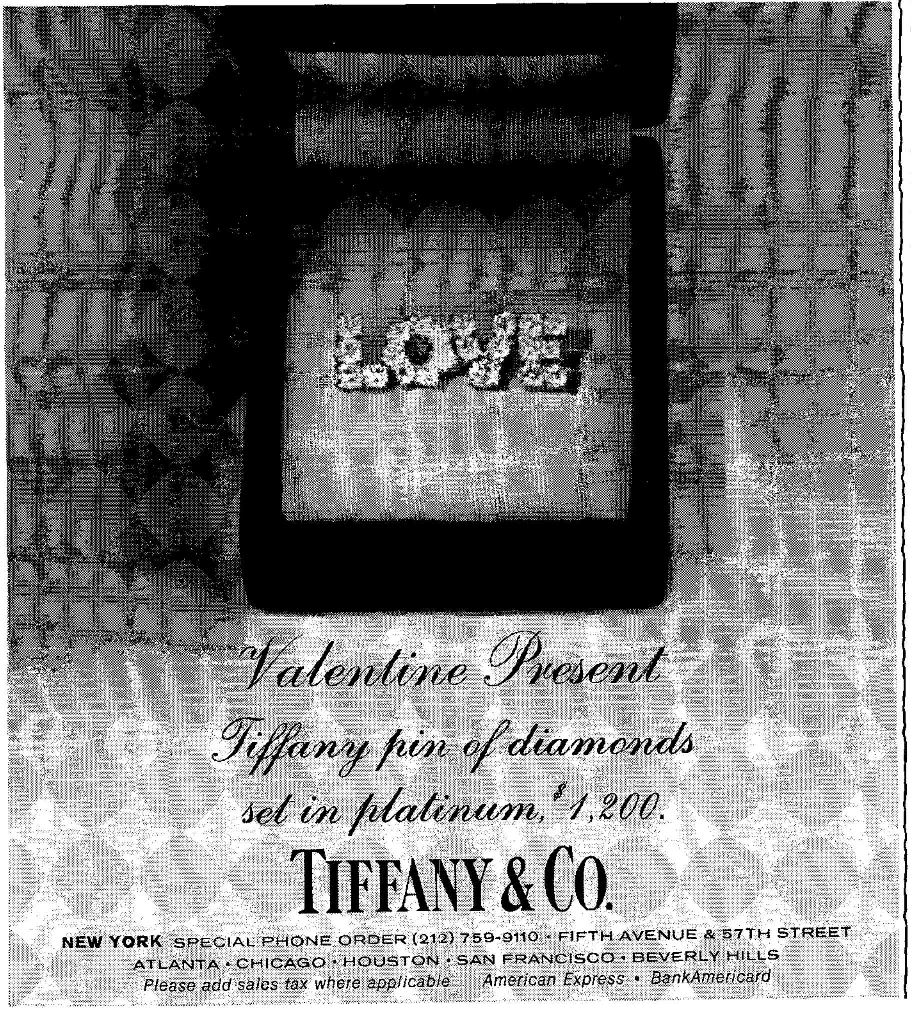

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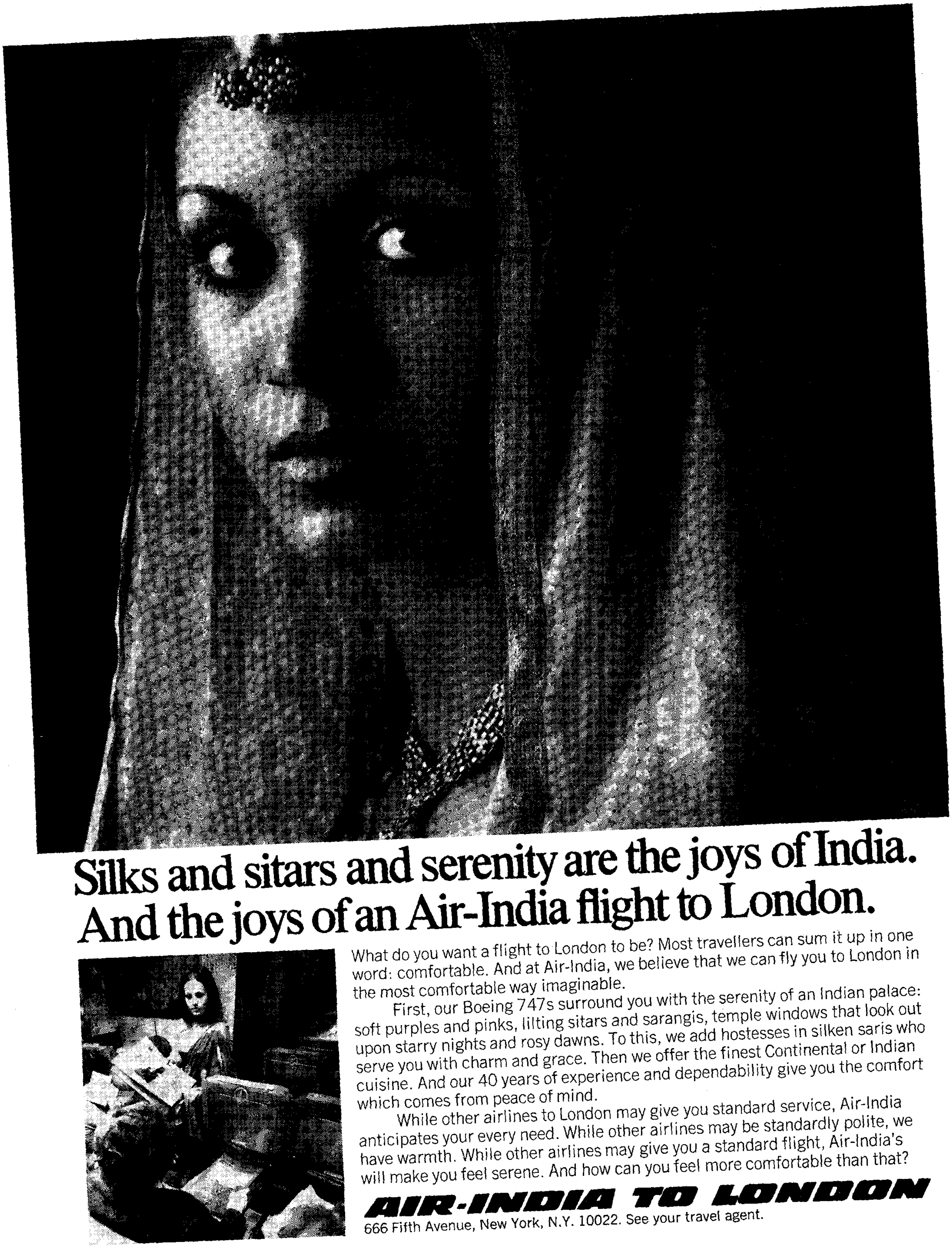
you notice that masses of people here are walking around, too, drinking and eyeballing, and then you begin to pick out individuals among the hundreds of strangers—Gale Sayers in brown leather, and Rusty Staub (a onetime Astro) in a white cowboy hat, and Howard Cosell giving out autographs in a stiff, brand-new blue denim jacket, and Alan Shepard, the astronaut, with his bangs and protuberant eyes and terrierlike movements. You push through the crowd, which gets younger as you get closer to the bandstand, and the band, which is Tiny Skaggs' outfit (the name is stitched in script on the back of the musicians' tapered shirts), winds up "Proud Mary," to heavy mitting, and then blasts into "The Wild Side of Life," and the dancers grin at each other and start right up again, some dancing apart and some touch-dancing, and more and more people push onto the floor, and over there, watching it all, is a police chief or sheriff or field marshal or something in full gray-blue uniform with stripes, and Sam Browne belt, leather puttees, pistol, whistle, ammo belt, *fourragère*, visored cap, walkie-talkie with antenna, enormous Matt Dillon chest, and a crime-busting face ("Jes' don't let's one of you fellers get a notion to try to *start* somethin', hear?") with no expression at all. A Saul Steinberg cop.

On. Billy Sullivan, the president of the New England Patriots, is talking animatedly to two friends; each of his arms is hooked through one of theirs, forming a cheerful, compulsory trio. A tall man named Rommie Loudd gives you some literature plugging a new team, the Florida Suns, for admission to the N.F.L. at its next expansion; you promise to think about it. A small, white-haired Japanese gentleman poses himself and his party with Pete Rozelle, and a younger Japanese photographs the group. Everyone smiles and bows and shakes hands. Rozelle is wearing very sharp dark-tan buckskins. More faces float by: Curt Gowdy. Johnny Bench, in a new mustache and a blue-and-white checked suit and a white shirt covered with huge butterflies.

Well, you move along and get another drink and keep walking, and you come upon a home-town matron who is getting autographs from some football players. They seem to be writing their names on the back of a blank check she has torn from her checkbook. She gets the check back and looks at the names with interest but without evident recognition. She calls over one of the players—an enormous man with lank



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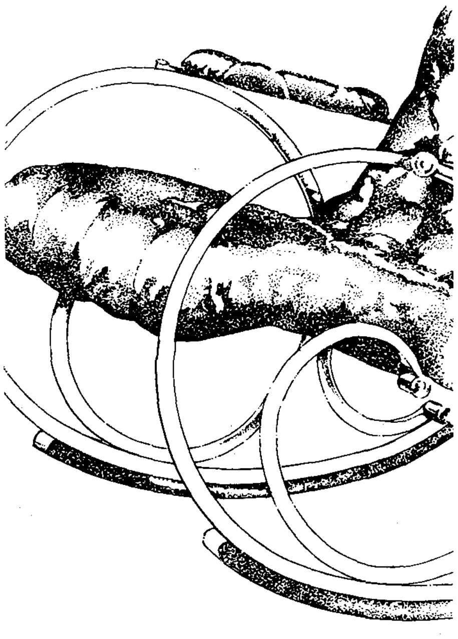

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blond hair. "Who's this?" she asks, pointing to a signature.

"That's Ray Nitschke, Ma'am. You know—with the old Green Bay Packers."

"And how about this one?"

"That's Jim Beirne. He's with the Chargers."

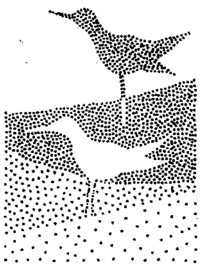
"And who do *you* play for?"

"I used to be with the Eagles."

"What do you do now?"

"Get fat, Ma'am."

Charley Pride, the man entrusted with the anthem on Sunday, is singing "Me and Bobby McGee" for the second or third time. It's late. The amplified music bounces and trembles off the rusting beams at the top of the dome. Everybody's shoes are covered with red dust. The barbecue smoke has worked its way up your nose; it burns your eyes. Couples are drifting out through the fake swinging doors. A wife comes along carrying an armful of tin cups stamped with the VIII logo, and her husband has three or four more—genuine Super Bowl-party souvenirs. Six or eight outsize beef cattle are tethered near the front gate—prize whiteface Herefords and Brahmans and Black Angus—with silk banners behind them which proclaim their lineage; they are all sleeping heavily, lying on straw thrown down on the concrete floor, and the last, distant strains of Tiny Skaggs' band fall on them as they sleep. The strange evening is over. Big party—as big as all indoors.



SATURDAY brought some scraps of sunshine. Viking and Dolphin banners were being hawked at downtown street corners, and groups of loyalists pinned and festooned in Minnesota purple or in Miami aqua-and-orange (a combination powerfully evocative to me of Howard Johnson's) baited each other cheerfully in bars and hotel lobbies. All week in this mild, preselected city we had been cut off from the exuberant home-town partisanship that vivifies most sports championships, but these travellers—twelve thousand noisy, horn-tooting delegates from each city—reminded us of autumn and seemed to open the weekend at last to the possibility of plain joy. The Frank Weathers party, from West Palm Beach, which included the Wayne Wursters (he runs a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise there) and Mrs. Jane A. Murray, was making its third straight visit to the Super Bowl. They had been late in applying for hotel rooms this time, and finally had to put up at Baytown, Texas, twenty miles away. "I don't care," said Mr. Weathers, a tall attorney wearing an orange wool Dolphin watch cap. "I'd be here if it was just an exhibition game." Wearers of the purple included ten-year-old Billy Hummel and his father, Duane, of Bismarck, North Dakota, who regularly make the eight-hour drive from Bismarck to Minneapolis for the Vikes' home games. Jan Worel and Dolly Soule were able to come to Houston together to cheer for the Vikings and Fran Tarkenton ("FRANTASTIC!" was the message on Jan's enormous button) because their husbands, Jack Worel and Gary Soule, had agreed to stay home in Minneapolis and look after the kids (two young Worels and three junior Soules), at least this once. (Way to go, Jack and Gary!) The big Voigt family party, from Madison, Wisconsin, was putting up at the Civic Center Holiday Inn—Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Voigt and their son Dick Voigt and his wife, Diane, and the Robert Iottes (Mrs. Iotte and Mrs. Lester Voigt are sisters), and their daughter Nancy Iotte, and a school friend of Nancy's named Roseann Friedl. Later, some of them would go out to the airport to meet Anne Clark, Stuart Voigt's girl friend, who was flying in all the way from Germany for the game. Stu Voigt is Dick Voigt's younger brother, and he was staying over at the Sheraton Town & Country for the week, because he is the first-string tight end for the Vikings. "They'd *better* win," Mrs. L. P. Voigt said cheerfully. "Stu isn't married, and so he's around the house a lot, and he sure isn't much company when they lose."

Other parties were in Houston for less obvious but no less urgent reasons. A pair of pro-football season tickets has become a badge of prime, certified status (about eighty per cent of all N.F.L. seats are now sold out every year before the season begins), and pairs or blocks of Super Bowl tickets have become the rosette to that ribbon—perhaps the highest corporate chevalierdom in the land. This year, the N.F.L. set aside only fifty-three hundred Super Bowl seats for business concerns and five hundred for "politics," but each of the twenty-four previously eliminated N.F.L. clubs received seven hundred and fifty seats apiece, and there is no doubt that most of those eighteen thousand tickets found their way to old, important friends. (Another eighteen

"Behind us 40 tons of thundering Australian surf... ahead of us an obstacle course of jagged rocks."

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"Wham! A breaker walloped us! I felt like I was caught in the spin cycle of a giant washing machine. And when Cindy found a limp rag on the beach, I realized it was me.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at Doyle's Restaurant in Sydney." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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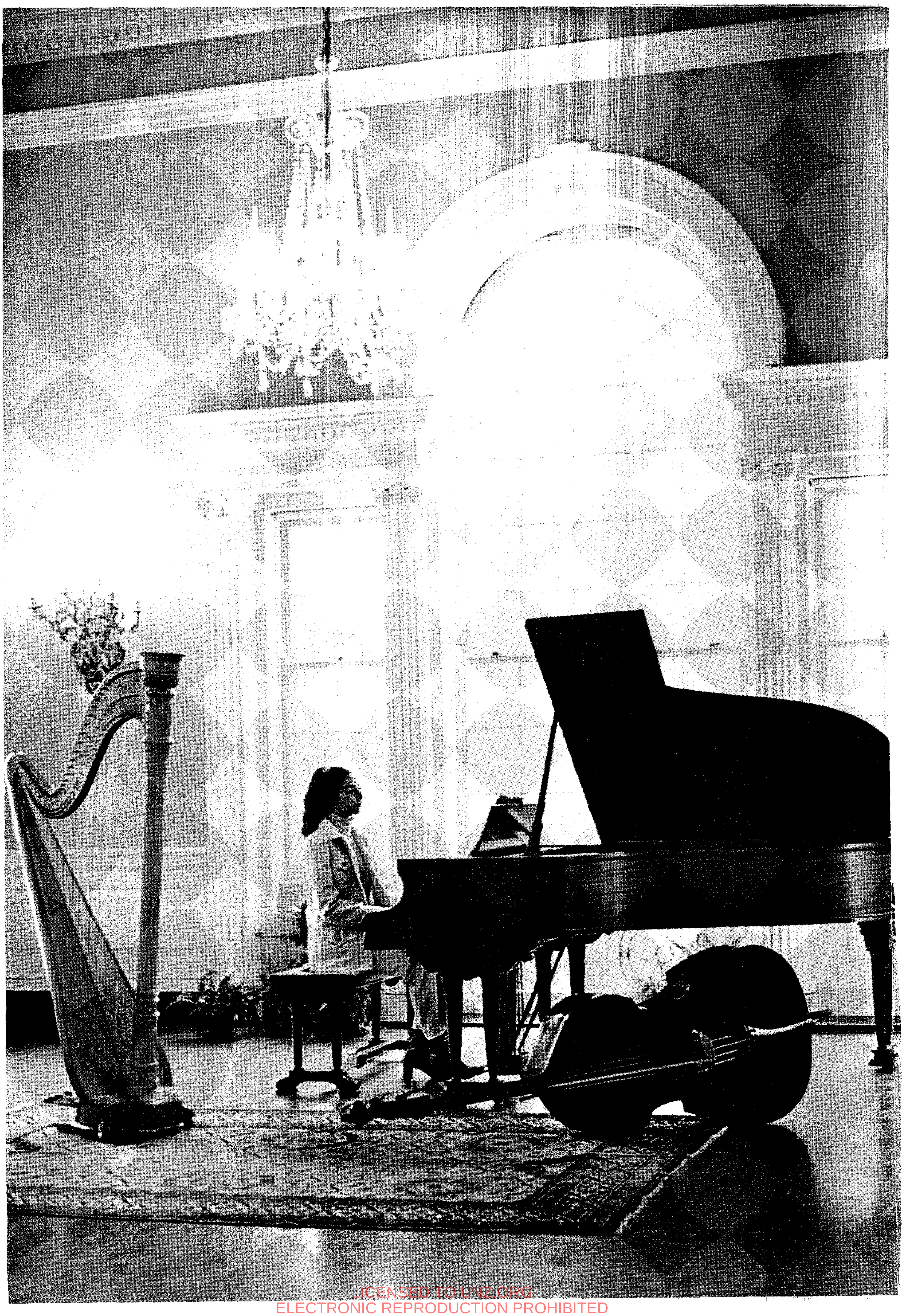


"If you think Tennessee music is one long hoe~down, bite your tongue."

"Dick walked in after an interview at Vanderbilt University and said, 'Honey, think a couple of New Yorkers can find true happiness in Nashville? Seriously, it's a great offer. The department is terrific. We've got to make the move.'

"Gulp! Is that going to put a crimp in my music career? Country music is fine, but I'm no banjo player.

"But, I put on a brave smile and tagged along. Good husbands are hard to find.

"I was in for quite a surprise. Nashville really is Music City. And not just country music. It's chamber music. Recitals. Symphonies. To say nothing of good rock and jazz.

"Things happened fast. I started teaching. Gave a few concerts. Got my Master's from George Peabody College. Joined the faculty at Peabody and at Blair Academy— a great pre-college music school. As you can see, I haven't been sitting still. That's me on the opposite page rehearsing for an appearance with the Nashville Symphony under Thor Johnson.

"We're doing what we want to do with our lives. And it's happening in Tennessee.

"Naturally, we're into a lot of other activities, too. Camping, for example. That's a switch for a couple of city kids. Did you know that the Tennessee countryside has been likened to the green, hilly countryside of England? And by English travellers, yet.

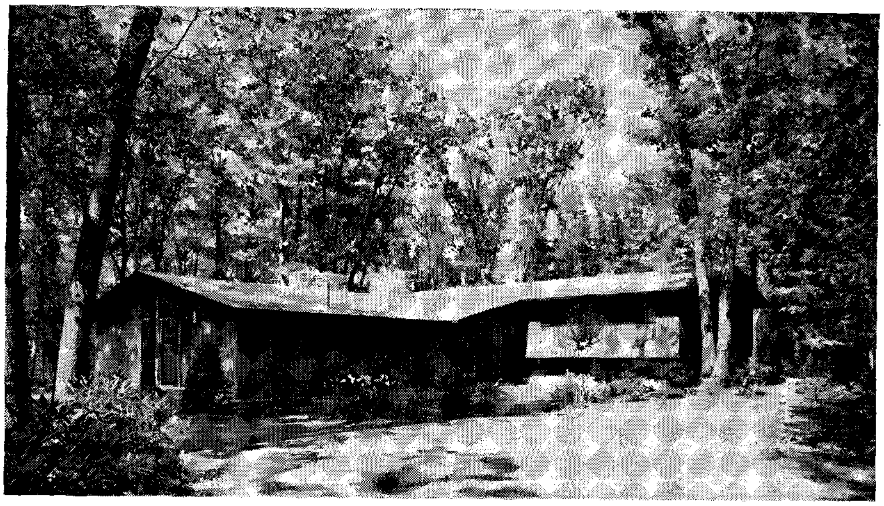
"That's my story. Dick's is just as good. He's now Chairman of the Psychology Department at Vanderbilt. And he's into everything he loves to do. Writing. Research. Consulting for the National Institute of Mental Health. I'm getting prouder of him every day.

"Best of all, we're enjoying our life— Tennessee Style."

Thank you, Enid. We're proud of both of you. You're absolutely right about Tennessee's cultural environment. Nashville has 14 colleges and the State has 54. Maybe that's the reason for our growing art colony. Painters and sculptors and crafts people from all over the country are settling here. Not having a State Property Tax or Personal Income Tax doesn't hurt either, does it?

You folks thinking about plant relocation or industrial expansion owe it to yourselves to come down and look us over. Or write to me, Dr. Pat Choate, Commissioner of Economic and Community Development, Andrew Jackson Building, Nashville, Tennessee 37219. As Enid so beautifully points out, we've got a lot more going than our waterways, TVA power, coal and natural gas. You'll like doing business Tennessee style.

**We like doing business
TENNESSEE STYLE**



After months, perhaps years of dreaming of building your own home, you are now settling down to the serious consideration of this important step. You are highly selective and very discriminating because you will be satisfied with nothing less than the best. You will demand excellence of design, the highest order of craftsmanship, and the finest of quality materials. You will require comprehensive information on which to base your choice and the assurance of an unquestionable integrity on the part of the source selected. If this describes your situation, may we suggest you inquire about a Deck House.

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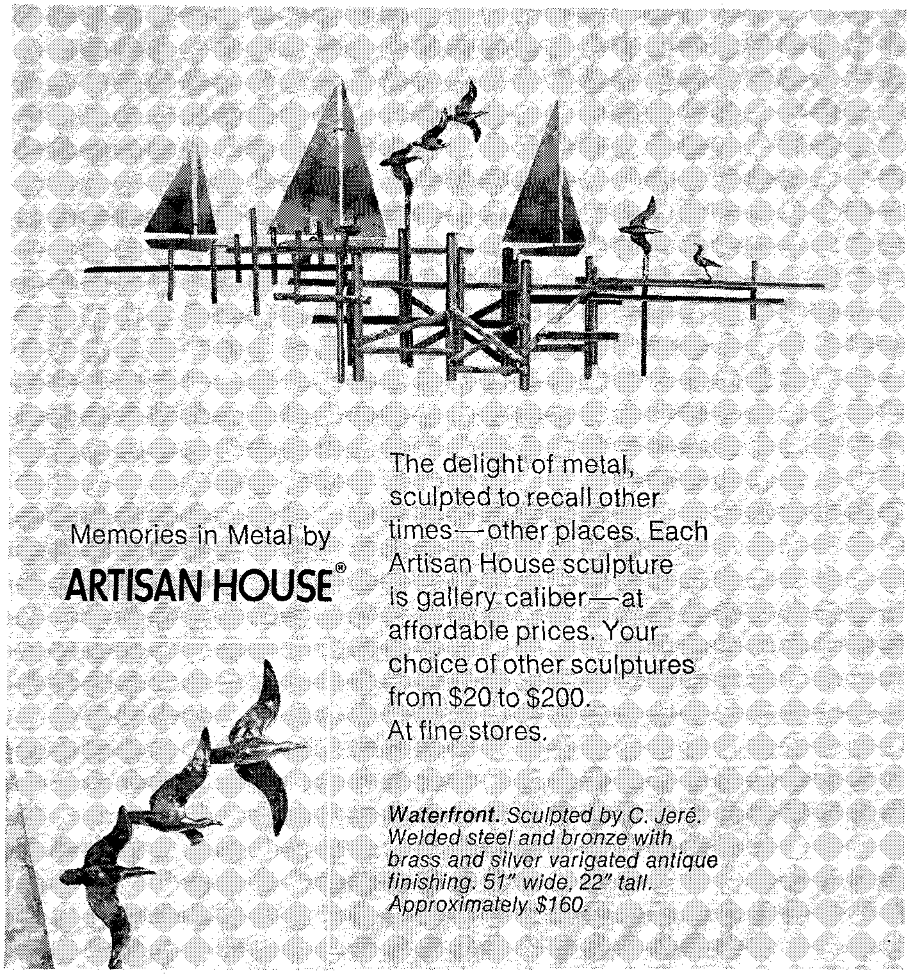

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Waterfront. Sculpted by C. Jeré. Welded steel and bronze with brass and silver varigated antique finishing. 51" wide, 22" tall. Approximately $160.

Artisan House, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

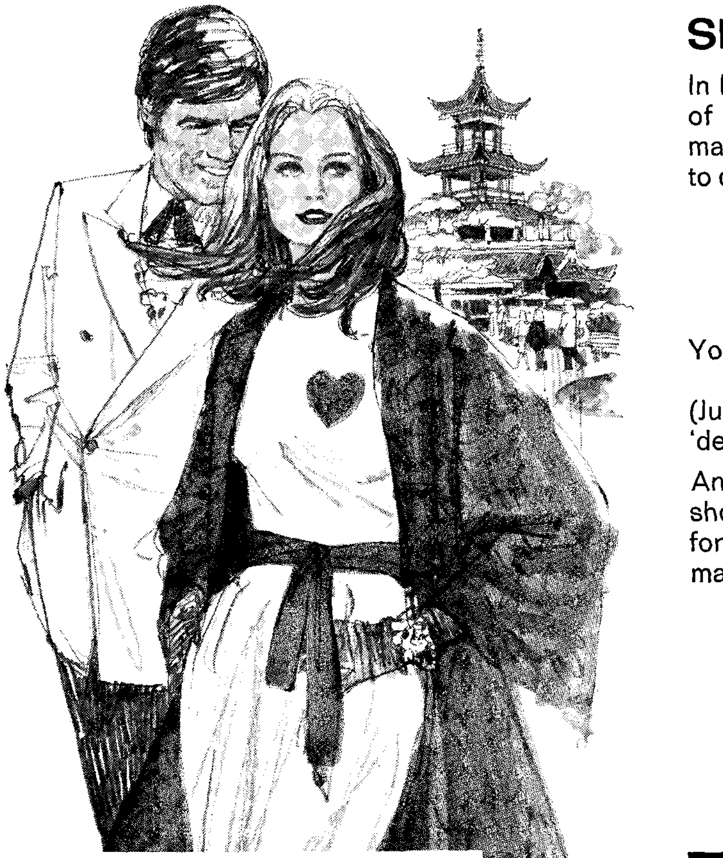
thousand went to the local franchise, the Houston Oilers, and thence to their season-ticket holders, and some of these tickets, priced at fifteen dollars, probably formed the basis for this year's scalpers' market, which levelled off at a hundred and fifty dollars a pair.) For the right people—people with heavy corporate names, that is—tickets never quite run out. The Super Bowl weekend is the ultimate expense-account arena—a place to meet and gratify one's true friends, to put on the company (and mostly deductible) dog, to do it up right, to flaunt it—and it has become the finals, so to speak, of another, even larger American game. By noon on Saturday, so many executives had landed at Hobby Field, on the south side of town, that company planes were double-parked out on the grass. In town, and variously sightseeing, handshaking, golfing, lunching, laughing, dealing, or otherwise getting themselves up for the game, were executives and clients and directors from Ford, American Express, Chrysler, Smith-Corona Marchant, Dodge, Borg-Warner, Bristol-Myers, Manufacturers Hanover, Dresser Industries, 3M, Prudential Insurance, and so on, down to (or up to) private presidential parties of six or eight, with wives.

Some did it big. The Ford Motor Company, made jumpy by the energy crisis, had determined to cut back from the level of last year's outing, when it put up a party of twenty-eight hundred incentive-award-winning Ford dealers and their wives at Las Vegas for the weekend and then flew them all out to Los Angeles for the game. This year, the official Ford party numbered a bare eighty or so (not counting the Punt, Pass, and Kick finalists, parents, and sponsoring dealers), but at least eight hundred lesser Ford people, who had arranged for their own transportation and tickets at the district level, came to Houston, too.

Some did it fancy. The Card Division of the American Express Company (not the Military Banking Division, which ran a modest promotion culminating in a Super Bowl trip for four servicemen, two from the European theatre and two from the Far East) gave its annual weekend party in honor of the chief executives of the major domestic airlines, most of whom were put up at the quiet and expensive Houston Oaks, where they were welcomed by American Express board chairman Howard L. Clark. The guests were urged to sign up for tennis with Billy Talbert or Jeanne Evert out at

Give the gift of Love on Valentine's Day

AND PETER HEERING MAY SEND YOU TO DENMARK.



SEND US YOUR LOVE POEM.

In honor of St. Valentine's Day. Peter Heering, one of America's best loved liqueurs, is offering you many chances to win a fabulous prize. All you have to do is write the last line of this verse:

I think of you throughout the day,
In everything I do and say.
You are the one I hold most dear,
_________.

You might have finished the poem like this:
"I want you, need you always near."
(Just be sure that the line you write rhymes with 'dear'.)

And while you're thinking about the verse, you should also be thinking about a very special gift for your own special valentine. This year why not make it different, unusual and delicious.

Give Peter Heering, the gift of love.

3 GRAND PRIZES:

Trip to Denmark for two aboard SAS Scandinavian Airlines, plus $1,000 spending money.

50 SECOND PRIZES:

Set of 8 Holmegaard of Copenhagen liqueur glasses. Handblown with a distinctive drop of air in the base.

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PETER HEERING POETRY CONTEST
c/o Cali Concepts, Inc.
P. O. Box 707, Farmingdale, N. Y. 11735

Following is the last line of the poem, as written by me:

____

NAME & ADDRESS

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. To qualify for the "Peter Heering Poetry Contest" just write a one-sentence finish for the above poem. We have written the first three lines. You come up with the fourth.
All entries become the property of the "Peter Heering Poetry Contest." (Only those contestants who have completed the poem on the entry blank will be eligible for prizes.)
2. All entries must be written on the official entry blank. No purchase of the product is required.
3. The contest is limited to one (1) entry per contestant, 21 years of age and over.
4. Completed poems must be mailed to: Peter Heering Poetry Contest, c/o Cali Concepts, Inc., P.O. Box 707, Farmingdale, New York 11735. Entries must be postmarked by Mar. 18, 1974 and received no later than Mar. 25, 1974. In the event of duplication of entries submitted, only the entry bearing the earliest postmark will be eligible for consideration by the judges.
5. Winners will be chosen on the basis of originality and creativity and designated by the judges to one of the three winning categories. The three entries selected by the judges as winners in the grand prize category will receive a first class trip to Denmark for two (2) aboard SAS Scandinavian Airlines plus $1,000 spending money per one designated winner in this category. The fifty (50) prize winning entries selected by the judges as second prize winners will receive one (1) set of eight (8) Holmegaard of Copenhagen liqueur glasses.
The one-hundred (100) winners selected by the judges as prize winners in the third place category will receive one (1) each Peter Heering ice bucket. Entries will be judged by an independent panel of judges to be named by Cali Concepts, Inc. Decision of the judges is final.
6. Winners will be notified by telegram on or before May 25, 1974. Only one winner per family. Federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner. For a complete list of the winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Peter Heering Poetry Contest, c/o Cali Concepts, Inc., P.O. Box 706, Farmingdale, New York 11735 before Mar. 15, 1974.
7. "Peter Heering Poetry Contest" is open to all citizens of the U.S., 21 years of age and over, except employees and their families of W.A. Taylor & Company, their affiliates and advertising agencies and Cali Concepts, Inc. This contest is subject to all Federal, state and local laws. Void where prohibited.

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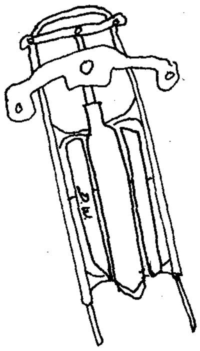
Gladys Heldman's tennis ranch, or for golf with Bruce Devlin at River Oaks Country Club. The dinner that night would be addressed by Walter Cronkite. The brunch on Sunday would be addressed by Alex Karras.

Some did it more quietly, or as best they could, or not at all. American Airlines flew in four groups from New Jersey, representing the N.J. 369th Veterans' Association, the Wakefern Foods Recreation Club, the Region 9 U.A.W. local, and the Kings Sporting Club, of North Arlington, New Jersey. Jimmy (the Greek) Snyder, the Las Vegas entrepreneur and oddsmaker, took thirty-one hotel rooms, where he put up about sixty clients. He bought none of his tickets from the N.F.L. but still managed to get his hands on about two hundred ducats. ("From companies and, like, bell captains—you know," he told me.) Snyder also held a two-day open house in his suite at the Hyatt Regency, during which he announced, "The Super Bowl is now bigger than the Kentucky Derby. Bigger but less fun." A New York-based travel agency, Diners Fugazy, found game tickets and plane space and accommodations for three thousand business people, and said that it could have filled orders for ten thousand more if the tickets had been available.

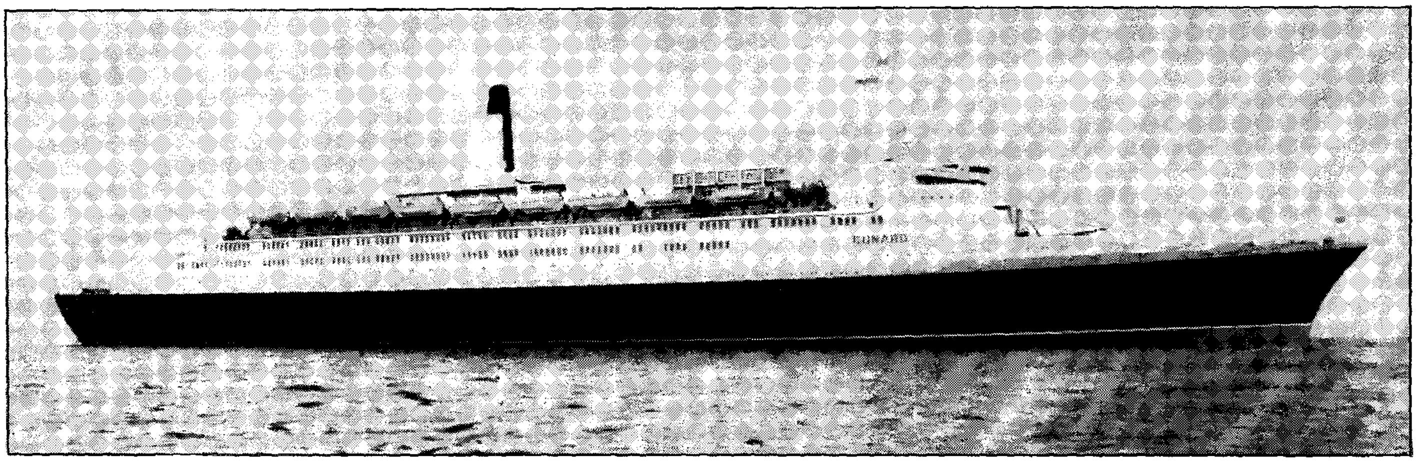


SINCE I was neither a fan nor a nabob, I surveyed these festive doings from a distance, with my nose figuratively pressed against the window. There came a time that Saturday night, however, when none of this mattered; from then on, the parties existed only for their own sake. Over at the Rice Hotel, a Viking pep rally ended early, since none of the roarers wanted to lose his place at the water hole, a tiny downstairs bar. Most of the lobby chairs were occupied by Minnesota housewives, deep in domestic conversations, and two Norsemen in horned plastic helmets stood together with their backs against a column, apparently stunned with mead. In time, my friends and I found our way back to our home base, the Hyatt Regency, where a major public party had invented itself. *That* lobby is an atrium of immense proportions—an open, layered rhombus that ascends the full thirty floors of the hotel. The corridors on each floor form a three-sided balcony around this gigantic airshaft, and the narrow fourth wall is occupied by brilliantly illuminated, glass-fronted elevators, which rise and fall in absolute silence. (This remarkable design is also incorporated in the other major hotels of the Hyatt chain, in Atlanta, San Francisco, and Chicago.) The ground floor in the center of this lobby—a walk-in conversation pit with low, squashy settees and a bar—was normally as quiet as a bank vault, but tonight it resembled the floor of the stock exchange. Tens and scores and hundreds of visitors and guests entered the party by degrees—alone, in pairs, in platoons—at first staring and pointing, and then joining it all, and the celebration spilled out of the pit and finally over the entire lobby, while a steady roar—cries, shrieks of laughter, ceaseless talk—ascended the great well. There were orange hats, purple hats, Dolphin and Viking buttons as big as pie plates. The people seated in the bar area looked gigantic—flushed men with thick necks, women with layered hair and huge breasts. Heartland beef. Balloons and bits of paper drifted down from somewhere, and then a dozen or so Miami supporters grouped themselves on the third-floor balcony and sang in unison:

"We love you, Doh-olphins, oh,
yes, we do!
We love you, Doh-olphins, oh, yes,
we do!
We love you, Doh-olphins, oh, yes,
we do-oo!
Oh, Doh-olphins, we-ee love you!"

Enormous cheers, enormous boos. They tried it again later, of course, with less effect, and then, scatteringly, still again. A man leaped up on the back of his settee and flourished two game tickets, offering first to sell them and then to give them away, and then pretending to burn them. Mock cries of horror. Jeers. More drinks. More laughter. More people.

It was not a fans' party, though. It belonged to anyone, to everyone, and it lasted until one or two o'clock or beyond, because more people—more strangers like me—were always there to take the place of those who gave up and went away. It was a party of strangers, really. Late that night, early that morning, the scary, silent elevators continued to rise and fall, bearing solitary drunks and clinging, wordless couples. Some of them rode up and down again and again, holding on to the railing with both hands and watching the crowded, clustered party recede and advance below them, as if



On January 10, 1975 Queen Elizabeth 2 will sail on her first voyage around the world. 80 days, from $4,800 to $86,240.

On a cold Friday night in January, The Greatest Ship in the World will slip from New York harbor to circumnavigate the earth. She will return at nine in the morning on Monday, March 31st.

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Queen Elizabeth 2 is the perfect world cruiser. She was built as both a transatlantic liner and cruise ship. As a result she is capable of great port-to-port speed, allowing more time in major ports. It would take slower ships many more days to traverse her glamorous route and would require a proportionately higher fare.

Queen Elizabeth 2 is magnificent inside and out. She's 65,000 tons and 13 stories high. Her staterooms and public rooms have been designed by noted interior designers. And there is a great variety of things to see and do aboard her; nearly as much as there is in many of the ports to which she can take you.

Queen Elizabeth 2 will provide a dimension of comfort and luxury never before known on a world cruise. Room for room, her staterooms are the largest afloat and nearly three-quarters have a view of the sea. The service is British, and impeccable; with two crew members for every three passengers.

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Because it is her premiere world cruise and space is limited many of the most desirable staterooms are being reserved. If you would like to reserve space, or if you would like more information, simply call your Travel Agent. Or write Cunard, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. We'll be happy to send you our brochure.

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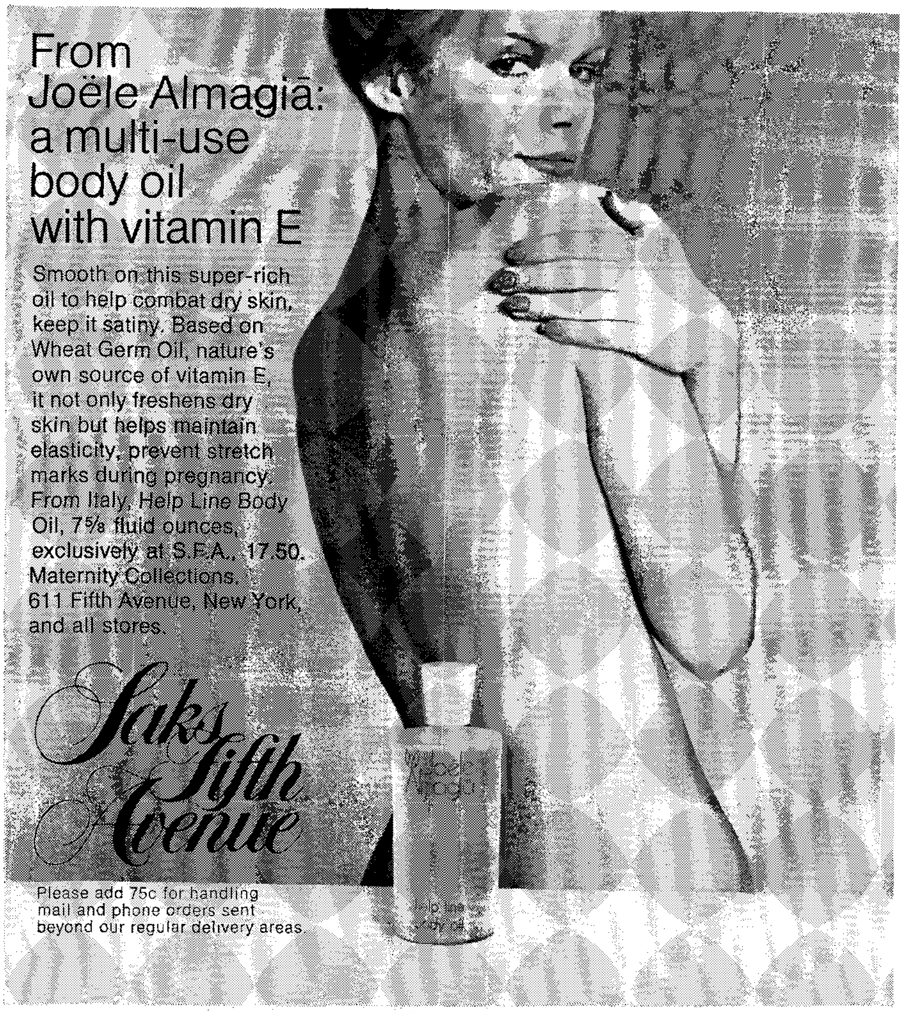
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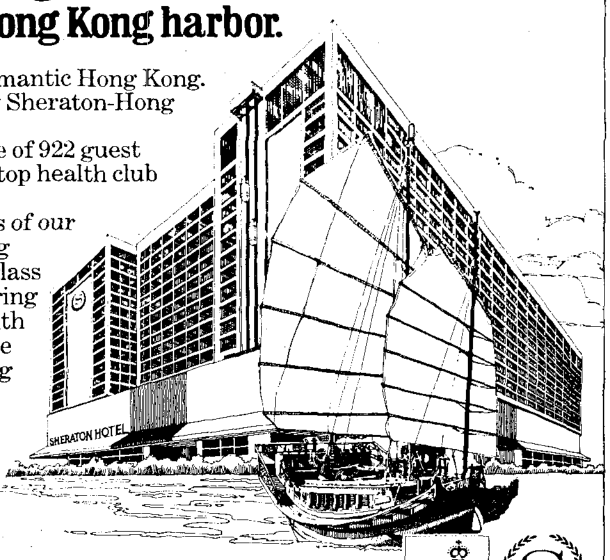

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seen through some fantastic zoom lens. Those elevators, and the slotted, computerlike airshaft, and the soaring, chilling building depressed me beyond measure. Probably I had drunk too much; certainly I had been away from home too long. As I rode the elevator up to bed at last, it came to me that this frightful party might have been the one true celebration of the week. The Super Bowl is an invention of American business—it *is* American business—but the American businessman is not really the company president or the executive vice-president. He is, rather, the man on the road—the young man across the aisle from you in the plane, with the tie clasp and with the attaché case on his lap. He is the man at the Hertz counter and the man checking in at the new, all-glass hotel and then eating alone, later, in the hotel grillroom, with its red tablecloths and fat red candles and its giant gold-braided, Tudor-English menus. He is the man drinking alone in the hotel bar and thinking about tomorrow's meeting ("Gentlemen, shall we begin . . ."), and then going alone up to his room—that room with its low, king-sized cot bed and its sani-wrapped glasses and its television set and its enormous window that is a wall. He, and no one else, is the young, active, mobile, alone American, sixty-one per cent a professional man, sixty-four per cent into stocks and bonds, who spends thirty-four per cent of his year in hotel rooms and in cities that someone else has arranged for him to be in, and who loves football more and ever more. . . . I found my room (studying the number on my key with great care) and went in and took off my clothes and fell asleep with the television on.

RICE STADIUM before the game had the look and happy expectancy of a mammoth state fair, with venders and sandwich men and mummers, and there I was suddenly able to fulfill a secret, lifelong reportorial ambition.

ME (*note pad in hand*): Good afternoon, Mr. Peanut!

MR. PEANUT: Have a peanut?

ME: Mr. Peanut, what's your name?

MR. PEANUT (*hollowly*): Cain't you read?

ME: I mean, what's your *real* name?

MR. PEANUT: Oh. It's Tom Beard?

(*I peer through an eyehole and discover that the inner Mr. Peanut is a young fellow wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. The light inside a peanut*

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household word . . . and you offered
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For those balmy spring nights, this casual team is just the thing—for cruise-wear, island-hopping, or at-home living . . . in great spring-into-summer colors. The skirt-with-a-difference wraps and ties for a lissome waist. In our own Sand Dollar polyester & cotton print. Small, Medium & Large; about $16.
Activair® supplies the easy look of a short-sleeved polo, in 100% nylon knit. Sizes 34-40; about $16.

SLIGHLTY HIGHER IN THE WEST

shell is all misty gold, rather like the inside of a tent.)

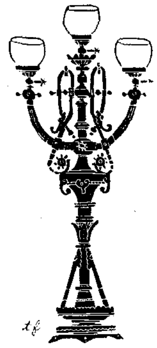
Me: How long have you been Mr. Peanut?

Mr. Peanut: Long tahm. It's kind of a weird job, I guess.

Me: Is this your first Super Bowl?

Mr. Peanut: Look, I got to keep movin'. Bye.

This, it turned out, was the high point of the day. The game, as we all remember, lacked zing. The Dolphins took the kickoff, marched for a touchdown in ten plays, held the Vikings for downs, and then marched for another touchdown in ten plays. (Miami had also scored the first time it got the ball in both of its post-season playoff games.) Yepremian kicked both points, and the Vikings trailed by 14–0 before they could notch a first down. Griese passed four times during these processions, completing all four, but these were only memos to the Viking secondary. The Shula strategy—if such a word can be applied to anything so unobscure—was to give the ball to Csonka as often as possible. The large, low runner would take a handoff, pause fleetingly while his middle linemen—center Jim Langer and guards Larry Little and Bob Kuechenberg—executed their reaperlike traps and blocks, and then motor into the resultant freeway. Often, Csonka had time to pick up secondary blocks or to veer back against the understandably anxious Viking defensive flow, and most of his carries concluded in a scattered debris of tacklers as, falling, he lunged for an additional two or three or four yards.

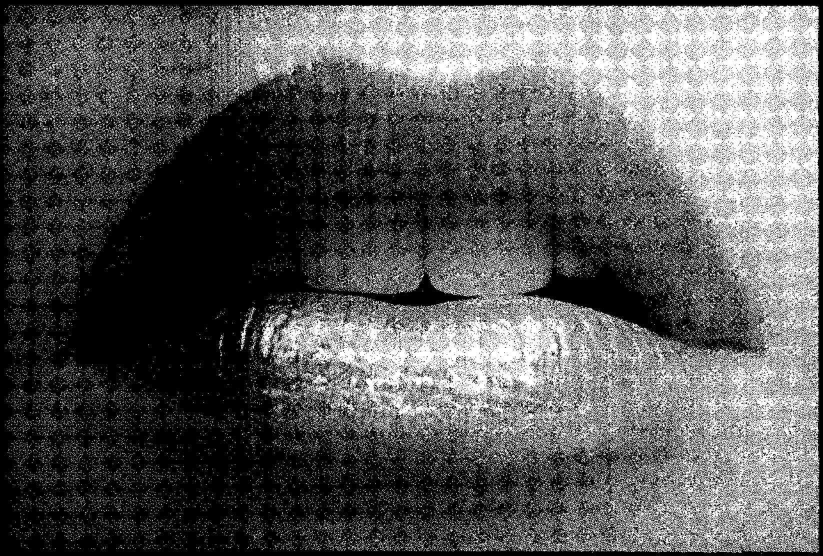


The Miami defense, meanwhile, utterly suppressed the Viking running game and thus was able to challenge Tarkenton with its so-called "53 defense"—a stratagem that adds an extra linebacker (Bob Matheson, No. 53) in place of one of the tackles. Fran spent most of his afternoon looking deep into the heavily peopled Miami secondary and finding no unattended friends there, and then unhappily throwing little lobs, mostly to his backfield, for short gains. He kept at it, though, and even completed one terrific thirty-yard down-and-in rocket to wide receiver John Gilliam, which set up the only Viking threat of the first half—a hope that died with a fumble at the Dolphin six-yard line. The score by then was 17–0, thanks to a Yepremian field goal, and the first Miami possession of the second half produced another Dolphin touchdown—eight plays, good for forty-three yards, while frightful things continued to happen up front to the Purple People Eaters. Minnesota also displayed an uncharacteristic masochism, nullifying its few hopeful moments—a sixty-five-yard kickoff return, a successful onside kick—with penalties. Fran finally got his team into the end zone by carrying the ball there himself (per carry, he was the best Viking runner) early in the fourth period, but the final 24–7 score does not indicate the surprising and deadening dominance established by Miami's young perfectionists.

Up in the crowded, glassed-in press box, these distant events were witnessed in something close to total silence. In this sports apartment, we were cut off from the sounds and passions of the big crowd and the music of the marching Longhorns, and only the final window-rattling salutes of the halftime fireworks show penetrated our bell jar. One longed for the companionship of a few commercials—and, of course, for instant replays. In the second half, the events on the field became the occasion for cynical witticisms, and a good many scribes now occupied themselves with extended speculations about the outcome of an imaginary game between these Dolphins and the old Packers. This day, this happening, had already been switched off.

Afterward, down in the press tents, reporters pushed and shoved each other irritably in their eagerness to get close to a couple of television sets that were carrying the player interviews then in progress in the adjoining television enclosure. Sitting in a panel that looked like "Meet the Press," the massed, tweedy C.B.S. announcers leaned back in their chairs and exchanged expertise with Larry Csonka and Bob Griese and Don Shula and the rest, while we exiled print people knelt on damp gravel and scribbled notes. In time, the smudged and sweating players appeared in our tent, too, and stood on little wooden platforms with velveteen curtains (instantly suggesting a carnival sideshow) and tried to recall for us what it had been like out there. There wasn't much news, of course. Larry Little said that the Viking defense had repeatedly stunted itself out of the play, and Manny Fernandez said that catch-up was a hard game, and Larry Csonka said that the stitches over his right eye were there because he had accidentally got in the

Lip Service.



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E. L. Wilson, Manager, Pilot Plant Operations, Synthetic Fuels Research Division, Exxon.

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In terms of the energy this coal contains, it outweighs our oil and natural gas put together. Experts estimate that at the present rate of coal consumption, our reserves could last about 250 years.

Exxon is working on ways to expand the use of coal. We are developing methods which may let America burn more of her vast reserves of high-sulfur coal without violating standards set for air and water quality. We are also developing economical ways to turn coal into gas and oil.

Gas made from coal.

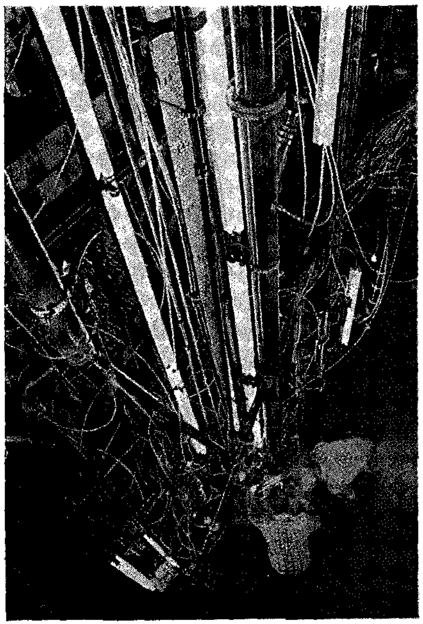
Chemically speaking, coal is similar to both natural gas and crude oil. All three are products of decayed plant or animal matter compressed into hydrocarbons over millions of years.

For years commercial plants have been gasifying coal, producing a low-energy fuel for domestic and limited industrial use. But this gas is expensive to produce, and the available processes have not been commercially proved on certain American coals.

For several years, Exxon has been developing a process to gasify the different types of American coal. Today at a pilot plant in Baytown, Texas, we are perfecting that process. High-sulfur coal from the Midwest and low-sulfur coal from the Rocky Mountain States are both being converted into raw gas.

We hope our gas will be less expensive to produce, bringing closer the day when synthetic gas can be made commercially from a wide variety of American coals.

Ten years from now, we expect plants, each producing 250 million cubic feet of synthetic gas a day, will be operating. Each of those plants could meet Cleveland's present gas needs.



At Exxon's pilot plant in Baytown, Texas, various American coals are being converted into cleaner burning synthetic gas.

Oil and gasoline made from coal.

During World War II most of Germany's planes and tanks ran on gasoline made from coal. But the problems were high cost and a relatively small yield of hydrocarbon liquid.

Now, Exxon is developing a coal liquefaction process which promises to be more efficient and less expensive than the World War II process. It also would be more flexible and reliable than other processes now being developed.

So, at another pilot plant in Texas we are converting low- and high-sulfur coal into synthetic crude oil. This oil can be refined into gasoline and other products with today's technology.

Sulfur: A major problem.

The largest potential user of coal today is industry, especially our nation's electric power plants.

Unfortunately, coal from most mines in our Appalachian and Midwestern states contains a lot of sulfur. When burned, it pollutes the air with sulfur oxides. This is a key reason why coal has not been more widely used in recent years.

Sulfur: Two possible solutions.

Exxon is now working on two processes to solve the sulfur problem.

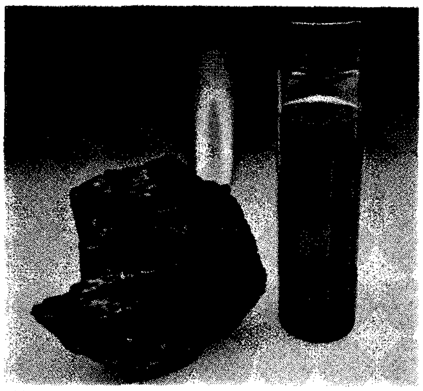
One, being devised for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides *while* the coal is burning.

The other process is being devel-

to know

E. L. Wilson holds a piece of high-sulfur coal from Exxon's Monterey mine in Illinois, and a bottle of synthetic crude oil made from this type of coal. This oil can be refined into gasoline and other products.

oped with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities. It would remove most of the sulfur oxides from the flue gas *after* combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.



Heat and pressure applied in the right way can convert a 4-pound piece of coal into about 1 quart of synthetic crude oil or about 32 cubic feet of synthetic gas.

When these processes—or others like them—prove commercially successful, they will enable industry to burn much more coal, freeing large quantities of oil and natural gas for other uses.

Coal's future.

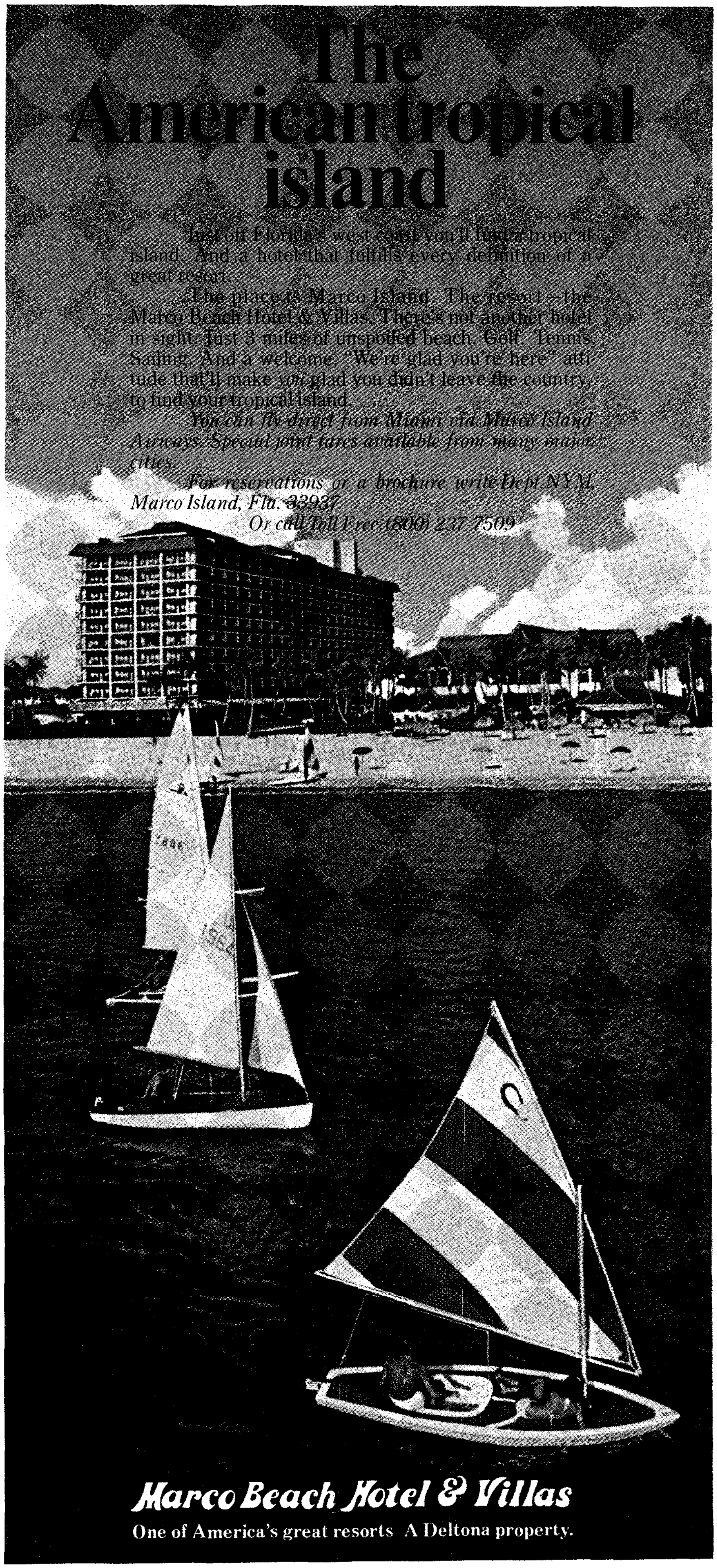
The long-range success of Exxon's gasification, liquefaction and desulfurization projects depends on improving the technology and getting the costs down. As these problems are solved America will need more and more coal.

Last year, U.S. coal mines produced 603 million tons. If coal is to play a key role in filling the energy gap, production will have to more than double by 1985, and continue to increase rapidly thereafter. This means that environmental questions, primarily those of strip mining, must be resolved.

Exxon has already invested tens of millions of dollars in coal conversion and desulfurization research. In the years ahead we plan to spend many times this amount.

Coal is one of America's most important natural resources. We must waste no time putting it to use.

EXXON



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way of Wally Hilgenberg's elbow. (This was a joke.) Csonka then attempted to explain—seriously and quietly, with fifty or sixty reporters straining forward to hear him—how his offensive linemen would react to situations while the ball was in play, and how close he felt to those linemen, and how they had all played together for so long that he could sense their next moves out there in the thick of things, while they, in turn, knew and sensed where he was at any instant, and where he would go. He was *talking* about football as it is played—how it works and feels—but then he paused and shook his head and said, "But how can fans or anybody see *any* of that?"

Most of the Vikings stayed in their tiny dressing room, which was quiet but not really plunged in gloom. Fran Tarkenton, entirely unabashed, discussed the day's discoveries like a physics instructor, and Carl Eller, pulling on a maroon turtleneck, said that it had been a great year, and Alan Page said, "They ran the ball well, and we couldn't stop them." A reporter said, "Why not?," and Page looked at him with something like total incomprehension and said, "If I knew why not, it wouldn't have happened. There was nothing we could change, nothing to do."

We reporters drifted back outside, and a few of us stood around on the littered grass, in the odd, unseasonal daylight, and waited for something else—anything else—to retrieve this lost day. Manny Fernandez came to the outer gate and found his father there, and his father kissed him. Don Shula came out, holding the championship trophy, a silver football on a pedestal, and the wives of some of his coaches kissed him, and then the players (dressed now in their young men's bells and suèdes and caps and big-brimmed hats) came out in twos and threes and climbed into their buses. The event had happened for them, at least: a game of football.

SINCE that day, I have heard friends suggest that the rules of professional football should be changed—that scoring should be made easier and defense more difficult. Something must be done, they say, to prevent the kind of sporting fiasco we have experienced at so many recent Super Bowl games. But any such major alteration, it seems to me, is most unlikely. Modern defensive football is a subtle, extraordinarily complex business, and the clubs that have bought and trained the brilliant

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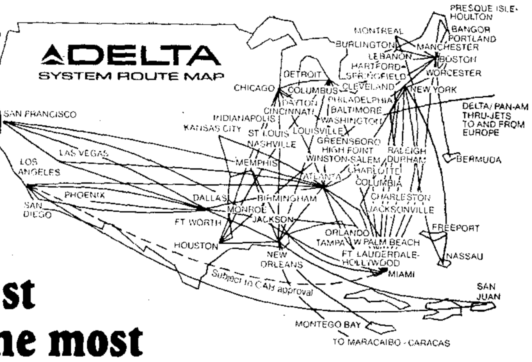
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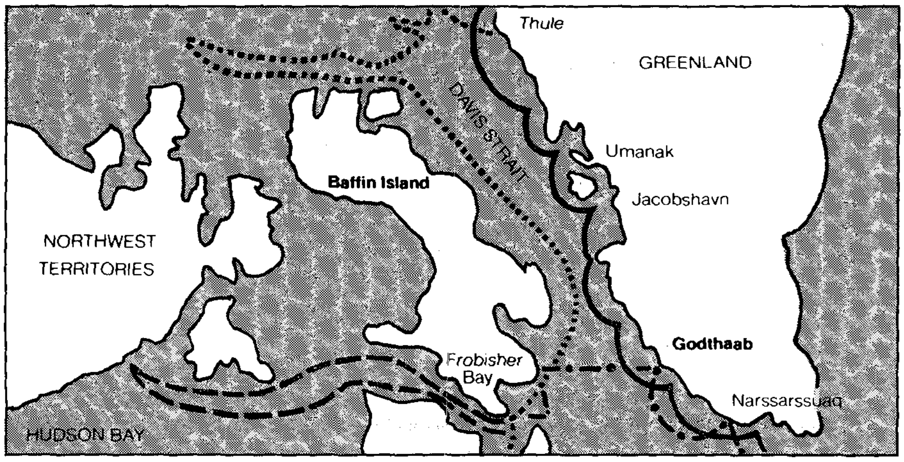

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personnel who can make it work are not likely to agree to any major constraints on their expensive machinery. The ability and the experience and the discipline of the young Dolphin team, moreover, strongly suggest that they will impose their will on all the other N.F.L. teams for some time to come. They will not make their games closer merely to please us.

But this is not the difficulty. All week in Houston, we had heard the Super Bowl referred to as "a product" or "the product," and we had seen the process that achieved this end. The process, it seemed to me, worked exactly as planned; it succeeded brilliantly. Only, the product was flawed. Almost everyone in Houston and millions of people across the country experienced a sense of letdown about this year's Super Bowl, because we had all been primed to expect a marvel. The process had transformed one quite unpredictable game, played by a handful of young men, into an impossible national promise—into a dream. Now we search this irony, looking for explanations, and there are none. The product, it turns out, isn't much good, but this should not exactly surprise us, because so many of our products—our cars, our bread, our houses, our cities—are not much good, either. We can try to improve them, but that always seems to be much more difficult than we expect. It seems to be nobody's fault. What can't be altered, of course, is the process, and none of us, perhaps, really wants that to happen. We believe in the hype; we want it to work. We want to be able to say that once we were part of the biggest ever, that we were there and it was *something*. Who knows—maybe someday it will be true. Super is obligatory.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

Among those with no sexual experience, most said that they had abstained for religious reasons or through distrust of men. Life is too much a business of yogurts and packages of prepared soups eaten in a small single room.—*Harrisonburg* (*Va.*) *Daily News-Record*.

And, for that matter, there are people who distrust yogurt.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Letter received on a bright, sunny morning by an aging Vassar professor*]

To Those Concerned—

Are you one of the people who is concerned about your life as it nears its end? If so, the EUTHANASIA EDUCATIONAL FUND has profound meaning for you.

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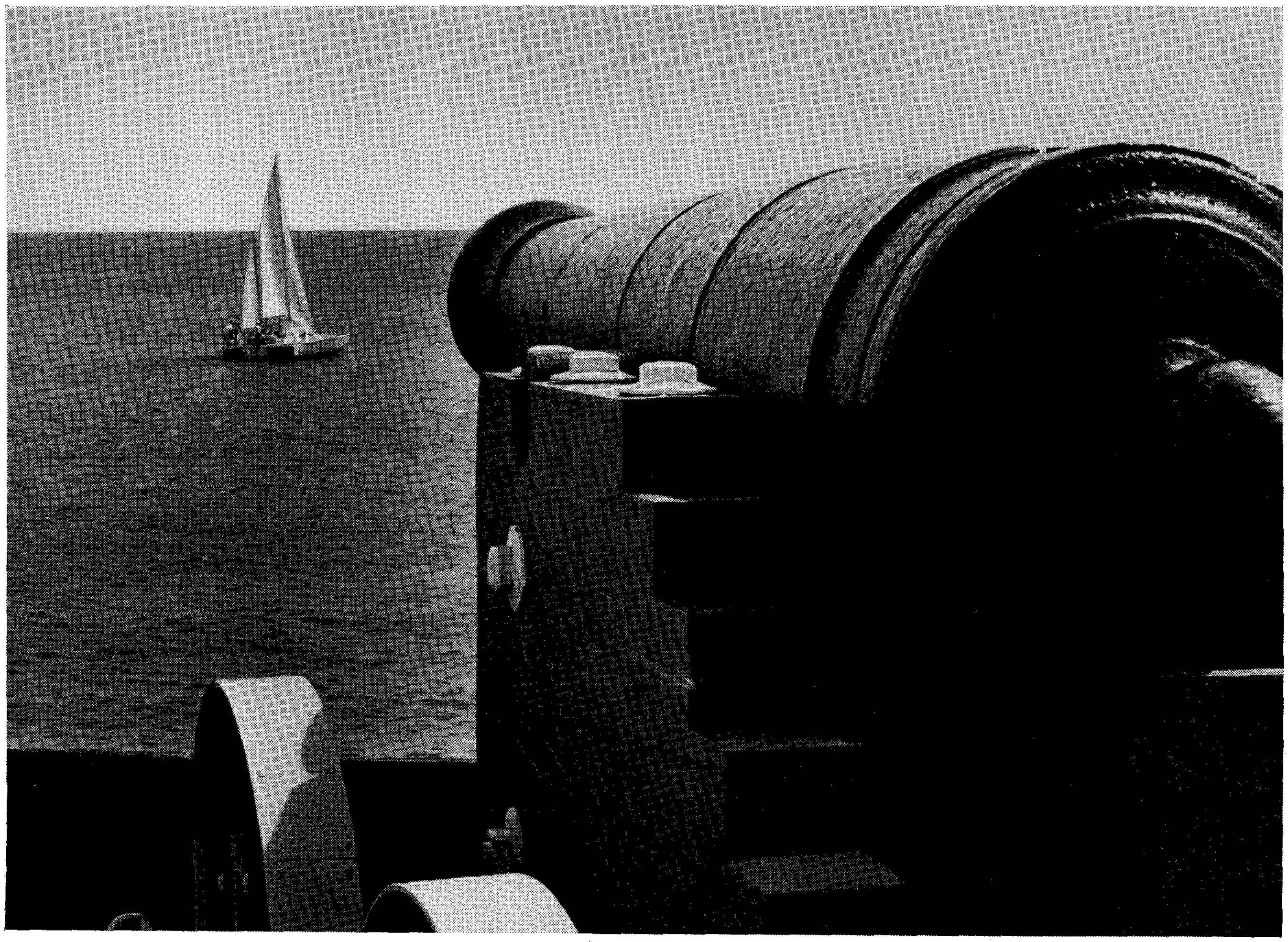

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*This cannon still in the Christiansted Fort overlooking the harbor in St. Croix, Virgin Islands, was manufactured in Fritzoe Iron Works in Norway. It is capable of firing a 24 pound cannon ball three miles.

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THE THEATRE

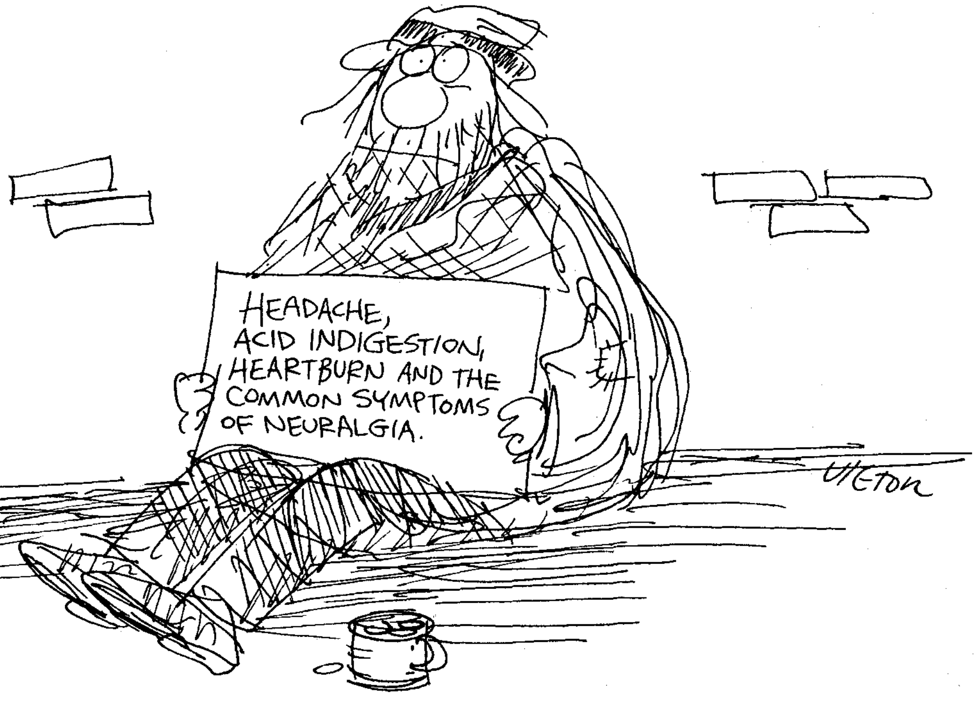
OFF BROADWAY

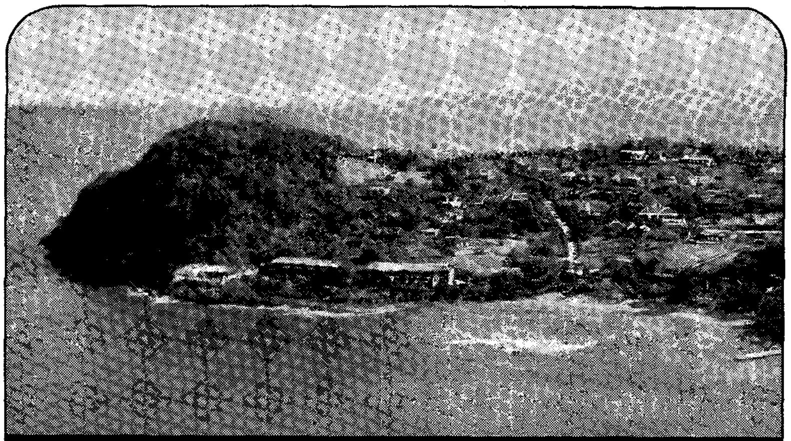
THE opening of "The Wood Demon," at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn last week, was a double event—the début here of the Actors Company, a new British repertory troupe, and the rescue from a sort of oblivion of an early play of Chekhov's that had never had a major production in America. It was also a double triumph. The company, which I first saw at the Edinburgh Festival last August, was formed two years ago by Ian McKellen and Edward Petherbridge, a pair of prominent young alumni of the National Theatre Company, as a step—a giant step in the nineteen-seventies—away from the theatre of the director. The troupe is run by the actors, and it is run democratically; even the casting is a matter of communal discussion, and an actor assigned to a major role in a play on a Tuesday evening may find himself with a walk-on in another play on Wednesday. (That this has worked out so well is as much a matter of the quality of the players as it is of egalitarian theory, I suspect.) A director is engaged for each play and given the usual control in rehearsal, but the major decisions are those of his employers, the members of the troupe.

Anton Chekhov wrote "The Wood Demon" in 1889. It was first produced in Russia in 1896, and it failed. Afterward, Chekhov disparaged it, but he didn't forget it, and he used it as a first draft for "Uncle Vanya." The themes of "Vanya" run through it, and so do the characters—a few under different names and in somewhat different guises—and there are other characters to spare. The most charming of the others is a dapper, witty old fellow named Orlovsky, who appears to be everybody's affectionate godfather and a general well-wisher (a perfect performance by John Woodvine). Then there are Orlovsky's big, attractive, profligate son, Theo (splendidly portrayed by Robin Ellis), who gambles too much and wenches too much and drinks too much, and a silly milksop young man and his overprotective pretty sister (John Moreno and Sharon Duce are very funny here). The rest of the characters, give or take a servant or two (Mr. Petherbridge is a servant who walks on a couple of times in the last act), are early versions of the people they were to become later. The local doctor is here named Krushchov and called "the wood demon" because he is a passionate ecologist, always planting trees and trying to prevent others from destroying them. Mr. McKellen is absolutely wonderful as this fledgeling Astrov, so sensitive and intemperate in manner that a few of his neighbors consider him a psychopath. Sonya, who loves him and tiffs with him and lands him in the end, does not. She is a merry ingénue (Sheila Reid does well), who finds him and a number of other things a little confusing for a while and then suddenly clear. Uncle George (Tenniel Evans, good, too) is substantially Uncle Vanya, with all his contempt for his professorial brother-in-law, his self-loathing, and his desperate love for his brother-in-law's exquisite wife. The professor may indeed be the "academic stuffed trout" that George describes, and all-around killjoy, but he is no fool, and Robert Eddison plays him with the greatest distinction. As his bored, discontented, but faithful young wife, Marian Diamond is just as beautiful in every way, and just as stifled, as she is meant to be, and Margery Mason is fine as the professor's doting bluestocking mother-in-law, putting aside her inevitable pamphlets only long enough to chide somebody or other for not showing him the proper respect. By the way, foolish, good-hearted, tedious Waffles is around, too, in the stalwart person of John Tordoff, talking and talking and talking, and quite deeply involved in the plot.

There is a great deal of plot. The action of "The Wood Demon" is much looser and, on the surface at least, much sunnier than that of "Uncle Vanya," and it portrays in a far more detailed way the daily life of the gossipy Russian gentry—mopey one minute and on top of the world the next—in their country houses at the end of the nineteenth century. No morsel of Chekhov is too small to be treasured, but "The Wood Demon" is something more than just the scraps that made a masterpiece. It is a lovely play in its own right and in Ronald Hingley's translation. A lot of it is very funny, and some is not a bit. The feeling and tension and tragedy are all there underneath. As for the performance as a whole, under the direction of David Giles, the illusion of freedom—of life actually being lived on a stage—is maintained from beginning to end.

ON the following evening, these nimble and nimble-witted players presented "Knots," an enchanting and terribly funny show that Mr. Petherbridge, as adapter and director, has





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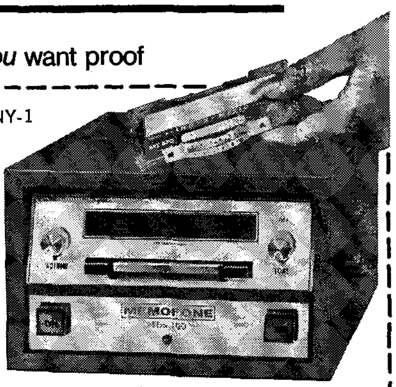


made of a book by the British psychiatrist R. D. Laing. This book, as you probably know, is a set of clever miniature soliloquys and bi-liloquys (nobody exactly talks *to* anybody else) whose purpose is to define and expose a number of our mental tangles and emotional traps. Shortly after the proceedings get under way, Robert Eddison enters, in all his dignity, with a clown's ruff around his neck, to greet us. (An incidental resemblance to the late Frank Morgan doesn't hurt at all.) "Welcome," he says, "to the avant-garde experimental activity of the Actors Company." The activity is music-hall entertainment. The company breaks up into twos and threes, with an occasional quartet, to speak or sing Dr. Laing's words; to accompany them with time steps and taps and cartwheels and juggling hoops and Indian clubs and slapstick and acrobatics; or to use them in deadpan vaudeville routines or in dramatic moments. (Mr. McKellen makes a brief appearance as Hamlet: "One tries to get inside oneself, to eat or to be eaten.") Never do the actors make fun of the words; every comic move and idea sheds light upon them. The targets lie elsewhere; they are the silly conventions and pretensions of the abstract avant-garde. All the jokes—sight and sound—pay off. (If you've been missing real parody in the theatre for years, here it is.) A line that is not a joke seems as wonderful to me now as it did six months ago: "One of my many childhoods, preserved in forgetfulness for this moment when it was required." The ingenious Mr. Petherbridge, by the way, is on display to somewhat better advantage here than he is in "The Wood Demon," making several appearances, once as a stooge with a bright-red nose and once in Pierrot costume. The music, by Martin Duncan, is an arrangement of original tunes and old popular songs, and it sounds very appropriate indeed as played on the organ by Caroline Blakiston. "Knots" lasts only an hour, but for quite a while afterward everybody you overhear sounds exactly like it.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

CORRECTION ON PRETZELS

The soft pretzel recipe that appeared in yesterday's Ask and Answer column contained an error. The recipe should have read one tablespoon lye with one quart cold water.

The corrected recipe appears in today's Ask and Answer.—*Dayton Daily News.*

We *thought* yesterday's lacked yumminess.

The Mission of Rocky Aoki

When Rocky Aoki, owner of Benihana, came to America about ten years ago, this was how a great many Americans felt about Japanese food:

(1) It wasn't as good as Chinese food.

(2) It was mostly sukiyaki and soup that tasted like hot brown water.

(3) If you ordered anything besides sukiyaki, you'd wind up with raw, slithery fishy things.

(4) OK, the food was very prettily arranged. But you walked out twice as hungry as when you walked in.

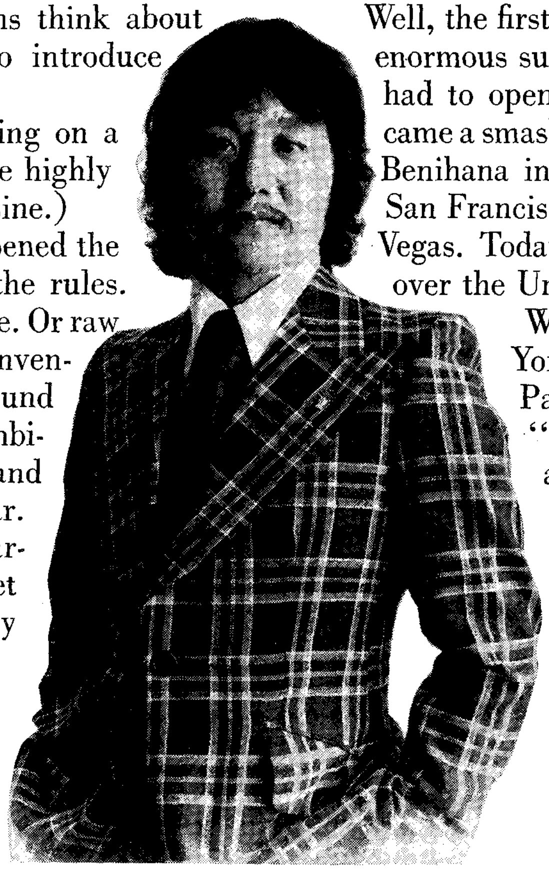
"My task is clear," said Rocky. "I'm going to change the way Americans think about Japanese food. I'm going to introduce hibachi cooking to America."

(Hibachi cooking or cooking on a grill, is nothing at all like the highly stylized classical Japanese cuisine.)

And so, in 1964, Rocky opened the first Benihana. It broke all the rules. You couldn't get sukiyaki there. Or raw fish. There wasn't even a conventional kitchen. You just sat around this big hibachi table—a combination grill and dining table—and waited for your chef to appear.

When he did, he came bearing a feast. Basket upon basket of beautiful fresh meat, poultry and vegetables. Then, right in front of you, he sprang into action. Slicing, seasoning and cooking, he prepared your meal with a speed and skill bordering on wizardry.

It was hard to believe. No exquisitely carved carrot slices. No wispy vegetables arranged in perfect flower patterns. Instead, solid food in abundance. Jumbo shrimps sauteed with lemon. Succulent chunks of steak. Young chicken dusted with sesame seeds. Mushrooms, scallions, beansprouts—served not together in some kind of mish-mash, but individually. It was enough to bring joy to the most jaded gourmet, bliss to the most ravenous appetite.



Well, the first New York Benihana was an enormous success. Within a year, Rocky had to open another one. That too became a smash. Soon Rocky was opening a Benihana in Chicago. And then one in San Francisco. And then another in Las Vegas. Today Rocky has Benihanas all over the United States.

When he opened his third New York Benihana—the Benihana Palace—Rocky Aoki declared: "I'll consider my mission accomplished when everyone in America has tried hibachi cooking at least once."

Come in and give a nice Japanese boy a break.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

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U.S. JOURNAL: SUFFOLK COUNTY, LONG ISLAND

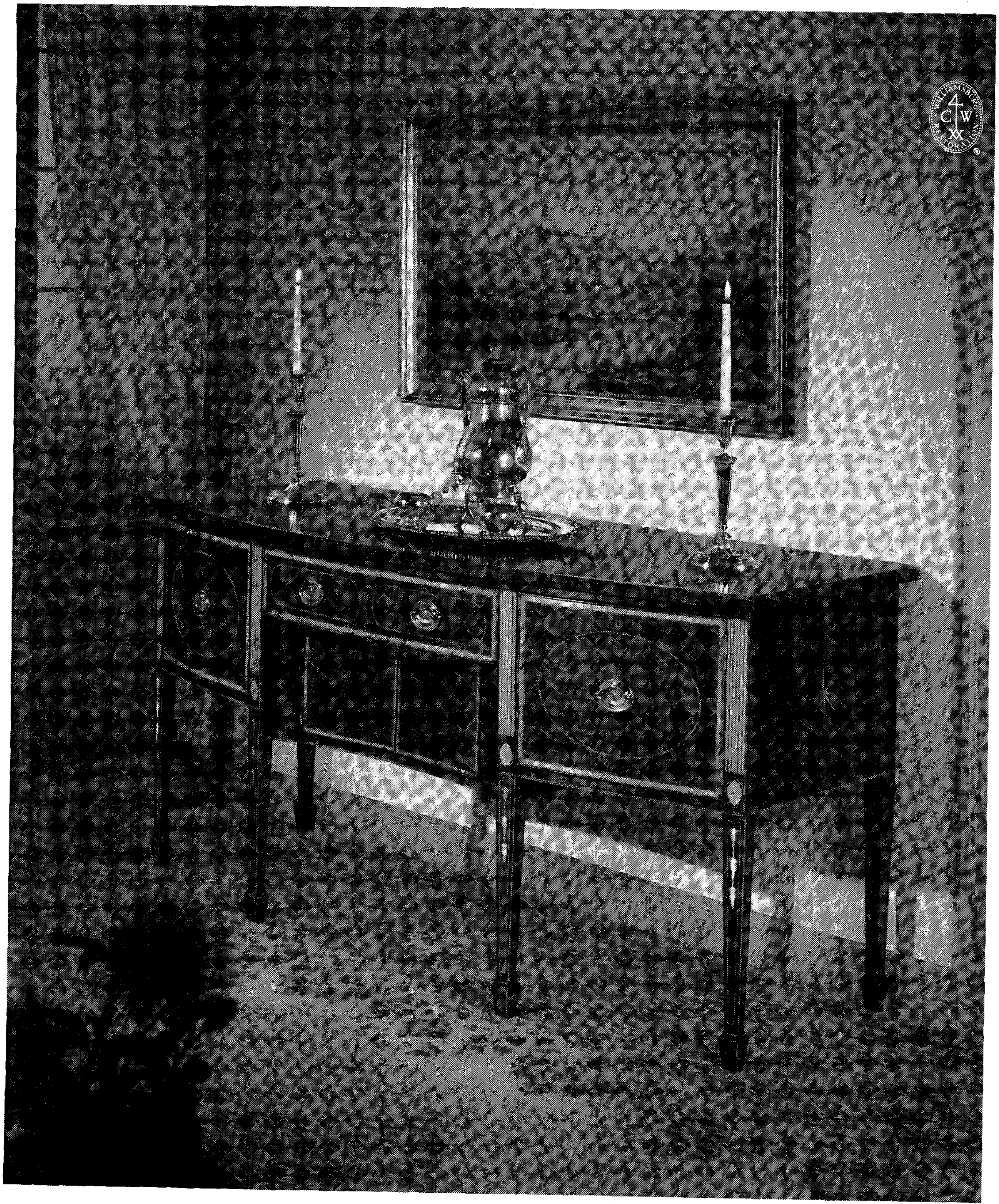
TRYING "GREEN DOOR"

Jury Selection

Joseph Rhine, the lawyer defending "Behind the Green Door," objected to the lack of women among the prospective jurors. While acting as the defense lawyer in twenty or so other trials involving films alleged to be obscene, Rhine had come to believe that the presence of a woman in the deliberations is important. He says it cuts the locker-room talk. If the jury watching the film includes both men and women, Rhine figures, it becomes more difficult for a male juror to take the position that he is man enough to have enjoyed seeing it—almost all male jurors, after all, have seen stag films—and also man enough to protect his wife and daughter from exposure to it. Not just any woman will do, of course. Only two women were questioned during the jury selection for the "Green Door" trial last month—both for the position of alternate juror—and Rhine used a peremptory challenge to have one of them excused. She was a blunt woman with a hard mouth—a Roman Catholic who had seen "Last Tango in Paris" but said she had considered it a waste of time and money. She said it as if she might want to punish someone for offending her—if not Marlon Brando, then at least Arthur Strollo, the theatre operator who stood accused of showing an obscene film at the Pine Cinema, in Coram. The other woman called as a prospective juror might have been taken for a League of Women Voters volunteer who had come to monitor the court system—a handsome woman in her middle or late forties who was wearing a cardigan sweater and a dress that had the look of Peck & Peck. She and her husband had seen "The Devil in Miss Jones"—a film that is no longer appearing in Suffolk County, because the prosecutor in the "Green Door" trial, a young assistant district attorney named Ira Simon, had successfully prosecuted a theatre operator for showing it a few months before. She didn't sound embarrassed about having seen it, the way some of the male jurors sounded when they acknowledged, after saying that they subscribed to the *Reader's Digest*, that they did look at *Playboy* or *Penthouse* now and then at the office. She was excused by the prosecutor.

Each side had six peremptory challenges in selecting a six-man jury, and each round of challenges and replacements seemed to represent a sudden shift in the prospects for the defendant. The first six men questioned appeared, from the defense side, to be old and rigid, and maybe even mean. Then, after five of the six had been replaced in the first round of challenges, the defense suddenly found itself not only with younger men but with younger men who had among them five sets of sideburns, a bushy mustache, and a Vandyke beard. In one swoop, the prosecutor eliminated the youngest man, the man with the bushy mustache, and the man with the Vandyke beard (who, alone among those questioned, had done some of his stag-film viewing in mixed company). For two and a half days, Rhine and Simon tried to divine the meaning of the biographical information that was extracted from prospective jurors. Just about every one of them may have seen a stag film, but had he seen a lot of stag films recently or a few of them years ago, when the experience must have seemed furtive and mildly illegal? Many of the prospective jurors were Roman Catholics—Suffolk County, the eastern and much more conservative half of Long Island, has a lot of Irish and Italian residents who have moved from Queens or Brooklyn—but were they the kind of Catholics who sent their children to parochial school and belonged to the Holy Name Society or the kind who were Catholics simply because of what country their grandparents came from? Simon, for the prosecution, excused a Catholic public-school teacher who sounded like a backslider. Rhine, for the

"Maybe the trouble with my poetry is that there are few, if any, moors and fens in the East Village."



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on grounds of entertainment and technique; Knight, after all, said that it had a ritual quality that reminded him of Ravel's "Bolero." The test of prurient interest becomes an argument about definition—whether "prurient" means morbid and shameful or merely sexually arousing—and Pomeroy testified that defining it as sexually arousing would mean outlawing tight sweaters and miniskirts. The question of whether a film exceeds the customary standards of candor in a community—a community that New York court decisions have held to be the entire state—has been the most complicated aspect of obscenity laws for both prosecution and defense. Rhine's experts agreed that there were acts that would probably be beyond the limits of candor if presented in a film—acts of necrophilia, for instance, or bestiality—but Winick testified that "Green Door" was no more explicit than fifty per cent of the films released in 1971, the films Winick studied having included not only Hollywood releases but the Times Square quickies. Rhine, over Simon's objection, introduced into evidence a poll he had commissioned in Suffolk County, the results of which indicated that more than three-quarters of the county's adults believed that a properly warned adult should be allowed to see sexually explicit films. Simon's objection was, in part, that an abstract question about sexually explicit material had nothing to do with the experience of sitting through "Behind the Green Door." The only way to find out whether "Green Door" exceeds the limits of candor of New York State residents, Simon said, was to arrange for every one of them to see it.

THE SUMMATIONS

IN his summation, Rhine reminded the jurors that he had begun by saying that the case was "not a matter of black and white but of a complicated law." He wrote each element of the law on a blackboard. He compared the expert testimony provided on each element by the prosecution and by the defense. He argued that van den Haag, by credentials or experience, was no match for the defense witnesses on the two tests of obscenity on which he had been admitted as an expert—prurience and social value—and that the prosecution had provided no expert testimony at all on the matter of customary limits of candor. What the prosecutor would try to do, Rhine predicted to the jurors, was to lead them away from the law and the evidence by an appeal to their emotions.

"I have in this case the one piece of evidence that Mr. Rhine has conveniently forgotten," the prosecutor began, walking over to where a print of "Green Door" sat on the floor in a huge cannister. "I have the film." With those words, Simon jerked the cannister off the floor onto a railing, and kept it within patting distance for the rest of his speech. "The contents speak for themselves," Simon said. "In order to overcome the contents of this movie—in order to confuse, possibly, a reasonable person about the contents of this movie—he has to bring in three so-called experts." Simon carried his argument on the valuelessness of expert witnesses to the point of abandoning his own. "I urge you to reject all experts in this case," he said. "Van den Haag is no less prejudiced, doesn't get paid significantly less, is no less a hired gun than the other expert witnesses in this case." Simon slowly went through the film, sexual detail by sexual detail. The language of the district attorney's office is not the best prose for conjuring up eroticism ("And then he committed an act of oral sodomy on her"), but Simon added to the effect of his summary by pausing after his description of some particularly lurid scene to say sarcastically, "But that's all right; that's fantasy." The determiners of community limits of candor, Simon said, were not some outside polltakers or professors but the jurors themselves. "You have seen one of the blackest films you will ever see in your entire lives," Simon said. "And no matter how many so-called experts tell you it was a white film, I want you gentlemen to apply your good common sense and life experience in judging this film."

THE CHARGE

THE strict decisions handed down by high courts recently in obscenity cases have not changed the New York State obscenity statute; a state is not compelled to have a law fully as strict as what the Supreme Court has found to be Constitutional. But the effect of the decisions could be felt in the quotations that the judge, Angelo Mauceri, used to help him instruct the jury on the law. Judge Mauceri offered the jurors a legal definition of "prurient interest" which did not include the morbidity or shamefulness mentioned by Rhine's psychologists but used words like "lustful" and "lascivious" and "titillating." He said that the test of being utterly

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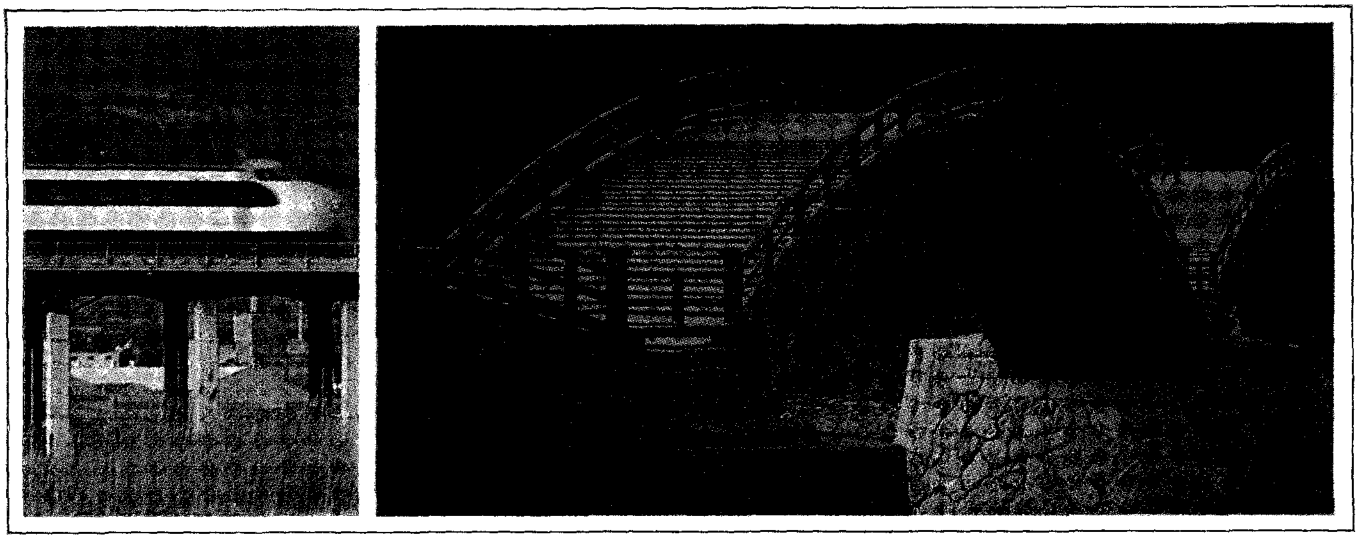

You board the luxurious Tokaido Express in Tokyo. The countryside flashes by at 125 smooth, silent miles an hour. You're on your way to Kyoto, where time has stood still in the gardens and palaces for a thousand stately years.

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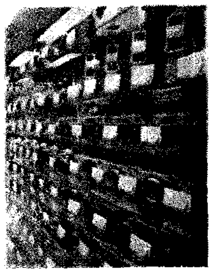

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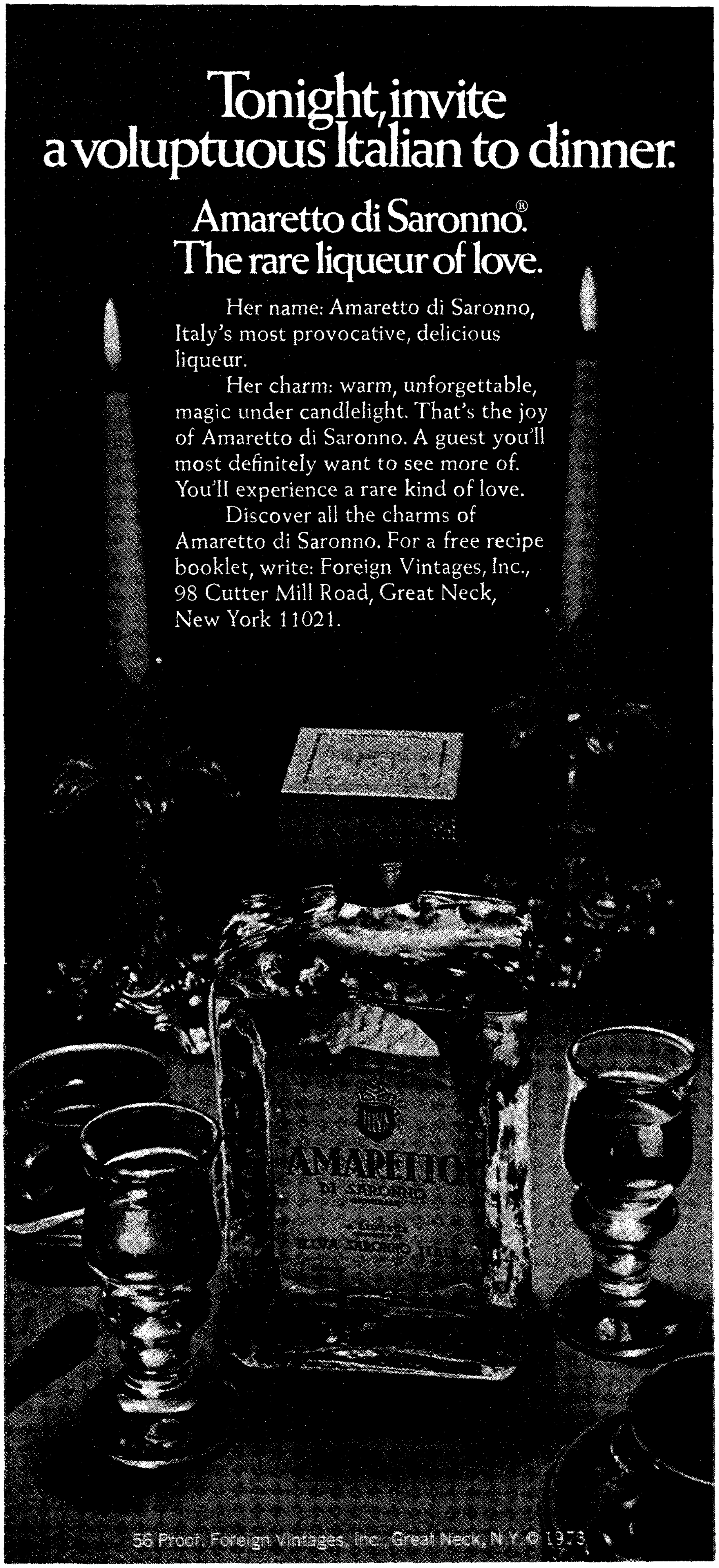

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defense, left on a Catholic real-estate man who had graduated from Notre Dame but who talked with equal good nature about one son who is a teacher and another who has a master's degree in sociology but drives a garbage truck.

The arguments both lawyers made under the guise of questioning jurors indicated that they were both operating on the premise that the first reaction of anyone to seeing "Behind the Green Door" would be that it is a dirty movie. Rhine asked jurors if they could keep an open mind after the film was shown, and listen to experts testify about the rather complicated law that had to be applied before a film could be judged obscene. Simon wanted assurances from the jurors that they would use their "good common sense and life experience"—that they wouldn't change their minds about something they saw being black even if a lot of people with "a bunch of degrees" later said it was white. On the theory that educated jurors are apt to be more prone to analysis and less prone to shock at seeing a sexually explicit film, Rhine was pleased that five out of the six jurors finally selected had college degrees—although he would have been even more pleased if the degrees had been in fields like English and history instead of fields like engineering and accounting. He was disappointed at having only one juror under thirty—a business-machine repairman who wore sideburns and a droopy mustache—and, of course, at the absence of a hard-to-shock woman.

Opening Statements

Both opening statements were short. Simon alleged—and Rhine denied—that by showing "Behind the Green Door" Arthur Strollo had broken the New York State law (obscenity in the second degree) against exhibiting a film that appeals to prurient interest in sex, goes substantially beyond the customary limits of candor, and has utterly no redeeming social value. "It is *utterly* without redeeming social value," Simon said to the jurors. "In fact, it is unqualifiedly worthless."

The Prosecution's Case

Simon called to the stand one expert witness of his own—Ernest van den Haag, a conservative social scientist and psychoanalyst, who testified that "there is no appeal in this movie to anything *but* prurient interest"—and two Suffolk County detectives who had gone to the Pine Cinema to seize the

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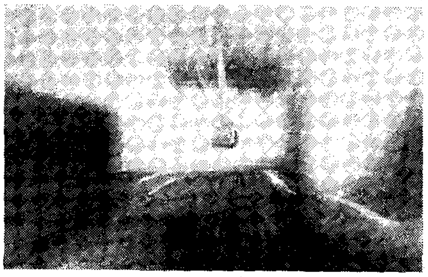

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film. But Simon based his case on the proposition that the best way for six residents of Suffolk County to be convinced of the obscenity of "Behind the Green Door" was to see it. Most of the film, after all, is a sort of orgy that begins with the presentation in a private club of "the ravishment of a woman who has been abducted" and eventually includes the club's audience as well as the ravishers and the ravished. Except for a few short scenes establishing that the incident at the club is a story being told by a truck driver to a truck-stop counterman, "Green Door" isn't even a talkie. The prosecution strategy was based on a simple syllogism: If it isn't obscene to devote almost an entire film to an orgy that includes, for instance, closeups of a young woman enjoying sex with four men at once while all are on a sort of trapeze, nothing is obscene; if there is a law against obscenity, something must be obscene; therefore, the film must be obscene. Rhine believes that after a jury sees a film like "Green Door" the burden of proof, in practice, shifts to the defense.

For the viewing, Simon had arranged to take the jurors to a theatre a few minutes away from the courtroom—the judge having declined an offer by the defense to hold the screening in Strollo's own theatre. Strollo had been eager for the jury to see that he did not run a sleazy sex house but a modern, six-hundred-seat theatre in a new shopping center—a theatre that had, in fact, opened only last August, with "The Sound of Music."

THE DEFENSE'S CASE

IN defending theatre operators against charges of obscenity, Rhine does not ordinarily make speeches about the First Amendment. His strategy in defending Arthur Strollo was to persuade the jurymen that, whatever they might think of "Green Door" personally, it is not an obscene film under the three tests of obscenity prescribed by the New York State law. He tries to bring into the courtroom expert witnesses whose degrees and credentials and experience in the field are so compelling that an impression is made even on people who have just seen the film. When Rhine's expert witnesses began to answer his questions about their accomplishments, it seemed amazing that they had found time to tear themselves away from their typewriters and classrooms and research materials and government commissions and group-therapy sessions long enough to make the trip to the District Court of Suffolk County. Charles Winick, a sociologist from the City University of New York who is also a practicing psychologist, testified that he had published three hundred and sixty articles in learned journals; that, in the course of acting as a consultant for the President's Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, he had seen nearly every film released commercially in the United States in 1971; and that he had since 1950 "caused to be interviewed more than fifty thousand people." The film critic Arthur Knight had written the "Motion Picture" entry not merely for one encyclopedia but for what sounded like just about every encyclopedia published. Wardell Pomeroy, a psychologist and marriage counsellor who was research director for the Kinsey studies, said he had conducted eight thousand of the eighteen thousand Kinsey Report interviews personally. Impressive numbers and superlatives were so much a part of the testimony that when Winick said he had once been the director of basic research for J. Walter Thompson, it seemed natural for him to identify it as the world's largest advertising agency.

According to the expert testimony, some of the very elements that might have made the film seem obscene according to the layman's measurement of good common sense were what gave it its redeeming social value. "Behind the Green Door," they said, was a series of common sexual fantasies—and what good common sense might hold to be offensive or unusual sexual acts, of course, are precisely what people fantasize about. A woman abducted for ravishment and then beginning to enjoy the experience is a common fantasy, the experts said, and so is lesbian preparation for sex with a man, and so is group sex. Winick said that he had never seen such a well-developed presentation of sexual fantasies. Such a presentation, he and Pomeroy agreed, was useful in providing viewers with material for their own fantasies and with sexual information and with a vocabulary for dealing with sexual problems they had been reluctant to discuss. When Simon asked one of the experts about the scene on the trapeze, the answer was that the scene merely underlined the fact that the film was meant to be taken as a fantasy.

Among the three tests of obscenity in the New York statute, defense lawyers normally find "social value" the easiest to argue. Although Rhine prefers to emphasize testimony from psychologists, he theoretically could have argued that "Green Door" was not "utterly without redeeming social value" without social value places a heavy burden of proof on the prosecution, but that the New York State Court of Appeals had found that "the pretense at redeeming value has been discounted when it clearly is injected as a safeguard to protect a work the focus of which is toward the prurient-interest market." He defined hard-core pornography partly as material that was "patently offensive" and quoted an Appeals Court decision stating that hard-core pornography was what the obscenity statute was meant to prohibit. Testimony that what seemed like an orgy was actually artistically wrought fantasy seemed to fade away when Judge Mauceri said, "The film itself constitutes the best evidence of what the film represents."

THE VERDICT

AS the trial ended, the lawyers who had drifted in and out as spectators were betting on a hung jury. In a county like Suffolk, a hung jury is a sort of victory for the defense. The film continues to be shown. The percentage of gaining a conviction on the next attempt is reduced. All of Rhine's previous obscenity trials had ended in acquittals or hung juries—including, in San Mateo, California, a hung jury that stood eleven to one for acquittal in a case involving "Behind the Green Door."

Within an hour of the Judge's charge, the jury was back, asking for a copy of the New York State statute and for definitions of candor and masochism. Several hours later, the foreman reported that the jury was deadlocked, three to three, over the issue of whether the film went beyond customary standards of candor. Finally, more than eleven hours after deliberations had begun, the jury reached a verdict. Strollo, the jury said, was guilty as charged. The final impression the jury had of "Green Door" was summed up for a *Newsday* reporter by a juror who said, "It was a dirty movie, that's all."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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Mr. Carroll said that he was still too new on the job to make any forecasts as to whether the fuel situation was getting beer or worse.t Bu he said one of he areas ino whicht h was looking was wheher he city had adequate ful sorag faciliis.

"In som of our agncis, our sorag capaciy may no b adqua," Mr. Carroll said.—*The Times*.

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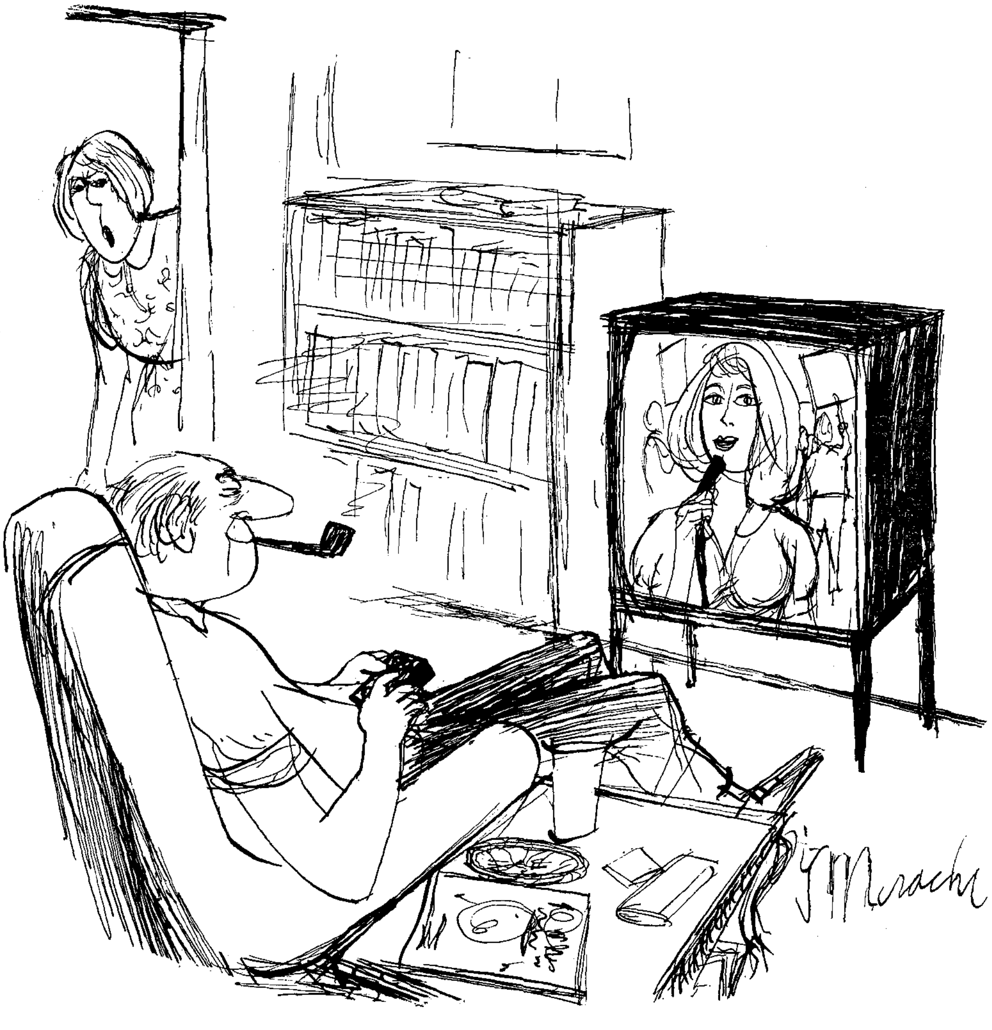
AROUND CITY HALL

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

EVEN seasoned politicians often fail to understand the relentless attention that is trained on the highest office in a government—not only on the Presidency but in many states on the Governorship and in most cities, certainly including this one, on the office of Mayor. In campaign years, this glare may be intense enough to search out the carefully concealed secrets of those who are merely candidates for such offices. Information about Thomas Eagleton's mental-health problems, for example, had been known to a number of people during the years he was in the Senate, but it was only when he moved into the radius of the Presidential spotlight that they ceased to be a private matter and became the subject of banner headlines. On a local level, there had long been rumors in political circles that Representative Mario Biaggi, of the Bronx, an aggressive law-and-order-minded politician whose predominantly conservative constituents tend to regard the taking of the Fifth Amendment as a certified un-American activity, had himself invoked his Constitutional privilege against self-incrimination during a 1971 grand-jury inquiry into political fund-raising practices in an earlier campaign. No one bothered to track the rumors down until last spring, when Biaggi began to look like the winner of the Democratic mayoral primary—a victory that would almost certainly be the equivalent of election in this city, where the margin of registered Democrats to registered Republicans is almost four to one. The *Times* then reported on its front page that, according to "authoritative sources," he had taken the Fifth rather often during his testimony; Biaggi, used to the once-over-lightly treatment given the problems of most Congressmen, apparently felt it safe to go on television to deny all; a special court inquiry showed that he was not telling the truth ("I never lied. . . . I misled, perhaps," he said later); and he came in last in the election. Curiously, the floodlight on the Governorship in New York State seems to be less searching than that directed at the Presidency or the Mayor's office, possibly because Albany is geographically remote, and most things that go on there seem to have less to do with a citizen's daily life than does a rise in Social Security benefits or a reduction in the number of cops in the neighborhood precinct. Last month, after Nelson Rockefeller resigned as Governor, the biographical notes on his successor, Malcolm Wilson, mentioned that Wilson had been actively practicing law during all his fifteen years as Lieutenant Governor—a period in which he had frequently acted as Governor during Rockefeller's absences from the state. Word of Wilson's law practice led only to some minor grumbling, although it turned out that a number of his firm's clients were subject to state regulation. Wilson explained that he did not share in the fees for such cases, but a list of his financial holdings, which he had provided earlier in the fall, showed that he owned a substantial amount of stock in banks that were subject to state regulation. Mayor John Lindsay, in one of his farewell interviews with reporters, said, shaking his head, "*Now* they discover that Malcolm Wilson has been practicing law all these years. You could never get away with that in this city."



"*Turn that sound back on!*"

In recent weeks, of course, Lindsay's successor, Abraham Beame, has been learning more than he might have chosen to know about the glaring attention that is focussed on the New York Mayor's office. Beame, a onetime teacher of accounting at various city high schools, joined city government as Assistant Budget Director in 1946, moved up to Budget Director under former Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, and was twice elected City Comptroller, first in 1961 and again in 1969. (For four intervening years, beginning at the end of 1965, when he was defeated by Lindsay in that year's race for Mayor, he served as chairman of the finance committee of a local bank.) As Comptroller, snug in his quarters on the fifth floor of the Municipal Building, a few hundred feet northeast of City Hall, he quietly presided over the city's second most powerful post, scanning the invoices submitted in the name of its capital and operating budgets (which came to two billion five hundred million and ten billion three hundred million dollars in the current fiscal year), overseeing the investment of the six-billion-dollar city pension funds, and supervising the eleven hundred employees of the Comptroller's office. If he encountered any awkward hiring-and-firing prob-

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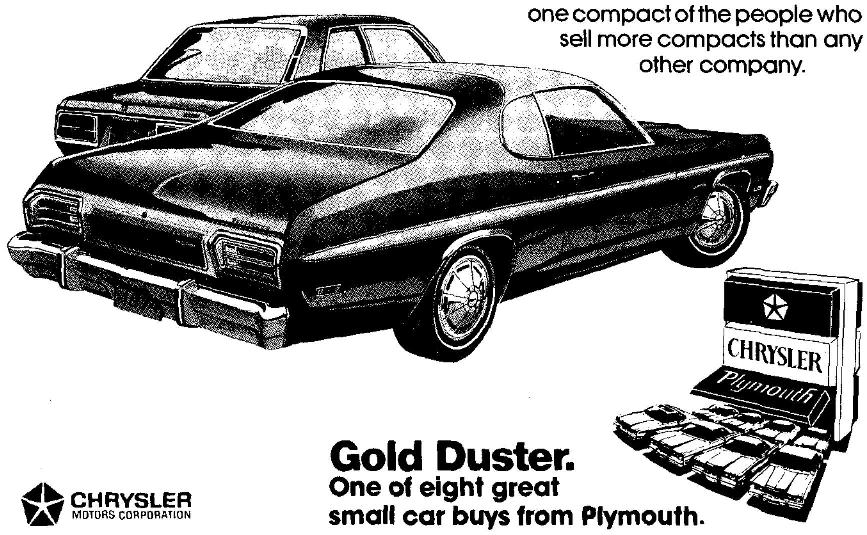

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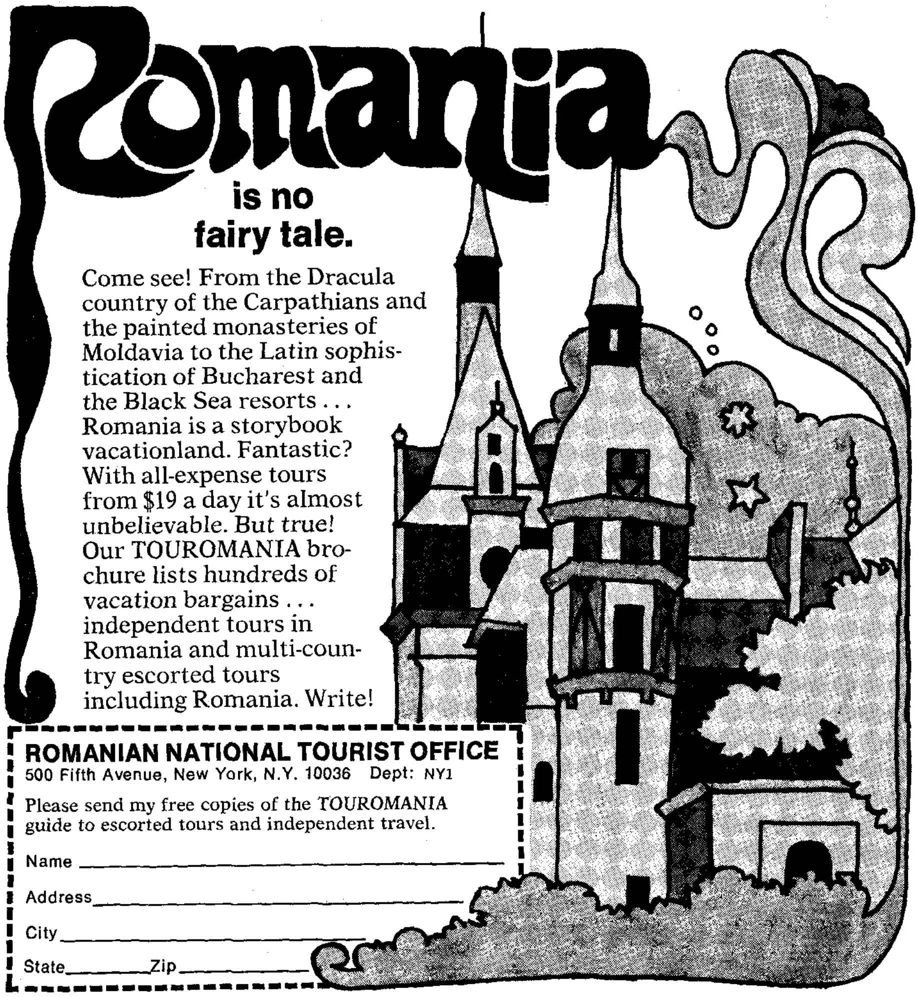

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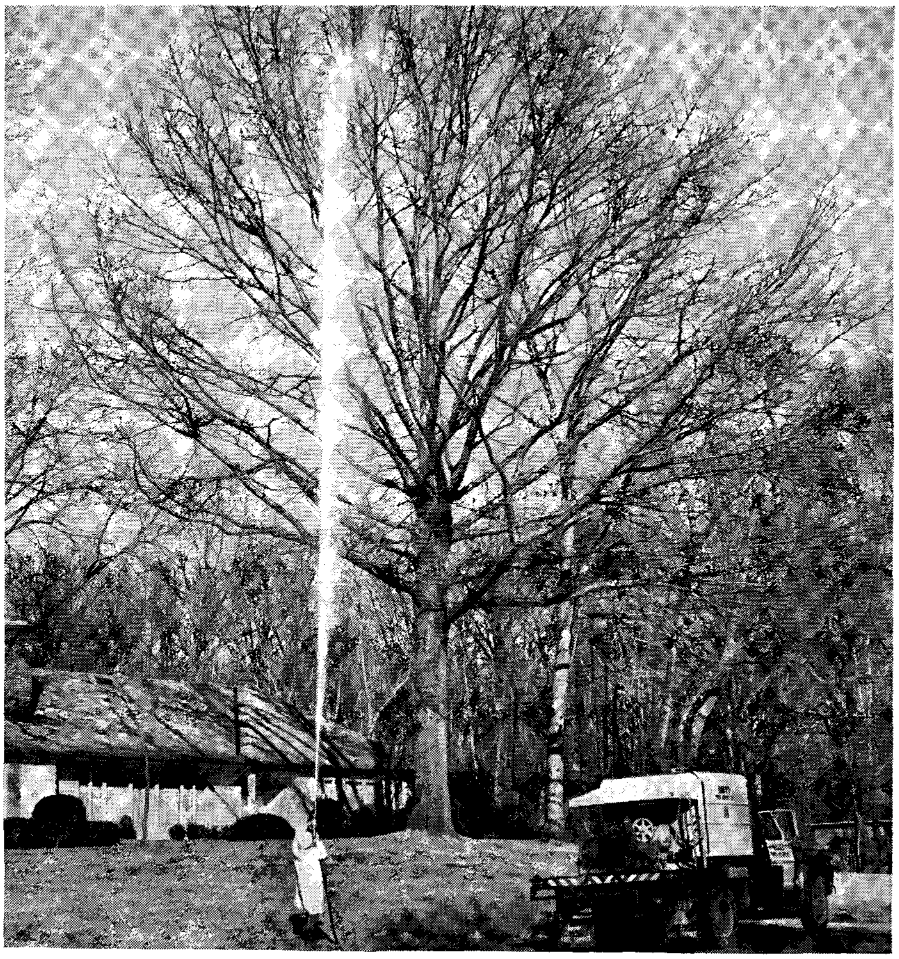
lems there, they were discreetly disposed of; in any case, hardly anyone was watching. Two weeks after he took fifty-seven per cent of the vote in a field of four last November, the Mayor-elect announced, in his precise voice and with the air of double-entry efficiency for which he is well known, that no one would be appointed to a high-level post in his administration until he or she had been screened for suitability by a committee of distinguished citizens and for probity by the city's Commissioner of Investigation, with any possible conflicts of interest settled to the satisfaction of the Board of Ethics. His initial appointment, for which he was widely commended, was that of James A. Cavanagh for First Deputy Mayor. Cavanagh, a veteran of thirty-five years in city government, had served with him in the Bureau of the Budget and for the past three years had been Lindsay's Deputy Budget Director. After that, things got more complicated.

At the time Cavanagh was appointed, reporters were told informally that Beame's two other Deputy Mayors—he had announced that there would be three of these rather than two, as there had been under Lindsay—would be Seymour Terry, as Deputy Mayor for Governmental Relations, and Wilbert Tatum, as Deputy Mayor for Community Affairs. Beame's son Bernard, known as Buddy, had remarked a few days earlier that his father "would never float a name to see what kind of flak it draws—never." The kind of flak drawn by Beame's breaking of his inviolable rule was discouraging. No one had expected the Mayor-elect to announce to his campaign helpers, as Fiorello LaGuardia reportedly did on the night of his election as Mayor forty years earlier, "My first qualification for Mayor of the City of New York is my monumental ingratitude to each and all of you." Still, Terry, the proprietor of a small insurance business in Long Island City, had as his only apparent qualification for the job of Deputy Mayor for Governmental Relations the fact that he and Buddy Beame had got on well as co-managers of Beame's campaign. Members of good-government groups that had endorsed Beame rose up in noisy indignation, and a few days later Beame announced that his Deputy Mayor for Governmental Relations would instead be Judah Gribetz, a highly respected political administrator who had been Commissioner of Buildings back in the Wagner days.

During the same period, Beame's

proposed appointment of Wilbert Tatum as the first black Deputy Mayor in a city of a million seven hundred thousand blacks was also running into trouble. Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the only black member of the Board of Estimate, had been given a large share of the credit for the delivery of most of the city's black vote to Beame, and Sutton had recommended Tatum, his deputy in the Borough President's office, calling him "a sheer genius." The suspicion was that Sutton, knowing that the black community would insist on the appointment of a black Deputy Mayor in return for its support, was trying to keep the job from going to someone who would use it as a power base and inconveniently build himself up as a political rival of the Borough President, who has announced that he's running for Mayor in 1977. However, a committee of prominent blacks, including Brooklyn City Councilman-elect Samuel Wright, made it clear to Beame that they didn't regard Tatum's appointment as doing them any favor, one of them calling him "a man who's not known to anybody." A few days later, Beame, forced to change his mind a second time, announced that the city's first black Deputy Mayor would be David Dinkins, the articulate former President of the Board of Elections, who was a law partner of Basil Paterson, the vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. In deference to the black delegation's further complaint that Deputy Mayor for Community Affairs was a "meaningless" post, Beame assigned Dinkins a few additional responsibilities and changed his title to Deputy Mayor for Planning, which the black leaders then declared was "meaningful." Harlem's *Amsterdam News* had an editorial warning for the Mayor, however: "We hope that Mr. Beame in the continued organization of his new administration will be mindful of the dangers and pitfalls of 'Spook Mousing,' " which it said was "the creation of a 'Spook Mouse' by the appointment or selection of a Black to sit outside the door, so to speak, in a Mickey Mouse job while real municipal power is exercised elsewhere." Having won the grudging approval of the local black leadership, Beame next found himself in trouble with local Hispanic leaders, who proposed that there be *four* Deputy Mayors, the fourth being Spanish-speaking. If that wasn't possible, Herman Badillo, the first Puerto Rican Congressman, and runner-up to Beame in the Democratic primary, demanded "a fair



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share” of high-level appointments for the city’s nearly one million Puerto Ricans. (Badillo had endorsed Beame late in the campaign, although Beame literature distributed in middle-class Italian and Jewish areas during the late-June runoff between the two men had urged voters to “vote as if your life depends on it—because it does.”) Beame’s office was also picketed by representatives of women’s groups demanding “meaningful” appointments for the city’s four million or so women and was warned to expect a visit from leaders of the local American Indian community, which complained last fall that although there were ten thousand Indians in the city, the Lindsay administration had not appointed one of them to “a policy-making position.”

AFTER the plan to name Terry as Deputy Mayor fell through, Beame announced Terry’s appointment as Director of Special Programs, or general trouble-shooter in his administration. Seven days before the inauguration and Terry’s scheduled swearing-in, however, a front-page *Times* story by Murray Schumach printed the text of a letter that Terry had recently sent out to some six hundred clients of the Terry Brokerage Company, his insurance agency. After explaining that he was turning the business over to someone else (although he planned to continue collecting a percentage of all policy-renewal commissions while he was with the city), he reminded his clients that he had just been appointed to Beame’s staff, adding, “My new circumstances will no doubt enable you to get even greater benefits from your association with Terry Brokerage Co. than you have heretofore.” Of the uproar of criticism that followed, Terry commented, “This is all nit-picking.” The meaning of the letter was “just a question of semantics,” he said; the only thing he had been guilty of was “poor sentence structure.” At first, Beame defended his former campaign manager, but he referred the matter to the city’s Board of Ethics, and after it became clear that the Board was taking a serious view of the matter, Terry issued a statement asking that his name be withdrawn. “All I can say is he is not with us anymore,” snapped Beame, whose temper was getting noticeably shorter each day.

Twenty-seven hours after Terry’s withdrawal, Beame lost another prospective Deputy Mayor when Dinkins asked that *his* name be withdrawn, because of “unresolved tax matters.” He had not filed federal, state, or city tax returns for four years. The day before, he said, he had paid his total tax bill, which he described as coming to about fifteen thousand dollars, including penalties. A few days later, he said that the total was twenty-five thousand dollars. He resisted reporters’ suggestions that in not telling Beame at the beginning he had “pulled an Eagleton.” Dinkins responded, “I haven’t committed a crime. What I did was fail to comply with the law.” Sympathetic with Dinkins, who broke down twice during the press conference, and possibly loath to see a lower-echelon politician’s career badly damaged when the President of the United States seemed to be getting away with considerable sleight of hand in his tax returns, the local press generally let stand Dinkins’ implication that the resolution of his tax problems might involve only an awkward delay—although this attitude could badly mislead an ordinary reader who was tempted to try the same thing. The fact is that nearly a third of the Justice Department’s tax prosecutions each year are for willful non-filing, and that a willful non-filer can be sentenced to as much as a year in prison and fined ten thousand dollars for each year of delinquency; recently, a three-year sentence handed down to a lawyer in Chicago (as it happened, he was also black) for not filing for three years was upheld on appeal.

The day after the Dinkins disaster, Beame recovered some ground with the Hispanic community when he named a Puerto Rican, Joseph Rodriguez Erazo, to Terry’s vacated post of Director of Special Programs. (Later, he appointed Ivan Irizarry, a Puerto Rican banker, as the city’s Finance Administrator.) In black neighborhoods, however, the clamor for the promised black Deputy Mayor grew louder. Finally, a week after his inauguration (at the inaugural reception, Terry complained that he had been “lynched for jaywalking”), and eleven days after Dinkins’ withdrawal, the Mayor announced the appointment of State Senator Joseph L. Galiber, a law partner of Biaggi’s and candidate for Comptroller in the June primary, in which he had come in last. Beame added, with a relieved smile, that Galiber had passed the Commissioner of Investigation’s inquiry “with flying colors” and would be sworn in two days later. The next morning, Galiber left for Albany, where the State Legislature was holding its opening session, explaining that he would get his affairs there in order, resign as State Senator, and return in time to be sworn in the following day.

THE day the legislative session opened in Albany, the new City Council was holding its inaugural meeting in its chamber, on the second floor of City Hall's East Wing. A final meeting of the retiring Council had had to be called for the morning of New Year's Eve, because Lindsay, in his last confrontation with it, had vetoed a bill giving ten-thousand-dollar annual raises to all the men on the Board of Estimate, a body that is made up of ex-officio members—the Mayor, the President of the City Council, the Comptroller, and the five Borough Presidents—and that shares responsibility for local legislation with the Council. Lindsay (who had turned back five thousand dollars of his fifty-thousand-dollar annual salary for each of his first six years as Mayor but felt obliged to collect the full amount for the last two inflationary years) had explained that he felt the ten-thousand-dollar raises were justified for the first three Board of Estimate members, whose responsibilities are citywide, but that no one had persuaded him it was in the public interest to raise the pay of the Borough Presidents, who, as it happened, were pushing hardest for the bill. Throughout their testimony in favor of the increases, the Borough Presidents and their supporters argued without public contradiction that they had not had a raise in their thirty-five-thousand-dollar salaries since 1961—not mentioning the fact that, in an early 1970 maneuver to line up votes for an appointment he favored, Lindsay, apparently not then so concerned about the public interest, had arranged for them to be given additional six-thousand-dollar annual expense accounts. In his opposition to the latest bill, Lindsay somewhat unexpectedly found himself ranged on the side of Frank Biondolillo, Republican Councilman at Large from Staten Island, who complained at the Council hearings on the proposed raises that "the most important decision a Borough President has to make every day is whether to get up in the morning." At the Council meeting called to override Lindsay's veto, Biondolillo added that the silliest thing he had ever heard was the argument that the raises were in the public interest. "I challenge you to go out and find six people in this city who will say it is in their interest," he said. To no one's surprise, Lindsay's veto was overridden by a lopsided vote, and the Councilmen can now exact reciprocal public

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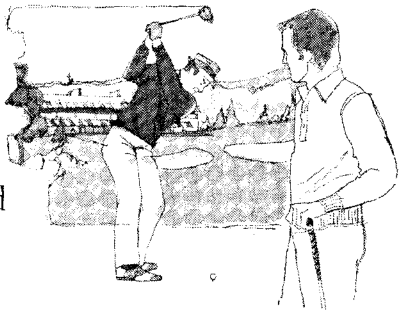

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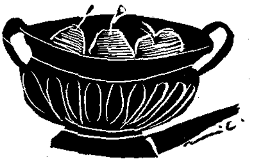
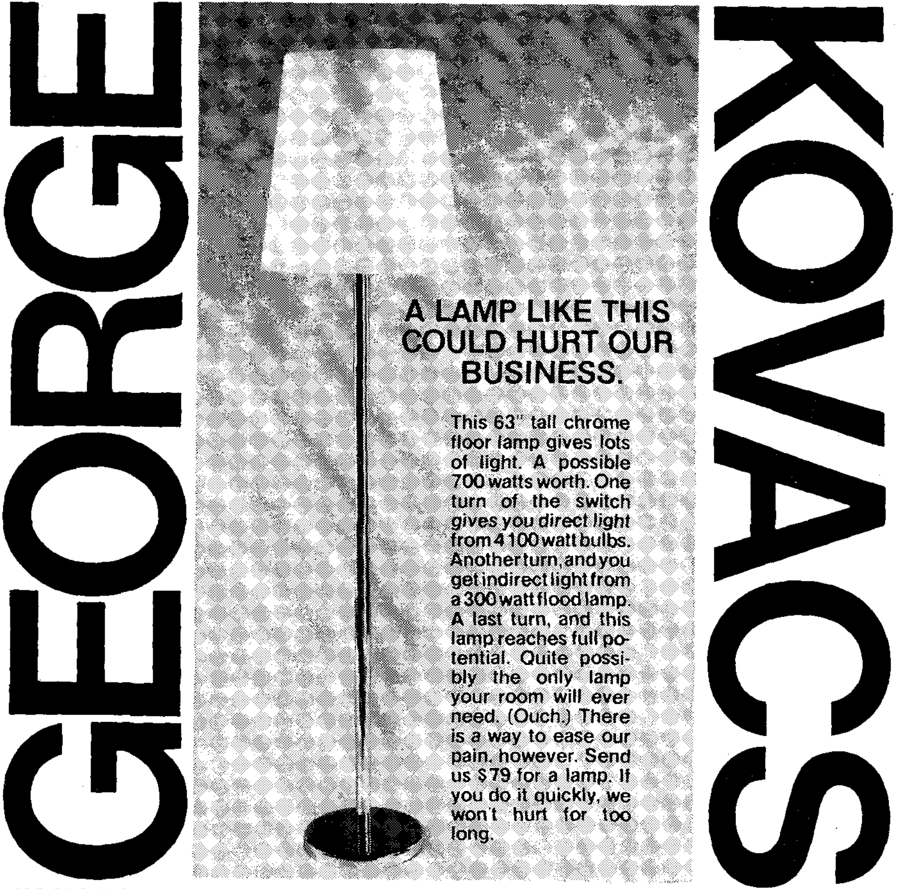
support from the Board of Estimate for *their* next pitch for a raise in their salaries or expense allotments. Councilman Theodore Weiss, of Manhattan, then introduced for the sixth consecutive time a bill calling for the impeachment of President Nixon. It was referred back to committee, as usual, on the objection of the Republican delegation. "Is that the unanimous vote of the entire delegation?" asked Weiss. "Unanimous," said two Councilmen on the right side of the aisle, in their loudest voices. Of the thirty-seven Council members, only three were Republicans and one of these was absent that day.

In the new Council, the Republicans won't have to shout quite so loud, because two more Republican Councilmen were elected in November. The G.O.P. percentage increased only moderately, however, since the Council now has six additional members, in accordance with a state law intended to enlarge its minority representation. The retiring Council had no Puerto Rican members and only two blacks. On the current Council, there are two Puerto Ricans and four blacks—all of them new this year—and also a Catholic priest, Father Louis Gigante, of the South Bronx, who has long been a vigorous activist in the Puerto Rican cause. After all the members, including seventeen new Councilmen, were sworn in en masse at this year's first meeting, Brooklyn Councilman Thomas Cuite, the slight, unobtrusive Irishman who for the last six years has run the Council with an iron hand, was nominated for the combined post of Vice-Chairman and Majority Leader. Announcing to Cuite that it was nothing personal, Weiss then offered an amendment—as he had at the first meeting of the previous Council, four years earlier—calling for the two roles to be voted on separately, since one was an official designation and the other a party one. The amendment was overwhelmingly defeated. Then, in an antic moment, Biondolillo nominated Angelo Arculeo, the Republican Minority Leader, for the office of Vice-Chairman and Majority Leader. A fierce debate followed over whether a Minority Leader (of five) could be nominated for the post of Majority Leader (of thirty-seven). "Come on, let's vote on it and make political history," said the new President of the City Council, Paul O'Dwyer. Bronx Councilman Stanley Simon, the former counsel to various State Assembly committees, rose to remind his fellow-Councilmen that they would not be making political history at all, since something much like this had happened in Albany in 1965, when, by casting their votes for a Democratic Majority Leader, Republican legislators ended a deadlock that had immobilized the Assembly for five weeks. The precedent, Simon noted, had "involved the distinguished father of one of our distinguished members." It had in fact involved the fathers of two new Councilmen: Brooklyn Assemblyman Stanley Steingut, whose twenty-eight-year-old son Robert was elected Democratic Councilman at Large from Brooklyn in November, and former Mayor Wagner, whose thirty-year-old son Robert, Jr., is the new Democratic Councilman at Large from Manhattan. Nine years earlier, Wagner, a bitter foe of the elder Steingut, had fought a fierce battle to prevent the Brooklyn Assemblyman from becoming the Assembly Majority Leader, and had eventually succeeded with the help of Assembly Republicans. Now the two men's sons were beginning their active political careers in the same room on the same day. The former Mayor was on hand for the event, but Steingut, who finally won the Assembly Democratic leadership and holds it today, was in Albany for the opening of the Legislature.



After the vote for Vice-Chairman and Majority Leader (Cuite was, of course, elected), the winner thanked his colleagues and then announced the names of the eleven members of his Committee on Rules, Privileges, and Elections—the powerful committee that would vote on Council rules for the coming year. All were veteran Councilmen, and all were white. Cuite had started to call for a routine vote when, in a move that took the Council leadership by surprise, a new Harlem Councilman, Fred Samuel, rose, pointed out that there were no blacks on the crucial committee, and moved to add the name of new Brooklyn Councilman Samuel Wright. Wright rose, announced that the committee included no Puerto Ricans, and nominated new Bronx Councilman Ramon Velez. And, as a surprise not only to the Council leadership but also to the blacks and the Puerto Ricans in the room, Henry Stern, new Liberal Councilman at Large from Manhattan and the only Liberal Party member elected in November, pointed out that there was no Liberal representation on the committee and nominated himself. For the next hour, various Council Minority members, particularly the blacks, continued to insist, politely but firmly, that the additional nominations be voted on, while Cuite made it clear with equal firmness that he opposed the additions. Some Councilmen tried to defuse the situation with ridicule. Matthew Troy, of Queens, argued that there were no priests on the Rules Committee and that therefore the name of Father Gigante should be added to represent all priests. Some tried scorn. "To inject ethnicity into this Council is sheer folly!" Brooklyn Councilman Monroe Cohen cried several times, and then he called upon Wright to withdraw the three names "before this Council becomes the laughingstock of the world." Wright said, with dignity, "I could no more withdraw my name than I could withdraw my community." A few of the bolder new members supported the notion that new Council members as such should be represented. As Cuite, Troy, and others went into a huddle from time to time, most of the Councilmen in the room sat glumly contemplating the prospect that they would have to follow their leader's orders, which would require them to go on record on the Council's very first day against blacks, Hispanics, Liberals, and Council freshmen, all of whom would surely have allies who were registered voters when next fall, because of a court-ordered redrawing of districts, most Councilmen will be running for election again. Suddenly the rebels—first Velez, then Wright, then Stern—having shown how much trouble they could make if they wanted to, almost offhandedly withdrew their names. "I don't think that was lost on them" was the jaunty comment of Councilman Wright, whom no one would confuse with a Spook Mouse.

THE confrontation in the City Council chamber wasn't the only such event taking place in the neighborhood of City Hall that day. In the late afternoon, Robert Crane, a red-headed reporter for the *News*, who was putting together a piece on Deputy Mayor-designate Galiber, walked across the Rotunda from Room 9, the City Hall press room, and pointed out to members of Beame's staff certain discrepancies in the Senator's official financial reports of funds raised for his losing campaign for Comptroller, which brought the Commissioner of Investigation into the case on the run. The major problem involved two thousand fifty dollars in illegal and unreported corporate contributions, which Galiber



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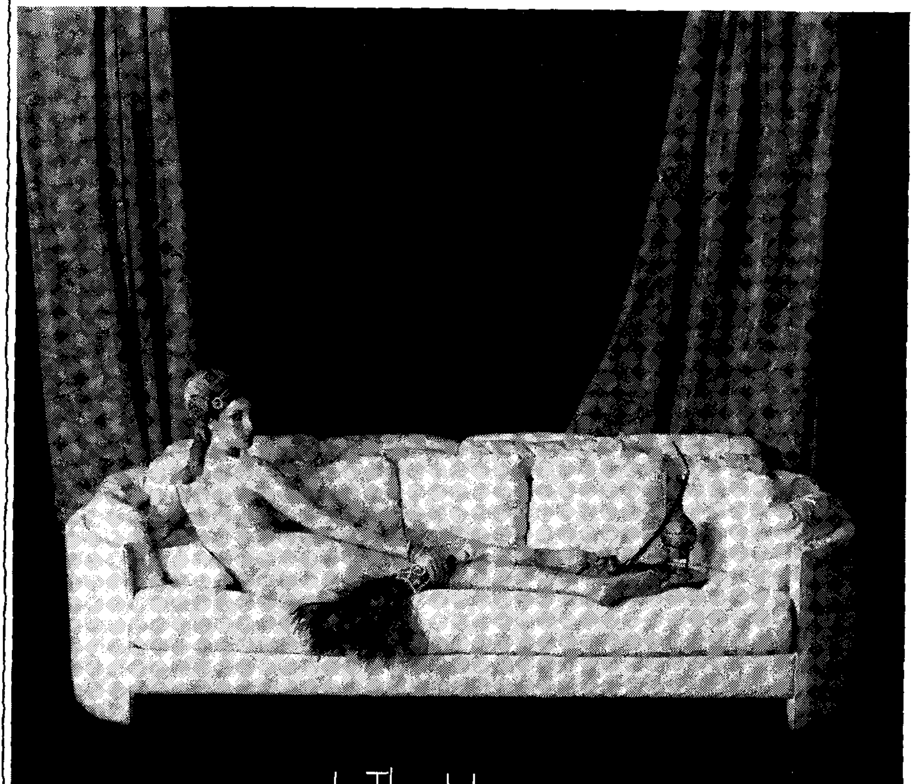

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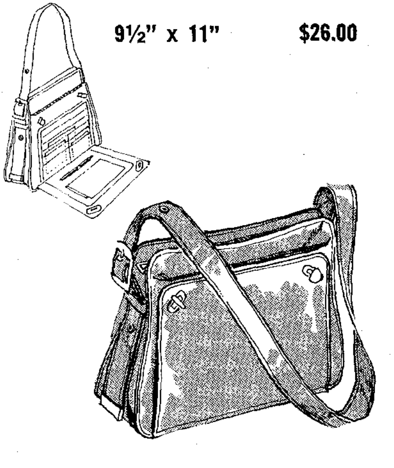

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later admitted he had turned over to a committee consisting of his wife, his daughter, and his son-in-law, and then used for his campaign. (Other unreported contributions were discovered later.) After poring over Galiber's records for many hours with his staff, the Commissioner of Investigation telephoned Mayor Beame at 3:45 A.M. and said he didn't see how they could go ahead and swear Galiber in the next day. Galiber was given the word soon afterward. It turned out that although he had gone to Albany, he had not resigned from the State Senate after all. "Being an old-fashioned guy, you don't resign until you have something else," he explained later that day. "Frankly, I think I've done absolutely nothing wrong," he added. The only thing he had been guilty of, he said, was "bad judgment, maybe, bad accounting." At ten o'clock in the morning, eighty or so Galiber relatives, friends, and well-wishers, including David Dinkins, had gathered for the scheduled swearing-in ceremony in the City Hall Rotunda, and many of them were openly angry at the Mayor for not going ahead with it anyhow. Fourteen black clergymen sent Beame a telegram saying, "WHAT BEGAN AS AN OSTENSIBLE DISPLAY OF GOOD FAITH TOWARD THE BLACK COMMUNITY . . . IS QUICKLY DISINTEGRATING INTO PSEUDO-LIBERALISM OF THE WORST AND MOST INSIDIOUS KIND," and accusing him of using a double standard for black and white candidates (even though Terry, who is white, had also been encouraged to withdraw).

Galiber, of course, was hardly the only politician to have had questions asked about corporate contributions to a campaign. The 1971 federal grand jury before which Biaggi pleaded his privilege against self-incrimination had been investigating, among other infractions, a fraudulent scheme by which corporate contributions were allegedly passed off as deductible business expenses during Beame's first mayoral campaign, in 1965, when Biaggi was one of his campaign helpers. The head of Beame's 1965 campaign finance committee, Martin Tananbaum, had died in the meantime, but eventually the 1965 campaign coördinator, Bernard Klieger, for whom Beame's Brooklyn county organization had subsequently arranged a Civil Court judgeship, was tried on two counts of perjury and one of conspiracy based on his part in the campaign-fund scheme. On the stand, he testified that Tananbaum was the only man who had known anything about Beame campaign funds. A spokesman for Beame, who did not testify, declared that his finance committee had handled all funds and that the candidate had not been involved in raising money in any way. Klieger was acquitted and has returned to the bench.

FORTUNATELY for the new Mayor's morale on the morning of the Galiber crisis, the non-swearing-in was followed by a far more successful event—the inaugural meeting of the new Board of Estimate. The final session of the outgoing Board, three days after Christmas, had been fairly typical of those during the Lindsay years. Most of the former Mayor's pet projects had finally gone through (as usual, the outcome had actually been decided in executive session the day before), but the votes were badly split, and even the casting of votes supporting Lindsay programs was often preceded by rancorous speeches implying that had other Board members not asserted themselves in some way, the Lindsay administration would once again have succeeded in putting one over on the city. A casual visitor would have found it hard to believe that all those on the Board were members of the same party as the former Mayor. The Board had included two registered Republicans, Lindsay and Staten Island Borough President Robert Connor, until August, 1971, when Lindsay made his highly publicized switch to the Democrats, giving Connor a chance to identify himself at the next Board meeting as "the newly elected Minority Leader of this body." When Connor himself shifted over to the Democrats last year, after a disagreement with Staten Island Republican leaders, he urged news photographers to get a picture of him with Lindsay. "You could call it 'Together Again,' " he told them, mock solemnly. It is generally understood that politics is not a genuinely solemn matter to Staten Island officeholders unless there is a threat to increase the nickel fare on the Staten Island ferry. The eight members of the Board—newly affluent, thanks to the City Council—that first convened on the morning of the Galiber crisis were also all Democrats, and, in fact, included only two new faces: those of O'Dwyer and Harrison J. Goldin, the new Comptroller. All five Borough Presidents had been reëlected, and Beame had simply moved one chair to his right from his old Comptroller's seat on the horseshoe-shaped dais. Of the hundred and ninety-seven items on the calendar that morning, all were disposed of—referred back to some city agency, postponed, or passed—by unanimous vote. The atmosphere was genial and relaxed, dominated by what appeared to be a general sense of relief, at least on the part of the holdover members, that the long years of having to be alert to block unexpected moves by a Mayor regarded as a non-member of the club, no matter what his formal party affiliation, were over at last. Nor did this amicable performance turn out to be a one-session wonder. The new Board's second meeting, late last month, was a long and stormy one, attended by hundreds of citizens, many of whom testified passionately for or against various projects while Board members asked pointed questions that seemed to favor one side or the other, but in the end all significant items on the calendar were again disposed of unanimously.

Elsewhere in City Hall, however, the atmosphere was some distance from the new era of reconciliation and bringing people together that Beame, in his campaign speeches, had promised would provide a dramatic contrast to the "politics of confrontation" that he attributed to his predecessor. Percy Sutton, obviously reassessing the political value of his all-out alliance with the new Mayor, called the charges against Galiber "nit-picking." Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm described the delay in the appointment as "unconscionable." Galiber announced that he considered Beame had made a commitment to him and to the black community and that he would not go quietly. A few days later, however, after it was reported that the Bronx district attorney was taking an interest in his campaign records, he went quietly. "Mr. Galiber withdrew after conversations which we had," Beame announced coldly. There was a further uproar in the black community when James Dumpson, who had served as the city's first black Welfare Commissioner (under Wagner), understood he was about to be appointed as head of Beame's Human Resources Administration and reported that he had suddenly been called in and informed by Deputy Mayor Cavanagh that the appointment was off because of the opposition of "certain sectarian groups." Last year, Dumpson had joined in a suit charging that the city's financial arrangements with Jewish and Catholic child-care agencies had the effect of discriminating against needy black Protestant children. "The Mayor is very sorry," Cavanagh had explained,

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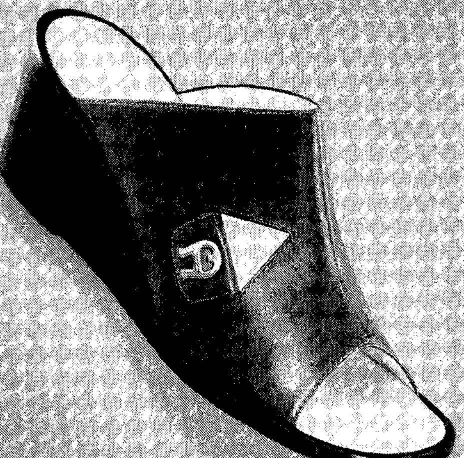

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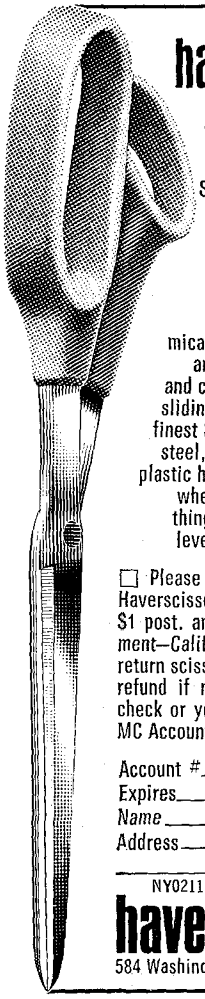
according to Dumpson. A week later, as protests continued, Beame gave the impression of having been forced to change his mind once again and appointed Dumpson after all. When Paul Gibson was finally sworn in as the city's first black Deputy Mayor (showing a certain old-fashioned caution, he announced that he would only be on leave of absence from his job as American Airlines' vice-president for urban and environmental affairs), all the city's prominent black leaders, with the exception of Galiber, were at City Hall to hail the historic occasion. Not everyone there was willing to forgive and forget, however. "I can see we are going to have some trouble with this post-Watergate morality," Basil Paterson told a reporter. The situation had been handled "insensitively," he said, and added, "We believe in openness and disclosure, but not when it causes unnecessary embarrassment."

Whatever the Beame administration's level of sensitivity, its level of efficiency was not being described as high during its early weeks. One television reporter unkindly used the word "shambles." Despite the widely touted screening process, four of Beame's first six candidates for Deputy Mayor had bowed out of the picture, and two of them were in trouble with the law. The *News* pointed out that evidence about the problems of two of the candidates had come to light through the efforts not of the Commissioner of Investigation but of local reporters. It also developed that many members of the new administration had been sworn in before they even returned their preliminary questionnaires to the Commissioner of Investigation. Among these was Moses Kove, Beame's old friend and 1973 campaign treasurer, whose New Year's Day induction as Chairman of the Taxi and Limousine Commission gave Beame further embarrassment. It was illegal, since the appointment could not be made, according to law, except with the advice and consent of the City Council. Fortunately, this consent was easily obtained. Although the attitude of the Taxi Commissioner toward bringing the city's fifteen thousand gypsy cabs (which are largely owned by blacks and Puerto Ricans) under Commission regulation is a burning issue in ghetto neighborhoods, and Kove had been the attorney for a group of medallion-cab owners (who are largely white and who bitterly oppose such a move), members of the City Council's newly formed Black and Puerto Rican Caucus lay low, gave Kove a minimum of



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trouble, and his appointment was approved unanimously, with two abstentions. The abstentions were those of Councilmen Stern and Wagner (who had endorsed Badillo over Beame in the Democratic runoff). Wagner made an unsuccessful motion to have the Council schedule a public hearing on the appointment, and Stern, before he was gavelled down, asked Kove some questions about his association with organized-crime figures, who have been among Kove's clients in the past. Apparently, Stern and young Wagner don't intend to qualify as white-liberal versions of Spook Mice, and although Mayor Beame seems to have the new Board of Estimate well in hand, the meetings of the new City Council may turn out to be more interesting in the months ahead.

As he finished out his first month in office, the Mayor was having to deal with the fact that a few days after, to great fanfare, he appointed a sixteen-man Council of Economic and Business Advisers, charged with devising measures to stem the flight of businesses from the city, the *Times* pointed out that one member of the group was the head of a company that in the last two and a half years had shifted the largest share of its business operations to Chicago and Greenwich, Connecticut—information that, Beame said glumly, had not come to his attention. His office was also being visited by an angry delegation representing the Ad Hoc Committee for Fairness to Italian-Americans in City Government, who charged that the one million seven hundred thousand Italian-American New Yorkers were being "ignored and discriminated against" by his administration and pointed out that there was no Italian-American Deputy Mayor.

What it came down to was that New York had a new Mayor who, in the harsh light that surrounds this office, was having to face all of City Hall's old problems and a number of new ones—some that his administration seemed to have brought on itself, a few that could be called pure bad luck, and others that were simply signs of a changing city and had been lying in wait for whoever took office last month. In short, all was more or less normal, including the fact that the letter writers to the *News* were still busily attacking that man in City Hall. "So Mayor Beame is going to clean up," wrote a woman the other morning. "Well, I think he has already started by taking that $10,000 pay raise for openers."

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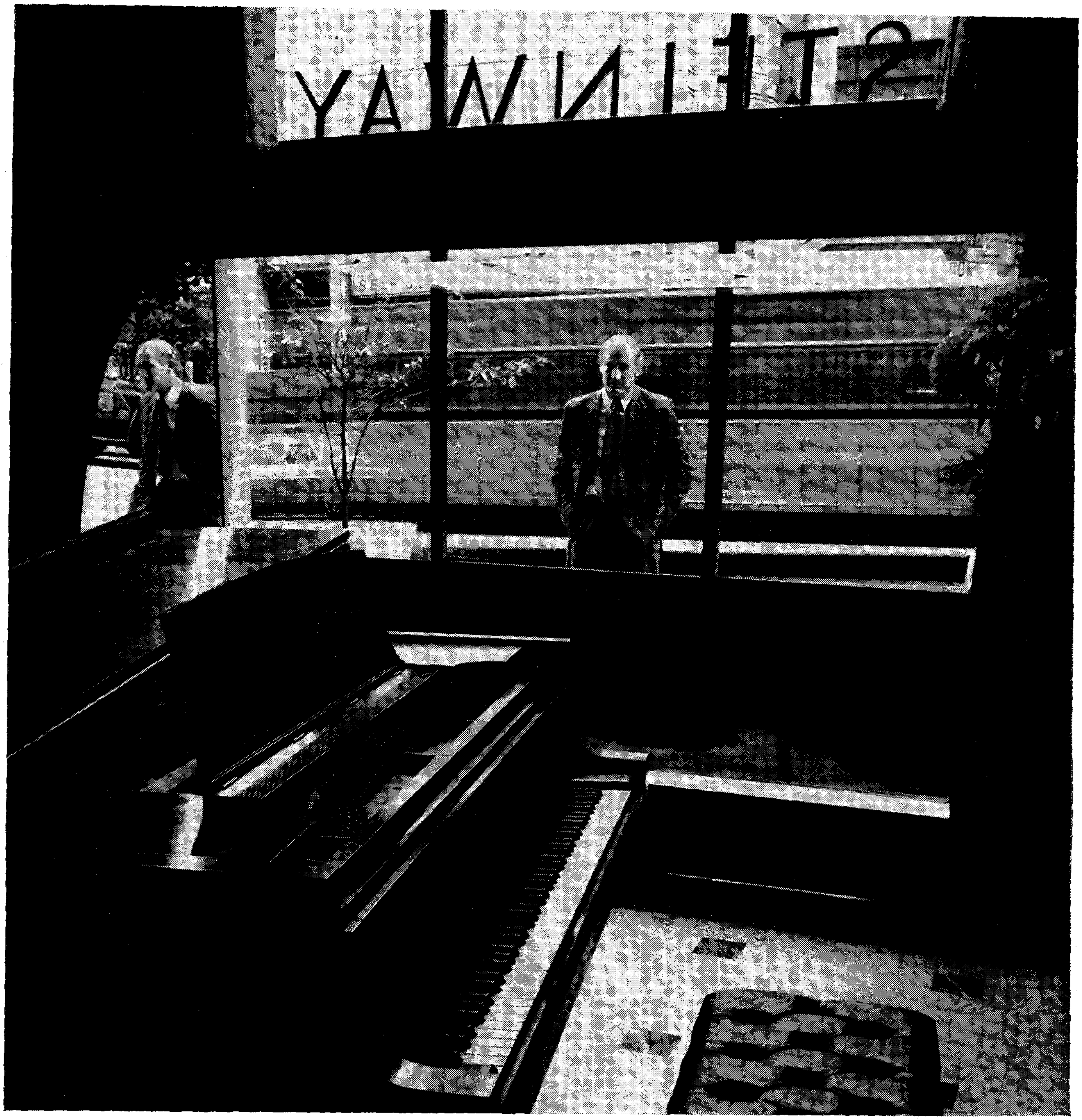

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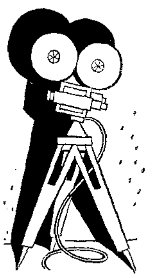

In "The Last Detail," you can see the kid who hasn't grown up in Nicholson's grin, and that grin has the same tickle it had when he played the giddy, drunken Southern lawyer in "Easy Rider," but now it belongs to the ravaged face of an aging sailor. The role of Buddusky, the tattooed signalman, first class, is the best full-scale part he's had; the screenwriter Robert Towne has shaped it to Nicholson's gift for extremes. After Buddusky's fourteen years in the Navy, his mind and emotions have been devastated, and he lives on nostalgia, ingrained resentment, a lewd prole's quick anger, and booze. The role has the highs that Nicholson glories in. He plays it like a spaced-out, dissipated James Cagney; his face always has something going on in it, and you feel that you can't get too much of him—though you do. At its best, his performance is so full it suggests a sustained version of Barry Fitzgerald's small but classic portrait of a merchant seaman in "The Long Voyage Home;" it's easy to imagine Buddusky a few years hence returning to his ship after a binge as Fitzgerald did—a wizened little man with his tail between his legs. The movie is about blasted lives: Buddusky's and those of Mulhall (the black actor Otis Young), a gunner's mate, first class, and Meadows (Randy Quaid), a morose eighteen-year-old seaman who has been sentenced to eight years in a Navy prison for attempting to steal forty dollars from a polio-donation box. Buddusky and Mulhall are dispatched to take Meadows from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route.

Nicholson gets a chance to demonstrate his enormous skill, and he keeps the picture going, but he's playing a mawkish role—a sentimentalist with a coward's heart. This time, the emotions he's expressing are, if anything, too clear. "The Last Detail," based on Darryl Ponicsan's novel, is the newest version of a heart-wrenching genre that used to work with a huge popular audience—and possibly it will this time, too. Essentially, it's the story of doomed people who discover their humanity too late, and nothing in the movie can keep this from being a sell—not Nicholson's and Quaid's imaginative performances, and not Robert Towne's finely tuned script. It's doubtful if there's any way to extract an honest movie from a Ponicsan novel—Ponicsan also wrote the book from which "Cinderella Liberty" was derived—because Ponicsan works on us for a canned response. His material didn't play in "Cinderella Liberty" and it does here, but the same manipulative streak runs through both films, and the same obviousness. Everything in "The Last Detail" tells you how to feel at each point; that's how the downer-tearjerker has always worked. This picture sounds realistically profane and has a dark, grainy surface, and by Hollywood standards it's strong, adult material, but the mechanism is a vise for our emotions—the mechanism is schlock. The downer-tearjerker congratulates you for your sensitivity in seeing the touching hopelessness and misery that are all you've got to look at.

Meadows, the eighteen-year-old, is a petty pilferer, a bawling, uncommunicative kid, too sluggish and demoralized to be angry at the injustice of his harsh sentence. He doesn't know that he has any rights; he has never learned to fight back. As the story is set up, he's a sleeping beauty; on the drunken trip, Buddusky and Mulhall offer him comradeship, and he awakens and discovers his manhood. We perceive the possibilities in him, knowing that prison life will crush him back down to the listless, almost catatonic state he was in. And, in a parallel process, the tough, damaged Buddusky, who has felt warm and paternal while bringing the kid out, can only retreat to his guzzling and brawling. Buddusky couldn't function except in the service; he's quick to identify with the kid, because he's an emotional wreck himself, living in the past, spinning out tired anecdotes. We're programmed to recognize that he's a man who is always spoiling for a fight so he can let out his frustrations, and we're programmed to respond to each pointedly ironic episode. When the three men go to a Village party, Buddusky comes on with a "line" and he doesn't register that he's bombing out; his peppy cock-of-the-walk act is all he's got—he has no other way to make contact. We see him through the girls' contemptuous eyes; to them he's just a crude blowhard. In contrast, the depressed kid's innocent, solemn dignity is a hit with them. The movie is about the lost possibilities in both Buddusky and Meadows, and about the acceptance of a restricted life by Mulhall. Otis Young's Mulhall has chosen the Navy because it's not a bad deal for him; we can't tell much more about the character. Otis Young has the cheekbones and facial contours of a stronger version of the young Frank Sinatra; his eyes slant upward the same way, and he's marvellous to look at, but the role isn't as flamboyant as Nicholson's or as affecting as Quaid's, and Young's restrained performance doesn't add up to as much as his face suggests. He never quite comes across; he stays as nice-guyish as a black Gregory Peck.

The direction, by Hal Ashby, is not all it might be. I loved much of Ashby's first film, "The Landlord"—a story about a rich white boy (Beau Bridges) who bought a building in a black ghetto and had an affair with a tenant (Diana Sands). It was adapted by William Gunn from Kristin Hunter's novel (both writers are black), and it had a complicated sense of why people behave as they do. It was full of characters; more and more people kept getting into the young landlord's life, and I became interested in every one of them. In several cases, I don't think

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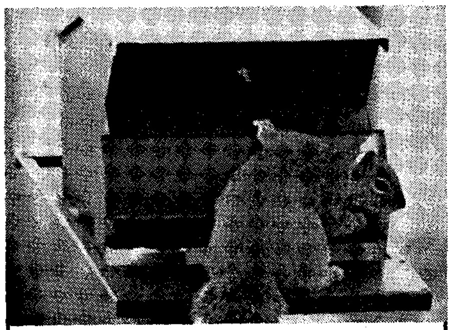

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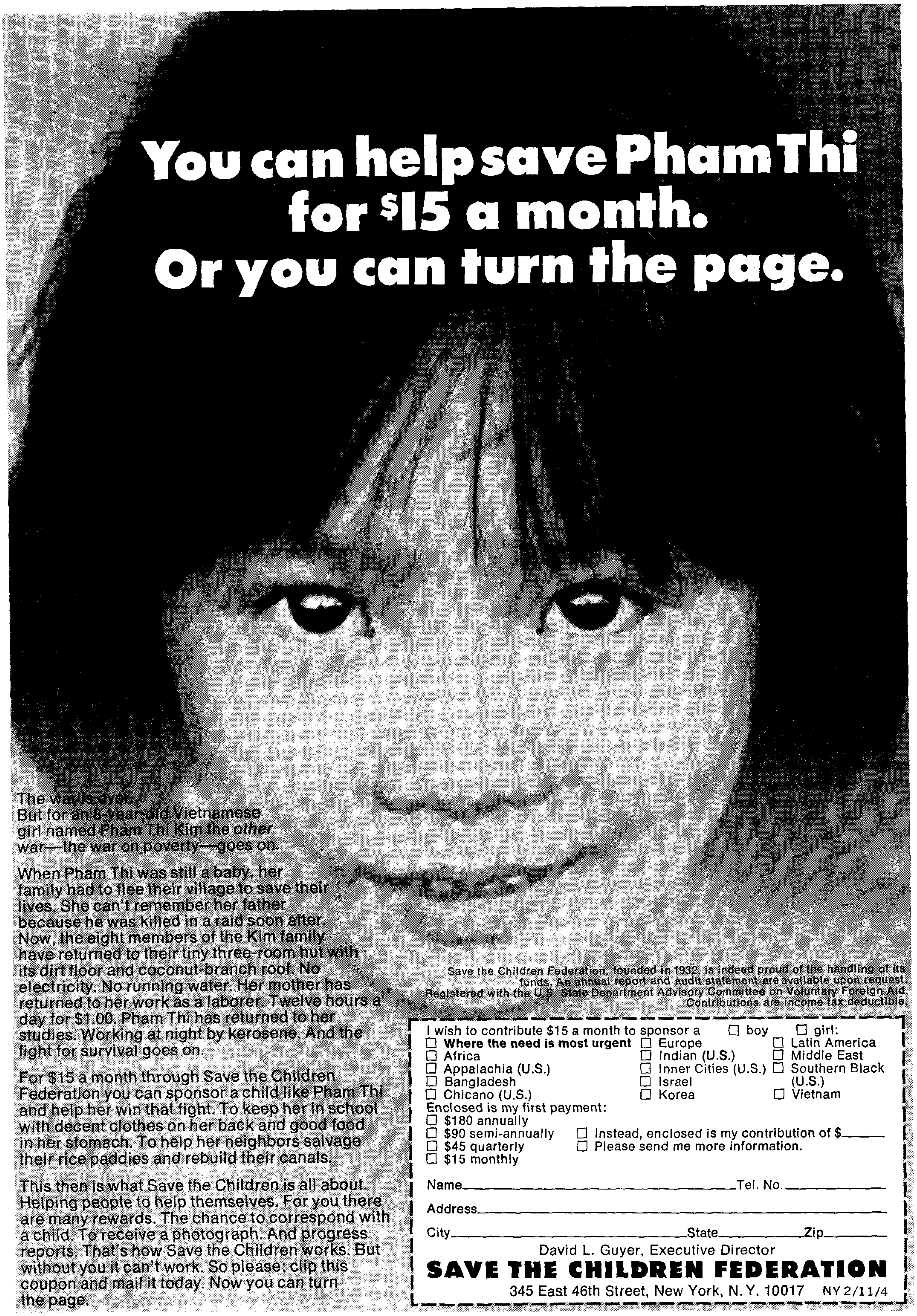
those performers have been as good since; maybe the writing accounted for the quality as much as the directing did, but I missed Ashby's second film, "Harold and Maude," and I'd been looking forward to more of his work, hoping for a film full of people whose lives can't be reduced to formulas. The material here, though, is on a single track; we go from city to city, but there's never anything to look at. Visually, the movie is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy; it doesn't allow us to think of anything but the pushy central situation. And though Nicholson does suggest some of the qualities of the characters in "The Landlord," and Quaid transforms himself before our eyes, they play within a preordained scheme. It's all *required.* The effectiveness of the movie depends on the director's wringing pathos out of the two older men's gruff tenderness toward the kid and their desire to show him a good time before he's locked away; and though Ashby, to his credit, keeps the pathos down, there is still more mugging than necessary. Ashby's weaknesses show—not so much with the three leads as with the minor players and the staging of the large-scale sequences. That's where you can feel the director trying to get a certain emotional effect, and he gets it, all right (an effect I hate anyway), but he's also heavy and clumsy about getting it (which makes me even more aware of how I hate it). There's a fight aboard a train, and the passengers don't react adequately; there's a church scene in which followers of an Eastern religion chant together, and though it may well be authentic, the way it has been shot it doesn't feel authentic; in a Boston brothel scene Carol Kane does her Pre-Raphaelite wasted-beauty number; and so on. And I think I'd be happier without the Johnny Mandel score, with its antic use of military airs, orchestrated in an unfamiliarly thin way to add a musical layer of irony. It all works together, of course, but the overstressed style and the systematized ironies tighten one's responses. Ponicsan has talent, but he degrades his own material; he milks tragedy for pathos. Towne improves on the novel, and his ear for dialogue gives the film some distinction, but there is only one line that seems to be there for its own sweet sake—when Nicholson tells a story about a whore in Wilmington who had a glass eye—and this was the only minute I freely enjoyed.

WHAT is one to make of the shamelessness of big, old stars? John Wayne must be heading toward seventy, but he's trying to change his image. In "McQ," he imitates his juniors; he lifts his name from Steve McQueen and his tough-police-officer character from Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks; with his slit eyes and his slit mouth, he looks like a squashed Easter Island statue as he sits hunched over the wheel of his Green Hornet. Directed at a funereal pace by John Sturges, whose better days are beginning to recede into the far-distant past, the picture is a distended version of the other right-wing police thrillers. I think I've read Lawrence Roman's script already, in letters from cranks. A collection of obnoxious hippies are brought into police headquarters, so that one of them can call McQ a "pig" and McQ can deliver a blow that makes the kid crumple up. (Wayne looks triumphant, as if hitting that hippie were going to take ten years off his age.) McQ beats up a drug dealer and boasts of his own brutality. The audience is meant to get vicarious pleasure from the blows Wayne lands and from his sniping at women's lib, and so on, but except for the right-wing piques and the frequent body-splattering shootings "McQ" is like a dull fifties movie. Incompetence like this prostrates one; I got so stoned by the boringness I forgot to get up and go home. The performers look to be in the same condition; they are given no characters to play and they're up there making helpless faces at the audience. (Eddie Albert sputters as if his lines were choking him.) In the most ludicrous single sequence, two huge trucks, specially equipped with murderous battering rams, come at Wayne's Green Hornet, one from the front and one from the back, and they crush the little car like cheese in a grilled sandwich. When they stop, the car has been totalled, but John Wayne gets out unscathed.

The women are all hot for this sexpot McQ, and one of them—Colleen Dewhurst, playing a waitress who works in a bar—coerces him into going to bed with her by promising him the information he wants "in the morning." She looks at that hulk and the granite face and the tousled light-brown bangs and she apologizes for being fat and ugly—Colleen Dewhurst, that giant force of nature, a woman to confer greatness on a man, apologizes for being fat and ugly to John Wayne! We see him assent to the sad truth of what she tells him, and he reveals to us that he's charitable enough to overlook it.

—PAULINE KAEL



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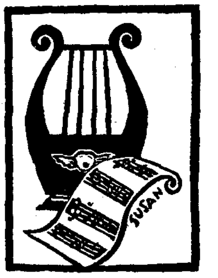
MUSICAL EVENTS

Verdi, Not Meyerbeer

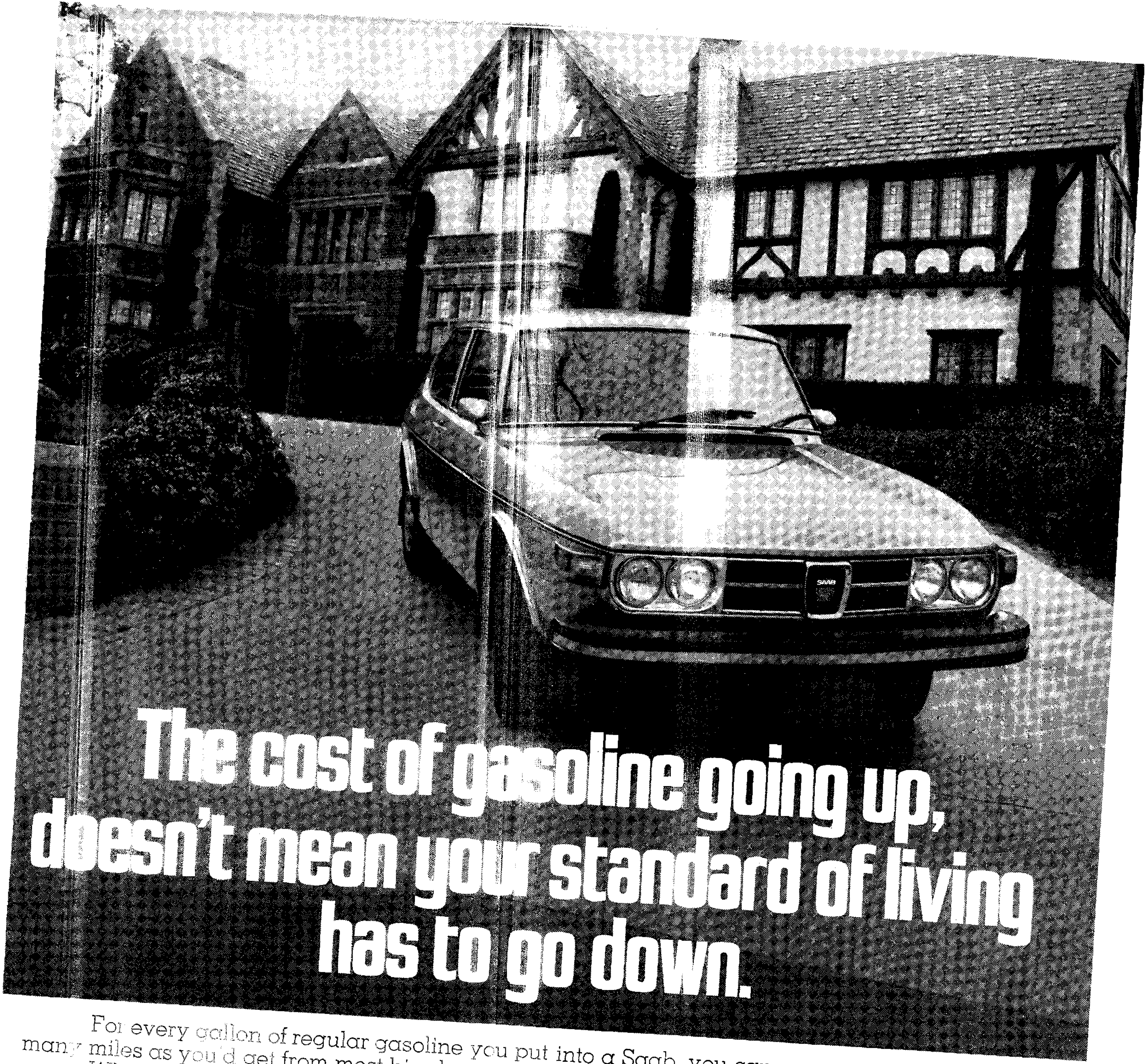


I HOPE that nobody will accuse the Metropolitan Opera, which has just put on "I Vespri Siciliani" for the first time in its history, of scraping the bottom of the Verdi barrel; although there is a good deal about the production that is unsatisfactory, that taunt, at least, can be ignored. For one thing, the Verdi barrel is, in effect, bottomless; from that noble and inexhaustible cask, brews of varying strength and quality have been drawn, but no dregs. Time was when the dregs were thought to start as soon as we delved beneath the masterly final trio ("Aida," "Otello," "Falstaff") and the popular trio of the middle period ("Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata"); indeed, that central group itself was once viewed with disdain by serious musicians. But a further half dozen of his works have by this time come into general circulation; and now that it has at last become possible for the really determined Verdian—provided that he is something of a traveller and a knowledgeable record sleuth—to hear and actually to have seen all twenty-six of the operas (I exclude revisions), one thing stands out from the total experience: that Verdi, while capable of patriotic tub-thumping and crudities of the kind that understandably distressed the connoisseurs of his day, is almost never dull. He is refreshingly direct, honest, and unpretentious; he has the theatre in his bones; and he is the greatest single source of immortal melody since Schubert.

Well then, we must surely want to see the whole of Verdi in the opera house, just as we want to see the whole of Shakespeare in the theatre; and, at this stage in our acquaintance with his output, we especially want to see "I Vespri Siciliani"—or, to give the piece its proper title, "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." "Les Vêpres," one of the two large-scale works that he wrote for Paris, is (as the program pointed out) the last of the now unbroken sequence of his mature operas to join the active repertory of the Metropolitan; and it is by a long way the least familiar of them. Produced in 1855, it comes just after the central triptych—that is to say, immediately after "La Traviata," with which it has a few melodic links; and some commentators have seen in it a throwback to an earlier and coarser style. The truth strikes me as being quite the opposite: that it foreshadows the ambitious, adventurous, sometimes sprawling works of the later period, such as "Don Carlos" and "La Forza del Destino." It is elaborately composed, and scored with unusual finesse. Every Italian composer invited to write for Paris was well aware of the higher orchestral traditions, and of the longer and more thorough rehearsals, that prevailed there; everyone felt the need to put his best foot forward. Verdi, with his peasant's love of grumbling, complained at length (and often with justice) of his treatment by *la grande boutique* (his nickname for the Opéra), especially of the cavalier and uncoöperative attitude of Scribe, the librettist for "Les Vêpres;" and once or twice he asked to be released from his contract. But in these complaints there was perhaps something a little forced and disingenuous. He wanted to assert his value; but he was determined to conquer Paris, he stuck it out, and he was not displeased by the success that he finally achieved. Modern criticism, taking its cue from his protests, has decided that the libretto is absurd, and the music tainted with "Meyerbeerism." I should rather put it that Scribe's text is mechanical but thoroughly competent, apart from a certain weakening of interest in the last two acts, and that Verdi's music is absolutely his own from start to finish, with half-a-dozen splendid pieces and many uncommon and original touches that would be more keenly admired if only they were better known.

The resemblance to Meyerbeer consists mainly in the cut of the historical drama; and that is no surprise, since the composers shared the same librettist. The action, which plays in 1282, during the French occupation of Sicily, makes sense; but its effect is somewhat cold, since it places both sides in a harsh light—the French as tyrannical libertines, and the Sicilians first as cowards, then as bloodthirsty fanatics. The principals do something to humanize the conflict. After his famous initial "O tu Palermo," the Sicilian leader Procida (bass) becomes, it is true, a mere instrument of vengeance; more affecting are the Duchess Elena (soprano), in her dignity and gradual yielding to love for the quasi-*Risorgimento* hero, Arrigo (tenor), and the French governor, Monforte (baritone), who is no cardboard tyrant but a human being torn by the discovery that the audacious young enemy who scorns him is in fact his son. A stale operatic gambit, needless to say; but the music that it drew from Verdi is anything but stale. Paternal tenderness and the loneliness of power (compare the Doge in "Simon Boccanegra") were two subjects always sure to unlock his heart; and the third act of "Vespri," with its opening baritone aria and long succeeding *scena* for tenor and baritone, counts among his grand inspirations.

The Metropolitan handled this important assignment in Jekyll-and-Hyde fashion. The musical side was for the most part excellent. The opera was carefully cast, and went very well under the buoyant direction of James Levine. Having just recorded an admirable and wholly uncut four-disc set for R.C.A., Mr. Levine knows the score intimately, and appreciates its finer points as well as its broad sweep. The fact that, despite the exquisite singing and noble bearing of Montserrat Caballé as Elena, the opera should have proved less enjoyable in the theatre than it does on record was in no way his fault but due to the ugly and inept scenic realization. In the Paris Opéra of those days *mise en scène* was vitally important; and, while we can all accept our present need for economy, the solution proposed by Josef Svoboda and by his costume designer, Jan Skalicky, is really too dismal to be endurable—black-and-white clothes (even at a masked ball) for all civilians from the highest to the lowest, and gray for the French soldiery, against a pitch-black background, with a huge staircase as almost the only stage feature. For the main square of Palermo, this unit set serves not too badly, but it is hopeless for the "smiling" seaside valley of Act II (obliging the boating party of the final episode to remain, ineffectively, in the wings), and in Act III it presents an interior *chez* the French governor so utterly devoid of furniture that the poor fellow is obliged to find an undignified seat for himself on the steps. John Dexter's direction achieved results, both with his opposing choral forces and with his principals, that were a good deal better than could have been expected within so poor a framework; only the assassination attempt, at the end of Act III, was bungled, thanks to a pointless disregard of the perfectly clear stage directions. The vigorous boos at the end were intended, as the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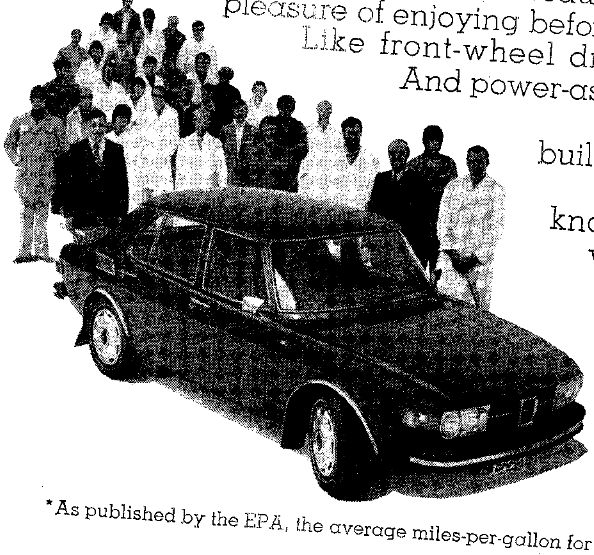

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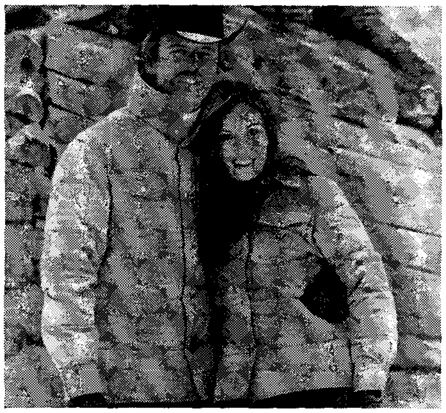

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booers made quite clear, not for Mr. Levine and his performers but for the production team that had earned them.

The opera was presented in three acts that were simply the original five acts renumbered, and was virtually uncut except for the total excision of the half-hour ballet. Since Verdi himself deplored this traditional interruption of the action, the cut was fully justified in all respects save one: that a ball scene lasting barely eleven minutes and consisting only of a finale seems impossibly truncated. Of the principals, I have already mentioned Miss Caballé; although the sparkle of the last-act Bolero eluded her, she displayed again the purity of tone and perfect sostenuto that had marked her recent Carnegie Hall recital; her pianissimo singing of Elena's avowal of love in the prison scene, with its exquisite mezza-voce attacks on the high G and high B, provoked the longest mid-scene demonstration that I can recall in an opera house. Nicolai Gedda, admirably made up as a sort of revolutionary student, sang with his usual fine taste, but without the warmth and ring that Arrigo's music properly demands. The Monforte of Sherrill Milnes was impressive (even if a rounder and ampler tone could sometimes have been wished for); and Justino Díaz made a dignified and implacable Procida, faltering only in the lowest notes of his part.

ON the previous evening there was a remarkable performance of "Tristan und Isolde." Birgit Nilsson was making her first appearance of the season; and Jon Vickers, who had at last offered his eagerly awaited Tristan at the previous Saturday matinée, gave one of the performances of his life. He sang Wagner's music in tones that were predominantly noble and firm, and in a style that was never for an instant perfunctory. Although he has a recurrent tendency to sing isolated notes rather than linked phrases, he is so truly musical that the effect of legato is somehow conveyed, even when the fact is not achieved. The accents of unspeakable woe and desolation that filled his ravings in the last act still ring in my ear. As for Miss Nilsson, although she tired at the end, her first act was, even by her standards, astounding. It was not only that at that stage of the evening she was in radiant voice, throwing off the high B's (for instance) with almost scornful ease, and even dwelling on the second of them ("Mir *lacht* das Abenteuer") as though it lay in the middle of the voice instead of near its upper limit. It was that her whole style revealed a sovereign mastery. She could

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even play with the role, both vocally and dramatically; by which I mean not that she did anything capricious but that she felt free to surrender to every veering wind of passion and rage and despair that fills the act; there was even in her taunting of Tristan a kind of wit that was almost charming. And all that—not merely the heroic declamation of a tragic heroine—is of the essence of the womanly Isolde.

Such singing diffused a sense of ease and accomplishment through the whole house; the orchestra, again under Erich Leinsdorf, seemed scarcely the same body that I had heard in the same score a bare fortnight previously. Paul Plishka (the Met is blessed in its basses) made a noble King Marke, William Dooley repeated his strong, forthright Kurwenal, and Raymond Gibbs was as musical a Young Sailor as I can recall. Only the new and intelligent Brangäne, Michele Vilma, was unable to overcome a persistent tremolo in her tones.

IF it is true that misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows, then so does success. Who could have supposed, ten years ago, that the austere Pierre Boulez would be heard to conduct the New York Philharmonic in a choral and orchestral piece that begins with the words: "*Musique adorable, o Déesse!/ Toi qui berces l'enfance/ Et charmes la vieillesse,/ Et qui troubles, par tes accents,/ Le coeur des blonds adolescents!*"? On Friday afternoon, blond adolescents may have been in short supply in Avery Fisher Hall, but there were plenty of blue-rinsed ladies, who seemed to appreciate the little piece—and well they might, for Chabrier's setting of Edmond Rostand's verses, called "Ode à la musique" (a present to a music-loving friend for the inauguration of his new house), is indeed "adorable." With the Camerata Singers and a somewhat unidiomatic soprano soloist in Eileen Laurence, he gave an account of the delicious trifle that emphasized a resemblance to such gently swaying Berlioz pieces as "Sara la baigneuse."

The whole program, which had looked odd and scrappy on paper, proved captivating in the hall. It included a ravishingly clear performance of Debussy's Nocturnes, together with two specialties of this conductor, in Webern's Symphony (a spider's web of fine-spun steel) and Bartók's Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta. The latter sounded like what it surely is—one of the indubitable masterpieces of its composer and of the century.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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LETTER FROM ISRAEL

JANUARY 31

WINTER is a harsh season in the Holy Land. Rough winds bend the stiff cypresses along the Judean Hills. Rain pours in icy jets upon the cities of the plain. Mist and clouds shroud the golden beaches of the Levant. This year, the frowning face of nature finds a counterpart in the hearts of men. Israel has waged an inconclusive war, staged an undecisive election, and, after negotiations with Egypt through the offices of Henry Kissinger, begun a unilateral withdrawal underwritten by paper guarantees. The spirit of the country is grim. "When we say 'the Depression,' " a commentator in the Jerusalem *Post* wrote the other day, "we won't mean the Slump of the . . . 1930s but the present mood in Israel." A well-known comedian, Shimon Dzigan, began a recent performance that I watched in Tel Aviv with the question "How can I make you laugh tonight?" The master clichés of the television talk shows are "shock," "trauma," "earthquake," and "agonizing reappraisal." Habimah, the famous repertory company, has been working on a sequel to "Romeo and Juliet" in which the star-crossed lovers, instead of dying, live to marry—and regret it. Shimon Peres, the tough-minded Minister of Transport and Communications, who is a friend of Defense Minister General Moshe Dayan and a protégé of the founding father, David Ben-Gurion, told me, "Israel has a pain in the heart."

The pain in the heart springs directly from the fourth Arab-Israeli war, which began on Saturday, October 6th—the Day of Atonement, or Yom Kippur—and lasted a couple of days past the ceasefire officially proclaimed on Monday, October 22nd. By the usual standard—the standard of enemy real estate seized—Israel won a great victory. Though the nation was taken by surprise when the Egyptians and Syrians attacked on the most solemn religious holiday, and though it suffered serious reverses and heavy casualties in the fighting of the first few days, the Zahal, as the Israel Defense Forces are called, managed to turn the tide of battle. By the time the shooting stopped, the Israelis had penetrated deep into the home territories of the attacking armies and had trapped a large Egyptian force east of the Suez Canal. On the Syrian front, Israeli troops crossed the Golan Heights, which marked the border after the Six-Day War, in 1967, and occupied the plain to the northeast that slopes toward Damascus. When I visited that front in the first days of November, after an all-night drive from Tel Aviv, it looked like a massive construction project. Burned-out tanks and armored vehicles cluttered the pebbly plain. Amid them moved scores of bulldozers and tractors. Forty miles from Damascus, the glow of whose lights could be seen at night, the Israelis were building fortifications meant to last a long, long time. But even in the soldiers on the ground that visible evidence of triumph did not instill a sense of elation. One reservist whom I had known as a civilian told me, "We can see the lights of Damascus, but we know we cannot dictate peace in Damascus. So we have a sense of desperation. Not about the results of this war but because we all have the conviction that this is not the last war. In 1948, we thought we had established independence once and for all. In 1956, we thought when we retreated from Sinai that we had spared the Arabs their honor. In 1967, at the time of the Six-Day War, we thought we had smashed them to the ground. This time, hardly anybody believes we are fighting for the last time. I don't know of a single soldier who yearns to occupy Damascus. I only hear talk about going back to Israel. So what am I doing here at the gates of Damascus? I'm fed up with winning wars."

ON the Egyptian front, some two hundred and seventy-five miles to the southwest, Israeli armored brigades crossed the Suez Canal just north of the Great Bitter Lake and occupied a vast pocket of Egyptian territory, running about forty miles south, to the Gulf of Suez, and twenty miles west, to a point about sixty-three miles east of Cairo—the famous Kilometre 101, on the road to the capital. I flew down to the Egyptian front from Tel Aviv in an Israeli military plane, which landed at Fayid, an airbase seized from the Egyptians and, because of its modern amenities, nicknamed by the Israelis the Hilton Fayid. At a briefing on the base, an Israeli captain pointed out the main features of the front east of the canal. The Egyptian Third Army Corps, comprising one infantry division and one armored division, had been cut off on the east side of the canal at its southern end, below the Little Bitter Lake. The Egyptian Second Army Corps held a bridgehead on the east side of the canal at its northern end, and could be cut off from headquarters in Cairo by a short Israeli thrust. The road to Cairo, according to the captain, was virtually open.

Next, an officer showed me the points of interest in the Israeli pocket on the west bank of the canal. We rode in a private car that had been requi-

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sitioned by the Army from a bank in Tel Aviv. Everywhere, we passed vehicles hauling abandoned Egyptian equipment, including such heavy stuff as tanks, half-tracks, and surface-to-air missiles, to collection points for transport back to Israel. We stopped at an ordnance depot, where the Israeli commander boasted of the rapid repair work done by his men—three hundred Russian-built tanks refurbished in two weeks. We stopped in the city of Suez, once a thriving port with a population of about two hundred thousand, which had become a bombed-out ruin, partitioned down the middle of a main street between an Egyptian contingent that held the center of the town and an Israeli force that had captured the suburbs, port, and oil refineries. Ten miles north, we stopped in a pleasant grove beside the canal to watch supplies that had been brought through the Israeli lines by a United Nations convoy being ferried to the Third Army Corps, on the other side of the canal. Then we drove to Kilometre 101, where Egyptian and Israeli forces confronted each other after being halted there by the ceasefire. On the Israeli side, the officer in charge was a middle-aged British-sounding-and-looking colonel, who had been called up from practice as a lawyer in Petah Tiqva. He showed me a huge tent where Israeli and Egyptian officers had begun talks on military disengagement. That day, there had been no talks, and the colonel explained that his chief business had been arranging for an American woman journalist to use the lavatory facilities on the Egyptian side. "The whole thing is absurd," he said, and sighed.

I SPENT most of the next twenty-four hours with the hero of Israel's Suez crossing—Major General Ariel Sharon, of the armored forces. He is a short, powerful man of forty-five, with gray hair going white and twinkling blue eyes set in a weather-beaten face. Until I met Sharon, I don't think I had ever been fully aware of what people meant when they described somebody as "dynamic." He was like the European film version of a young American businessman. "Come on, let's go," he kept saying. Then he would fling on a flight jacket and pop into a waiting jeep or truck, which he drove himself, or into a plane or helicopter, in which he served as co-pilot. Like most Israeli generals, he is universally known by a nickname; his is Arik. Unlike most, he is highly loquacious, and, far more than most, he is truly popular with the troops.

I met Sharon by prearrangement at Fayid Airbase, and as soon as he saw me he said, "Come on, let's go!" We jumped into a jeep, which he drove to his headquarters—a converted trailer. For an hour or so, he talked disjointedly. He described his farm near Beersheba, and his efforts to raise wheat and cotton (successful) and lemons (not so successful). He made disparaging comments on General Haim Bar-Lev, who had been the Chief of Staff from December, 1967, to early 1972, and who had been recalled to military service from his post as Minister of Commerce and Industry in October to be the special representative of the present Chief of Staff, Lieutenant General David Elazar, on the Egyptian front. He praised Defense Minister Dayan and, in an oblique way, Prime Minister Golda Meir. "People say she'll yield up territory to the Egyptians," he said. "But I know her. She's like my mother. She'll never give anything away." He spoke a little about the October fighting. "This was the first time I'd seen a war close up. We had hand-to-hand fighting from tanks. I am glad I was with a division, not in headquarters. To be with soldiers and see how they fight is inspiring." He told me that throughout his military career he had been a partisan of mobile warfare. He said that he had left the Army in July, 1973 (remaining as a reserve general), at least partly because he opposed the system of fixed defenses—known, after the former Chief of Staff, as the Bar-Lev Line—that Israel built along the eastern bank of the Suez Canal in 1969. He talked about politics, and how he had organized the opposition to the government into a coalition—the Likud, or Alliance—and how he was standing for a seat in the Knesset at the time the October war broke out. As he talked, an orderly served highballs, made with Johnnie Walker Scotch, and then a dinner, with smoked oysters as an appetizer and frankfurters and baked beans as the main course. I interrupted the flood of words to praise the Scotch and the oysters. Sharon said, "The Army has a hard time getting supplies down here—even ammunition sometimes. But my wife always gets her packages through."

After dinner, Sharon settled down to a careful, detailed replay of the October war. In his view, it had four phases. The first phase was the surprise Arab attack on October 6th, which

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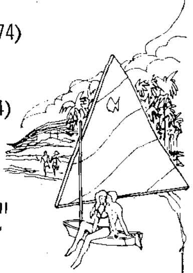

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Sharon said he had predicted. The second phase Sharon called "the loss of command control." That Saturday morning, he got the order to mobilize his armored division. The assembling of the division was slow and chaotic. There were no tank-transporter vehicles available to carry his tanks down to the Suez Canal, so they had to be driven there, and the men arrived at the front exhausted. Sunday, the tanks went into battle against the Egyptian forces. "Nobody knew what was going on. Our headquarters didn't have the picture. They were conducting war from bunkers, not on the front. That day, we lost a hundred and fifty tanks, mainly to infantry carrying anti-tank weapons. That evening, I established a defense line about six miles east of the canal. Three strongpoints along the Bar-Lev Line were surrounded. I spoke by radiophone to two of them. The conversations were tragic. They said, 'Listen, we know you. We know the Egyptians. They're no good at hand-to-hand fighting. Do something to save us.' One man said, 'I recognize your voice, Arik. I know who you are. I know you can save us.' I gave him some advice and rang off, saying he shouldn't keep the phone busy. Then I called headquarters with a request to penetrate enemy lines to rescue the three surrounded strongpoints. I didn't get permission; I was called back to headquarters. They said they would like to see my plan. I went back there by helicopter, and arrived at nine Sunday night. I said that we had to save those men no matter what—that the Israel Defense Forces couldn't lose people like that. I presented plans for a strike at the canal with a crossing to the other side, in order to destroy the self-confidence of the Egyptians. It wasn't a new idea. We had been talking about it for four years as the logical response to an Egyptian crossing of the canal. Next morning, at five, I was ready to go with three armored brigades. But at the last minute I was ordered not to move. My force was held in reserve. The task was given to another commander. I watched, and saw his force slaughtered. The attack failed because of a lack of tanks. If we had all gone together, it would have succeeded."

The third phase began with the appointment of General Bar-Lev as adviser to the Chief of Staff, General Elazar, on Tuesday, October 9th. Sharon said Bar-Lev was "a political opportunist, put in place by the government to justify past actions and deny credit to any other officers." He claimed that the

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Bar-Lev strategy was to sit and let the Egyptians knock themselves out. "I wasn't so sure the Egyptians would attack. I thought maybe they would just stay where they were. But on Saturday, the thirteenth, the Egyptian 21st Armored Division and the 16th Infantry Division attacked us. We were able to destroy about a hundred and ten tanks. They still had about two hundred tanks, but now we were in a position to counterattack. On the night of the fourteenth, I got permission to break through the 21st and 16th Divisions and cross the canal. By the next night, Monday, we were crossing in force."

The canal crossing was the fourth phase. Sharon himself was with the group preparing the assault across the waterway, and at one point he climbed into the bulldozer clearing a space for a launching ramp on the east bank. As soon as the space was cleared, a brigade of paratroops drove straight to the east bank and crossed the canal on rafts. During the first day, they penetrated twenty miles on the Egyptian side and knocked out four missile sites. "I called headquarters and told them that we could move forward, that we were at a turning point," Sharon said. "But headquarters did not feel that the bridgehead was secure. They made me recall my advance party. In the end, we moved too late. They just didn't have the right picture at headquarters. We moved too late. We defeated the Egyptians, but we didn't finish the war. I know we have a strong country and a lot of energetic and ingenious people. I also know that it's never as bad as you fear or as good as you hope. But for twenty-five years we had a posture of deterrence—a posture that deterred the Arabs from attacking us. Now we've lost it."

GENERAL SHARON's version of the war and the Israeli strategy, which soon became widely known, drew both political ripostes and quick rebuttals from various other generals. Israel's Attorney General, Meir Shamgar, has officially rebuked Sharon for making his criticisms public. General Elazar, in an interview on Israeli television, dealt directly with the timing of the canal crossing. "The crossing came neither too early nor too late," he said. "Had it taken place earlier, the Egyptian armored reserves would have still been on the western bank, constituting a threat to the Israeli forces once they crossed." The criticisms of the fixed line of fortifications were rebutted by General Bar-Lev in an interview with the newspaper *Ma'ariv*. About the Bar-Lev Line he said, "Whoever says the

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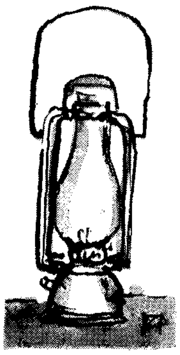
strongholds did not succeed in curbing the Egyptian attack is talking rubbish. The Egyptians intended in their initial attack to reach the passes, some thirty kilometres [eighteen miles] away, but they were held to eight to ten kilometres [five to six miles]. I say that our deployment in Sinai did not collapse. The strongholds fell because they were not intended to be more than advance posts."

As for the question of how much was known about the enemy attack beforehand, a high intelligence officer, who would not allow me to use his name, acknowledged in an interview that there had been detailed information regarding Egyptian and Syrian preparations. He said, "We had the battle plan months in advance." Between September 26th and October 4th, "a great fuss" on the other side convinced him that something was going on. "But we had seen exactly the same thing several times during the year," he said. "We cannot mobilize our reserves every three months. So when we were asked if it was possible to contain their forces with our reserves, we were satisfied it could be done. In retrospect, we were right. We did contain them. Our mistake was in estimating the casualties—we thought there would be far fewer losses. Let me put the question of mobilizing the reserves this way: If somebody tells you you might get a cold but can avoid it by taking an injection, you probably don't take the injection. If somebody tells you you might get cholera but can avoid it by taking an injection, you take the injection. We thought—we all thought—the worst we could get was a cold. As it happened, we got cholera."



An infantry officer closely connected with General Dayan explained the over-all strategy of the war, and particularly the inconclusive end. He said, "Our basic security situation is that we are a small country with a small army, and a much smaller regular army. The regular army is able to contain an Arab offensive on both the Syrian and the Egyptian fronts long enough to call up reserves. But we don't have enough force—even with the reserves—to achieve victory simultaneously on two fronts. In this war, Syria had to be stopped first, because the Syrians were closer to the villages of Israel. Once we achieved the containment of Syria, we turned back to Egypt. Egypt could fight without a second front; Syria couldn't go on if we achieved victory over Egypt."

"But did you achieve victory?" I asked.

"The ceasefire is the proof of our victory," he replied. "If we had asked for a ceasefire, nothing would have stopped. The U.N. would have let the Arabs roll over us. The fact that the Russians asked for the ceasefire is our big victory. If we had kept on fighting, we would have destroyed more men and more matériel. The only thing we really had to gain from continued fighting was more casualties. The ceasefire is a wonderful starting point for real negotiations. The fact is that we faced a dilemma. Was it better to deal with an Egypt on its knees or an Egypt that had saved face?"

Despite the debate among the military commanders, public faith in the Zahal has remained extraordinarily high. Two of Israel's leading sociologists, Louis Guttman and Elihu Katz, both of the Hebrew University, have been measuring public attitudes toward the Army—among other aspects of Israeli life—at regular intervals since 1967. Their opinion samples showed that as of September, 1973, seventeen per cent of the people were "very worried" about the fighting ability of the Israel Defense Forces and only thirty-six per cent were "not worried." During the war, those who were "very worried" declined to nine per cent in the first week of the fighting, and went back to seventeen per cent after the ceasefire. The number "not worried" rose steadily, levelling off at fifty per cent. However, growing confidence in the Israeli forces was accompanied by rising respect for the Arabs. According to the poll, the outcome of the war caused sixty per cent of the Israelis to believe that the Arabs had "improved their image as fighters;" more than half the Israelis believed that the Arabs had "advanced their international status;" and more than a third believed that there had been "a restoration of Arab pride." The growing respect for the Arabs was accompanied, not surprisingly, by an expression of increased willingness to yield territory in return for a long-term settlement. In keeping with that spirit, seventy-three per cent of all Israelis felt it was right for the government to accept the ceasefire of October 22nd. But, despite the willingness to yield territory in exchange for a long-term settlement, an overwhelming majority of Israelis doubted whether the ceasefire would last. Soundings during and after the war showed that

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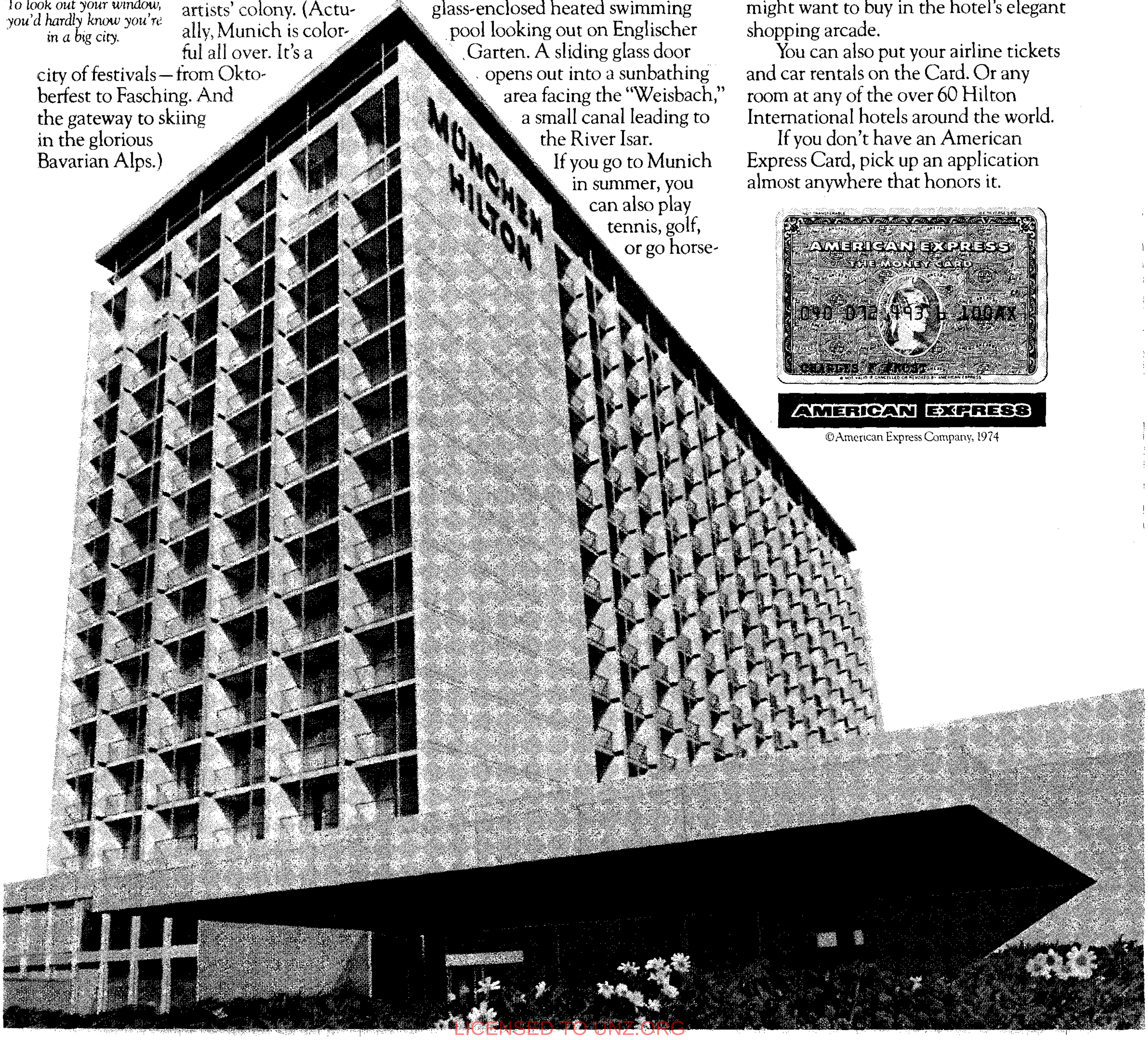

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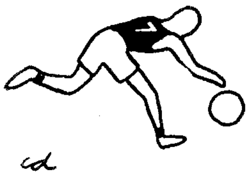
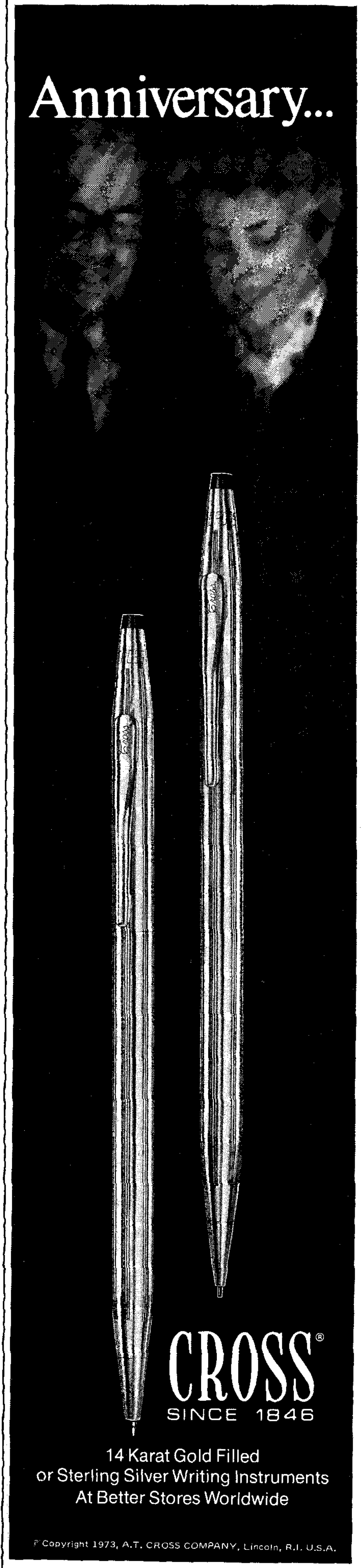
a steady eighty-five per cent of all Israelis believed that the purpose of the Arab attack was to annihilate Israel, not merely to take more territory.

Concern about security did not entirely eclipse acute discontent on other public issues. War casualties and prisoners were one specific sore point. According to the latest statistics, about twenty-five hundred Israelis were killed during the October war, and roughly the same number were wounded. About four hundred and fifty, some hundred and fifty of whom had fought in Syria, were listed as missing. That toll is far smaller than the losses during the war of independence, in 1948 and 1949, when sixty-two hundred people were killed out of a population of three-quarters of a million—a quarter of Israel's present size. But the October war was shorter, and the Israelis had become used to tiny losses; in the Six-Day War of 1967 there were eight hundred and six people killed, and in the Sinai campaign of 1956 the loss was a hundred and ninety. Worries were intensified this time because several hundred prisoners were taken by Egypt and Syria, and held under conditions that were apparently rough. Moreover, grief in Israel tends to be felt with special keenness, because everybody is linked to somebody else through the communal bonds of a family, a kibbutz, a trade union, or a closely knit neighborhood. The strength of these ties and their impact on feelings come home in the most casual meetings. I went one day to the Hulda Kibbutz, about forty-five minutes' drive from Tel Aviv, to visit the novelist Amos Oz. I had just entered his small home when a woman came in, talking excitedly and brandishing a copy of *Time*. The magazine had a picture of a score of Israeli prisoners being held in Egypt. Many of the faces were quite blurred, but the woman believed she recognized a brother who had been reported missing. She was going the rounds of the kibbutz asking all those she saw if they thought it was her brother in the photograph. A couple of days later, I was visiting a newspaper colleague, Rafael Bashan, in a city near Tel Aviv, Ramat-Gan. We heard a wailing noise outside. "Four boys from our street were killed," Bashan said. "What you hear is the mourning."



LESS painful but equally serious is the general condition of the Israeli economy. According to Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, the war and the extended mobilization will cost Israel, during the 1973-74 fiscal year, a billion dollars, or about fifteen per cent of the annual gross national product. A compulsory war loan—financed chiefly by raising corporate and income taxes—is supposed to net two hundred and fifty million dollars. Voluntary war loans, with interest of only three per cent, payable after five years, are expected to bring in an equal amount. Most of the rest is supposed to come from cuts in subsidies for cheap food, transportation, and housing. Apart from imposing financial stringency, the war and mobilization have caused tremendous disruption in the labor market. During the active fighting, the total work force of slightly over a million people dropped by about fifty per cent—mainly through the call-up of young men and women, but partly because most of the sixty thousand Arabs who had been commuting to work in Israel from territories on the West Bank of the Jordan walked off the job. As the emergency eased, the Army's strength was reduced, and the Arab workers drifted back to their jobs. By the end of the year, the labor shortage had abated. About eighty-five per cent of the workers were back on the job—including sixty per cent, or thirty-six thousand, of the Arabs. A third general economic constraint concerned transportation and building equipment. The Army mobilized thousands of buses and private trucks, and held on to many of them for supplying the forces on both fronts. Something like three hundred out of a nationwide total of eight hundred bulldozers and other earth-moving machines were called up, mostly for the building of fortifications on the Syrian front. The lack of transport created a bottleneck for both workers and goods. At one point, the government ordered twenty-five hundred trucks from Europe and the United States on an emergency basis, and Holland shipped over sixty large trucks complete with volunteer drivers.

In one way or another, virtually every Israeli has been hit by the economic pinch. Taxes are way up. A family that earns nine thousand dollars annually is now left with only three thousand seven hundred and sixty-three dollars after taxes. For an income of eighteen thousand dollars, the figure after taxes is seven thousand two hundred and thirty-one dollars; for one of twenty-four thousand dollars, it is eight thousand three hundred and eleven dollars. Prices—especially those of goods that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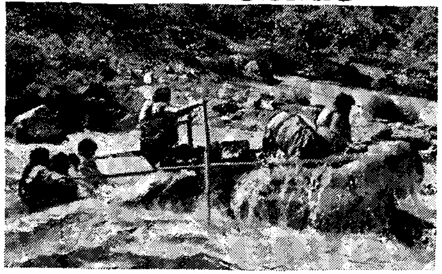

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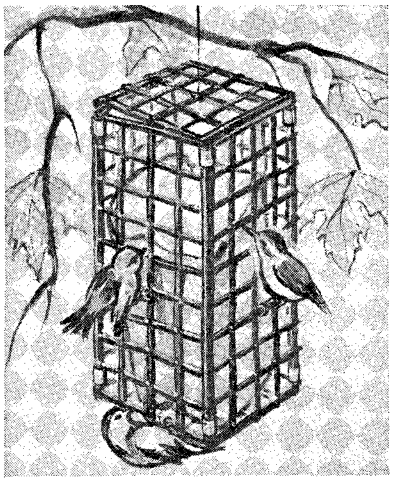

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used to be subsidized—are also way up. The removal of subsidies alone caused the following price rises: frozen meat, up forty per cent; rice, up fifty per cent; electricity, up thirty per cent; fuel, up thirty-five per cent; eggs, up fifteen per cent; clothing and shoes, up seven and seven-tenths per cent; furniture, up four and four-tenths per cent. Part of the increases will be compensated by a cost-of-living rise in wages of about fifteen per cent. But the over-all Israeli rate of inflation for the year is more than twenty per cent. Israel's balance of payments is not in terrible trouble—thanks to an American loan of two billion two hundred million dollars and a record drive for private contributions in the United States, Canada, and other countries, which are expected to yield about two billion more for the fifteen months beginning with the war. But housing construction will be cut from an estimated sixty thousand units for 1974 to forty-five thousand. Tourism has dropped severely. Teachers will have to take forty-five students per class instead of a maximum of forty. Over all, the gross national product is expected to increase by about two per cent in 1974, as against the nine- to ten-per-cent increase projected before the war. The general standard of living will be down by six per cent per capita.

PERHAPS the most sensitive issue of all has been the diplomatic isolation that followed the outbreak of the war. In the years following the Six-Day War, Israel had made a special point of cultivating the newly independent states of black Africa—largely by means of aid programs and ceremonial visits but also, rumor had it, by bribing individual leaders in one way or another. But the black African states, once the war was on, broke relations with Israel, one by one.

The occupation of the territory seized in 1967 from the Arabs in Gaza and on the West Bank of the Jordan had been accompanied by rich employment opportunities for Arab workers who found jobs in Israel, for these workers got all the wage benefits and some of the fringe benefits prevalent there. After hostilities began, though, the Arabs on the West Bank and in Gaza first refused to show up for work and then made their feelings known in a series of terrorist attacks on Israelis in Jerusalem and also in Hebron and Nablus, the largest Arab cities on the West Bank.

At least partly in order to win sympathy from elements in Europe, the United States, and Japan, when it became clear that war was inevitable

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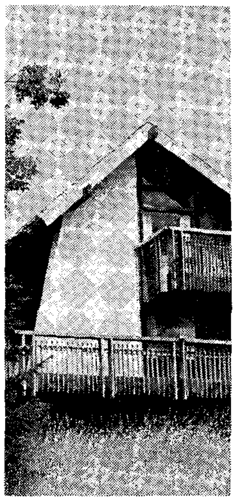

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Mrs. Meir rejected a proposal for a preëmptive air strike against Egypt and Syria. "This time," she is reported to have said in turning down the proposal, "it has to be crystal clear who began, so we won't have to go around the world convincing people our cause is just." Nevertheless, when the war came, the governments of the advanced countries, except for the United States and Holland, showed no sympathy for Israel. Britain and West Germany refused flyover rights for the American airlift bringing supplies to the Israelis. The French and the Japanese acted as though the only problem were to force Israel to give up territories taken in the 1967 war.

The action of the African states was widely interpreted in Israel as a matter of geographical solidarity with the Arabs, and of pressure applied by the oil states. There was at least some Israeli understanding of the attitudes among the Arabs in the occupied territories. In Jerusalem one day, I proposed to an Israeli and his wife, who happens to be a seventh-generation citizen of the town, that we eat in an Arab restaurant in the Old City. She refused. "Not because I have any complexes about them," she said. "I know where I stand. The problem is that they are loyal to the Arab cause but must yield to our power. They have divided feelings, and for us to go to eat in a restaurant of theirs only underlines their moral dilemma." But there was no such understanding of the Europeans. Some of the most cultivated and gentle Israelis were provoked to truly harsh judgments. The great historian Jacob Talmon, who had been a leading proponent of withdrawal from the Arab lands ever since the Six-Day War, told me, "We're used to the cynical self-interest of the French. We know that the reason the sun never set on the British Empire was that God wouldn't trust Britain in the dark. But that the Germans should try to prevent the Americans from sending help here! That fills us with anguish." Yehuda Amichai, who is perhaps Israel's supreme poet, said, "We have a healthy society and a powerful Army. Our Army performed more valiantly than in the Six-Day War. But this achievement was hushed up by the powers in the Security Council. The U.N. Security Council is among the ugliest things I have seen in the world. It is the pinnacle of cynical ugliness."

The novelist Amos Oz, also known for dovish views, was even more bitter. "In 1967, we attacked," he said. "We were the bad guys. And the British and

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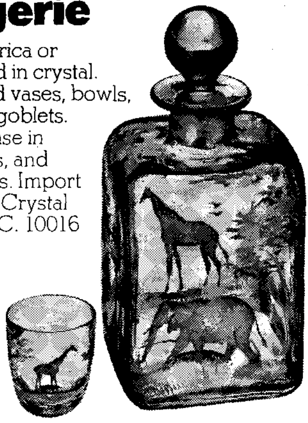

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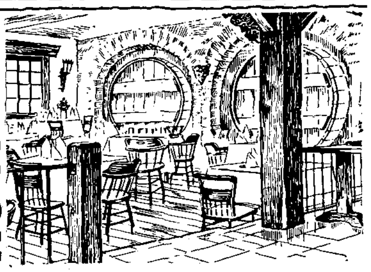

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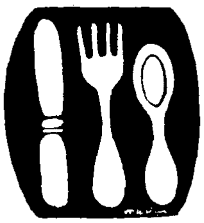
WITH national elections approaching, the general mood of bitterness offered abundant ammunition for assault on the government of Prime Minister Meir. The attack came in two waves. First, there was a battle fought out within her Labor Party, which dominates the ruling coalition, known as the Labor Alignment. The challenge was directed against Mrs. Meir, Defense Minister Dayan, and Minister Without Portfolio Israel Galili—the trio, known because of its rigidity as the Cement Triangle, that had dominated Israel's national-security policy between the Six-Day War and the October war. Their policy was based on the theory that Israel was so powerful militarily that the Arabs would not dare attack. Strong in that faith, the three espoused what was known as "creeping annexation," whereby most of the lands occupied in the Six-Day War would be progressively integrated into Israel as a form of pressure on the Arab states to negotiate a settlement. That policy was summarized in a paper called the Galili Document, after its author, and the paper was adopted last August as part of the Labor Party platform.

The war caused the elections to be postponed from October 31st until December 31st and offered an opportunity for reconsideration of the Party platform. That opportunity was seized by Labor doves, under the leadership of Arie Eliav, a former secretary-general of the Party, who had insisted for years that Israel forgo creeping annexation in favor of a policy of deliberately engaging the Arab states in negotiations. In the very first days of the October fighting, Eliav coined a descriptive phrase for the war which was almost universally picked up—"the earthquake." He said that it had shaken everything—that there had to be a repudiation of the Galili Document and a change in the Party leadership. In an interview I had with him, Eliav said of General Dayan, "Humpty Dumpty—he had a great fall and now he can't be put back together again." He went on to say, "We are coming out of the LSD trip we have had for the last six and a half years. That was six and a half years of false paradise. Now everybody understands there is not safety only in military strength."



"Everybody" turned out to include far more people than are usually denoted by that word on the lips of an interested politician. In one way or another, most of the aspirants to Mrs. Meir's mantle in the Labor Party edged toward Mr. Eliav. Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon, in a speech on December 5th, declared that there should be resignations, and added, in an obvious thrust at the Cement Triangle, that "not all of us are equally responsible for what happened." Foreign Minister Abba Eban, in a speech on November 27th, sounded exactly like Eliav: "The war has shaken Israelis out of the images and ways of thought in which they had lived for over six years." Most important of all, Finance Minister Sapir—the man who was keeper of the purse strings and also controlled the Party machine, which is designated in Hebrew by the term "Gush" (meaning "bloc")—was obviously keeping his distance from the Cement Triangle. He pointed out to many people, including me, that he had not even been asked to the Cabinet meetings immediately preceding the outbreak of the war. He added that there was no money to pay for new settlements in the occupied territories, as projected in the Galili Document.

The showdown came at a meeting of the Labor Party's Central Committee in Tel Aviv on December 6th. Mrs. Meir (who had chain-smoked through a fourteen-hour debate) won what looked like a tremendous victory. By a vote of two hundred and ninety-one to thirty-three, with only fifteen abstentions, her mandate as head of the Labor Party ticket was renewed. But before that, under pressure both of events and of the doves in her own party, she had yielded important ground. Israel had accepted a ceasefire, opened negotiations on territorial disengagement with Egypt at Kilometre 101, and agreed in principle to sit down to the peace conference that was to be convoked at Geneva. "There is no Jew in Israel who can say he is the same today as he was on Yom Kippur Eve," she said on November 24th, in a speech acknowledging the changes. In addition, she had accepted a new fourteen-point program for the Labor Party. Without specifically repudiating the Galili Document, the fourteen-point program made muted reference to new settlements in the occupied territories. Finance Minister Sapir, in his speech to the Central Committee, said that the Galili Document was "in shreds."

The second challenge to the present leadership came in the election campaign itself. This time, the attack was from the hawks on the right wing of Israeli politics, grouped in the Likud, which General Sharon had put together. Since the General had been called up, he could not campaign, and the leadership of the Likud devolved on Menachem Begin, an old and controversial hand in Israeli politics. Mr. Begin, a Polish Jew who had been arrested and deported to Siberia early in the Second World War, came to Palestine as a member of a Polish force raised to fight the Germans after Russia teamed up with the Allies. Later, he became the head of the Irgun, the illegal Jewish underground that fought the British and the Arabs in the final days of the Palestine Mandate. As the head of Herut, or the Freedom Movement, he was, except during the national coalition that ruled at the time of the Six-Day War, a permanent fixture of the Israeli opposition. In private life, Mr. Begin is an engaging figure of impressive seriousness. He lives in a modest ground-floor apartment on the outskirts of Tel Aviv. I visited him there at the time Henry Kissinger was first sounding out the Israelis on their attitude toward international guarantees, and Mr. Begin ran through the historical gamut on such guarantees: the Treaty of Locarno, in 1923; the Munich Agreement of 1938; the 1950 guarantees to Israel and the Arabs by the United States, France, and Britain; and the American offer, in 1957, to support the right of innocent passage through the Gulf of Aqaba. "What guarantee can guarantee the guarantee?" he asked. His wariness, however, did not make him dour. "I'm very optimistic," he said. "Our people lives, and it lives well. In this very room, my wife and I hid for two years. We were only six hundred and fifty Jews against the mighty British Empire. There were limitless cemeteries in Europe. Now look how we have advanced. So how can I be pessimistic?"

Publicly, however, Mr. Begin came across as an unreasonable hard-liner. He criticized the government at every step of the negotiations carried out through Dr. Kissinger. He expressed doubts about the ceasefire, about Dr. Kissinger, about the good faith of the

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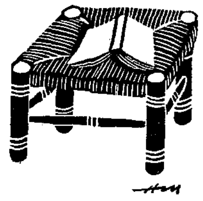
Arabs, and about the Geneva peace conference, especially in the light of the Syrian failure to exchange lists of prisoners. His constant theme was the mismanagement of the October war. "Why did you not mobilize the reserves before Yom Kippur?" he kept asking Mrs. Meir. "Why did you not move the weaponry up to the fronts? You may well say, 'Blessed is the nation which has such soldiers to fight for it.' But you cannot say, 'Blessed is the nation which has such a government to lead it.' "

With Mr. Begin out front for the opposition, it was child's play for Mrs. Meir and the Labor Alignment to come across as the protagonists of peace. "Peace Through Strength" was the slogan that the Labor Party plastered up on walls and kiosks throughout the country. The Alignment's campaign boss, Avraham Ofer, of Gush, laid the choice before the electorate in these terms: "Likud policies will cause the war to continue. The Alignment, on the other hand, is ready to make far-reaching concessions for a settlement." In a television interview on December 20th, Dayan said, "I think we can take a favorable view of the general situation, since we are going to a peace conference." Mrs. Meir now allowed herself to talk of peace. Asked in a television interview whether she thought Israel might not be tricked into an agreement that would force her to yield up territory in several bites, she said, "This is possible. But we have always said that the moment any of our neighbors wishes and is ready to sit with us and negotiate we will not examine him with an X-ray machine to see what he is really thinking deep in his heart."



The election, not surprisingly, registered enormous public confusion. There was obvious dissatisfaction with Mrs. Meir and the leadership of her party. The Labor Alignment dropped from fifty-six to fifty-one seats in the Knesset—barely enough to form a coalition government. But within the Alignment the doves suffered most. The true base of dovish opinion, Gush, was beaten in its stronghold, Tel Aviv, where the newly elected mayor is a former general, Shlomo Lahat. Not that the electorate showed any stomach for more fighting. The Likud coalition jumped from thirty-two seats in the Knesset to only thirty-nine (one of them gained by General Sharon)—far too few to form a government.

The absence of a mandate on policy shifted the emphasis to personalities. Mrs. Meir, her government somewhat disavowed and herself almost prostrate with nervous fatigue, was ineligible for victory honors. Since the peace faction in the Labor Party had lost badly, the Party's leading doves—Deputy Prime Minister Allon, Foreign Minister Eban, and Finance Minister Sapir—were also deprived of any glory. By a process of elimination, General Dayan, the old foe of the Party machine that had been humbled, and a crucial figure in holding off the challenge of the Likud hawks, now stood on high ground. Mrs. Meir sent him to Washington to pick up the thread of the negotiations that had been broken off for the elections. Humpty Dumpty had been put together again.

In General Dayan Dr. Kissinger found the kind of opposite number he always likes, a fit confrere for Chou En-lai and Le Duc Tho—that is to say, a tough and realistic leader, able to deliver his home constituency and having a personal political stake in bringing negotiations to the point. Once in Washington, General Dayan broached various Israeli notions for arranging a disengagement around Suez: a partial Israeli withdrawal from the canal; a limitation on the size of Egyptian forces in the area; demilitarization of the space between the two forces; joint patrolling of the area by Egyptian and Israeli forces. The basic idea was that Israel would yield some territory for some security. "A piece of land for a piece of peace" was how General Dayan phrased it.

Dr. Kissinger accepted the gambit and agreed to sound out the Egyptians. At the invitation of General Dayan, he returned to the Near East, and there ensued the intense round of negotiations in which Dr. Kissinger shuttled between Egypt, to meet with President Anwar al-Sadat, and Israel, to keep on meeting with General Dayan and Prime Minister Meir. On January 17th, agreement was reached, and the next day Israeli and Egyptian generals signed the disengagement accord in the tent at Kilometre 101.

The terms provided for Israeli withdrawal to positions twenty-five to thirty-six kilometres (sixteen to twenty-two and a half miles) east of the canal. The Egyptians would be allowed to occupy the east bank of the canal, but in limited strength. A United Nations force would stand between the Israeli and the Egyptian positions. Next, Dr. Kissinger posted off to Jordan and

Syria, presumably in search of similar border agreements. The Geneva peace conference at which the Israelis were supposed to enter long, direct negotiations with the Arab states was, in effect, prorogued.

Given the election and the relatively clear vote against further fighting, it is not easy to see how anybody could have got a better deal for Israel. Still, Israel had abandoned territory without getting any formal guarantees in return; the ceasefire was subject to control by a despised instrument, the United Nations Security Council; and the future depended on secret commitments from Dr. Kissinger. So the settlement brought a good deal less than unconstrained joy. Mrs. Meir, in debate in the Knesset, praised the agreement, not for itself but because "the alternative . . . is nothing but the renewal of war." General Dayan called the agreement "satisfactory." Foreign Minister Eban, normally a statesman of ebullient eloquence, mentioned "a moment of transition in our country." For the opposition, Mr. Begin complained about an Israeli withdrawal "without the peace agreement, without an end to the war . . . and with the release of the encircled Egyptian Third Army." General Sharon resigned his commission in the Army to protest. A middle-of-the-road newspaper, *Yediot Aharonot*, headed an editorial on the accord with the single word "Disgrace." Yoel Marcus, the political correspondent for the dovish paper *Ha'aretz*, wrote, "Slowly it becomes apparent that the State of Israel suffers from a leadership crisis. Comes now Dr. Kissinger and fills the room at the top. He tells us what to do and what's bad for us. He is the only one who can conduct Golda's orchestra. . . . In the days when everybody has lost confidence, in a state that resembles a fish without a head . . . everybody looks to Dr. Kissinger."

At the signing ceremony in the tent at Kilometre 101, an Israeli soldier said, "This is not the first time we are pulling out of here. Our ancestors first pulled out about three thousand two hundred years ago."

—Joseph Kraft

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DANCING

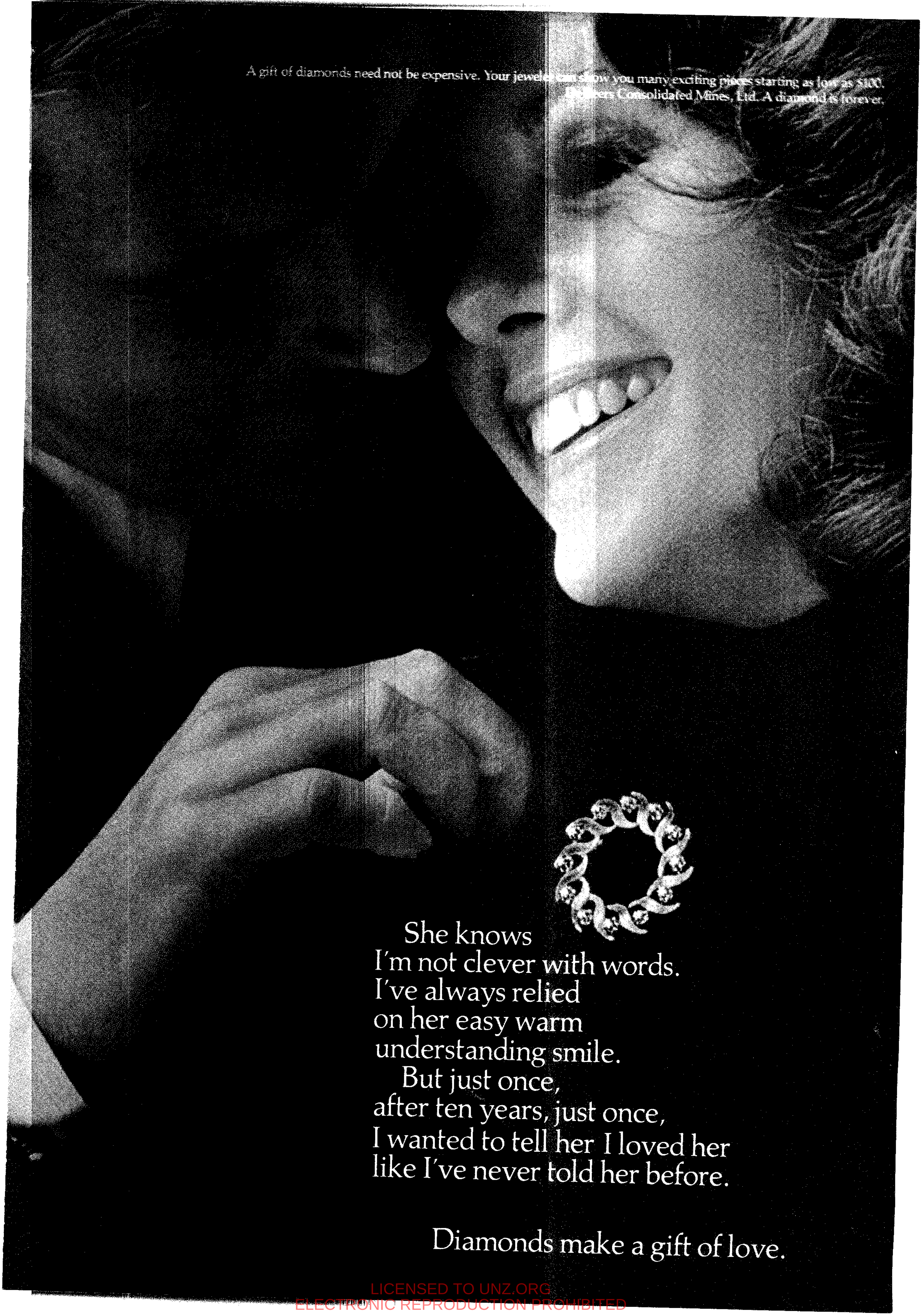
Care and Feeding

THE life of a repertory company lies in the talents of its performers, and the success of a repertory season is measured in revealed talent. Ballets do not have a life of their own; dancers keep them alive, and dancers themselves are alive only when their talents are being revealed and extended. Good choreographers know this, and they know how to get a dancer's natural gift to work for them. Bad choreographers are unwilling to compromise the grandeur of their conception with the limitations of the performers who are available to them; they expose the limitations and shorten the performers' careers. About the most one can say for "Variations pour Une Porte et Un Soupir"—because this new piece of Balanchine's is one of the *least* ballets (and perhaps also one of the worst) he has done—is that it finds a good use for the talents of Karin von Aroldingen and John Clifford, two of the most awkwardly limited dancers in the New York City Ballet, and it exercises a modest sort of fascination on that account. I can't think of anything good to say about Jerome Robbins' latest piece for the company—the perplexing "Four Bagatelles." Even though it is unmusical and inconsiderate of the dancers, it's not because Robbins is a bad choreographer who can't cope with dancers' limitations. He's a great choreographer who often behaves as if he were too great to be any good. It's his own limitations he can't cope with, or, let us say, since Robbins these days appears to be thinking in terms of Impossible Dream ballets, that it's the limitations of The Dance.

"Four Bagatelles" seems to be choreographed for two dancers who don't exist, to music that doesn't exist, either. It's all theory and no action. There's an excess of grandeur in the music Robbins has chosen—four of Beethoven's bagatelles for piano—and although I'm sure he knows this is "dance" music that wasn't meant to be danced to, he's gone ahead and set it as a standard pas de deux—adagio, two variations, coda—with "folk" touches such as might have been seen in the demi-caractère theatrical dancing of Beethoven's own time. Maybe he hoped to surprise Beethoven across the centuries, but the impression the piece leaves is of Beethoven and Robbins glumly outstaring one another across an abyss. Although the standard format seems plain enough, the driving idea behind the choreography seems to be that it's unperformable, and that its beauties are really ineffable. Some of these beauties consist of devices adapted from Balanchine (adapted, however, with only the faintest plausible connection to this music)—a complex dance figure occurring a moment ahead of or behind a complex figure in the music, so as to convey the effect of anticipation or echo; a long, *long* supported promenade for the ballerina in which she keeps altering pose. There are also those effects that interest Robbins in the workshop of his mind—deliberate effects of strained logic, anti-rhythm, non-causality. One could catalogue all the devices and write a term paper on choreography, but does one want to see a term-paper ballet? And who could dance it? Violette Verdy and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, who gave "Four Bagatelles" in one preview performance here last spring, have certain eccentricities as dancers which helped cover up, or at least suggested a parallel to, the eccentricities of the choreography. They didn't, though, cover up the fact that the piece is pointlessly taxing to dance, and the cast I saw this season didn't, either. But Gelsey Kirkland and Helgi Tomasson are two dancers whose classically limpid style magnified every gnarl and gap and twist. They concealed nothing in Robbins' ballet and, with the sweetest of intentions, were merciless to it.

Kirkland's style, with its exceptional clarity and vitality, has its own element of concealment in the force of her impetus. She can fade gently into her own momentum, into a kind of steady-as-you-go, and as you watch her getting paler and milkier and more and more uninsistent, suddenly without a break in continuity she's on top of you in a huge, bounding jump. The scale changes with no apparent change in attack; the evenness of the reverie continues. Dancing like this is mesmerizing, but you wouldn't think so calm and clean and mild a style would be so popular. Kirkland isn't a colorful dancer and her feats are accomplished without a trace of personality projection, yet of all the New York City's girls who have been granted principal-dancer status in the last few years she's the only solid audience favorite and the only genuine ballerina, too. Karin von Aroldingen and Kay Mazzo and Sara Leland have been pushed up to their fullest capacities and beyond, but I can't accept any of them as ballerinas, and when the company has been hit as hard as it has been this season, by injuries to Verdy and Patricia McBride, and with less rehearsal time to make up for their absence than there would have been if there hadn't been a strike, it's little Miss Kirkland, taking on role after role, who's been the fountain of strength.

But the crisis has only proved what has been evident for some time—that the company hasn't enough ballerinas—and Balanchine without ballerinas is like Ziegfeld without stairs. Under normal circumstances, this is the season we would have been looking for the dancers who are Kirkland's juniors (in rank if not in years) to make their mark in significant parts—dancers like Colleen Neary and Christine Redpath, among others. But for a number of careers the season has been one big holding operation. Neary did get "Firebird," but this is a role in which the main concern of the ballerina is not tripping over her train, and so far there have been no débuts that could be described as auspicious. Except for Gelsey Kirkland's. The Verdy role in the charming Delibes divertissement that Balanchine calls "La Source" was taken by both Kirkland (with Tomasson) and Mazzo (with Peter Martins), and because I'd always felt that the role is quintessential Verdy, full of firmly profiled arabesques and high relevés-passés that flattered Verdy's pulled-up thighs and sensitive feet, I didn't think either of the newcomers would have much success in it. And, in relation to Verdy, Mazzo's sketchy, fretful outline and infirm legs and feet weren't very interesting. Mazzo is easy to like, and some portion of the audience always responds romantically to her, but she's really good to look at only from the waist up. All her energy seems to go into securing that Victorian "princess" cameo framed by elegant arms. But with Kirkland the whole role was revitalized, and I forgot what it had been like as a Verdy vehicle. And with Tomasson assisting Kirkland in the beautiful lifts and performing the two male solos with the delicacy and style that no one has ever been able to give them before, I forgot that I'd been tempted to dismiss "La Source," after the Mazzo-Martins performance,



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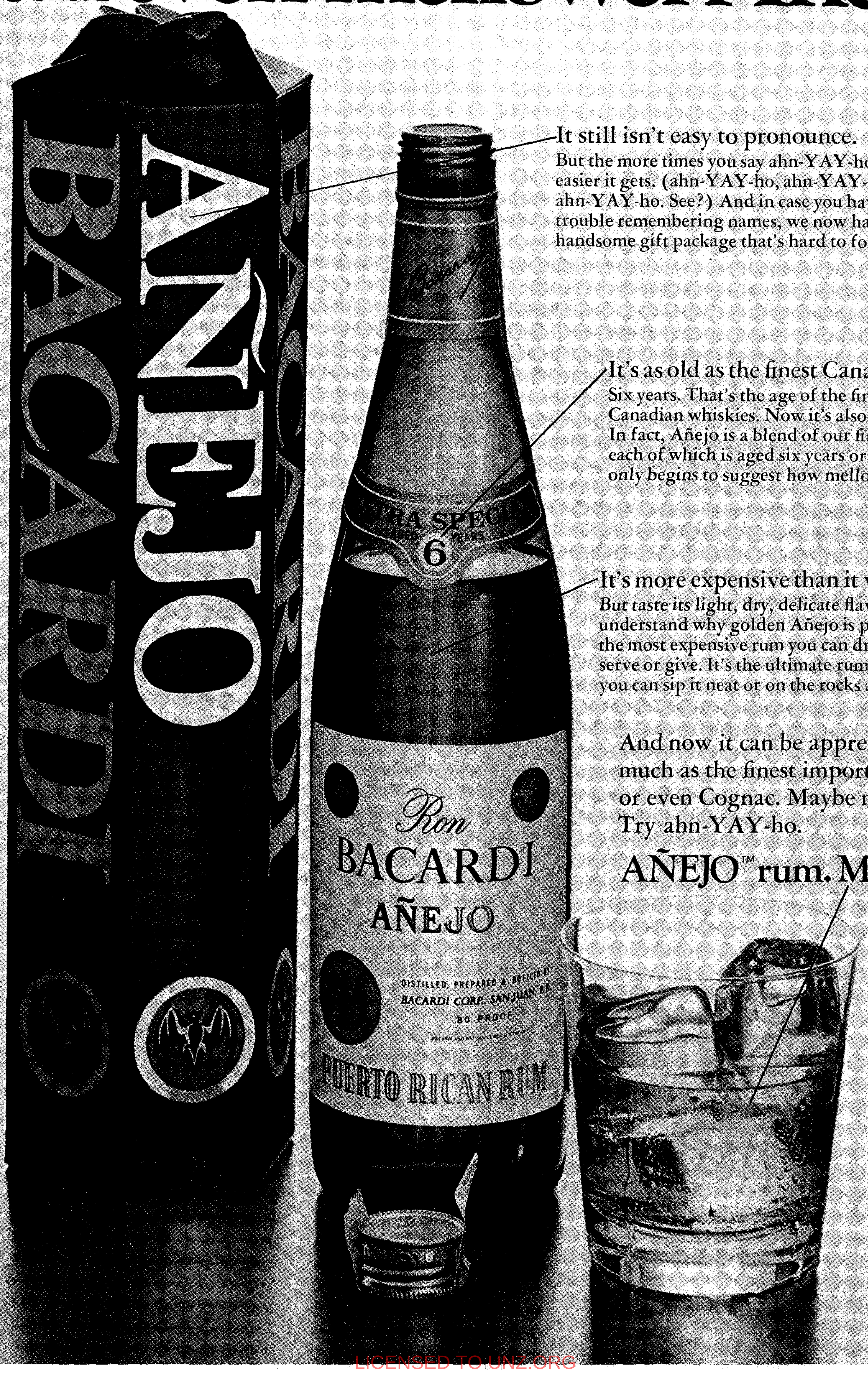
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as just another pink ballet. Martins seemed cast solely to support Mazzo, and he danced the solos perfunctorily, as if he knew it. Casting Martins opposite Mazzo fulfills and extends Mazzo, but casting Martins, the tallest man in the company, opposite the tiny Kirkland (as in the "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3") isn't a good idea. Tomasson is more than a partner for Kirkland, but he doesn't give her anything she doesn't have. He doubles her strength, like a twin. Their "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" was another revelation—ingenuous, lambent, fleet, a world away from the powerhouse exhibition number we usually see.

Another remarkable thing about Kirkland is that, unlike the rest of the New York City's ranking dancers, she hasn't depended on specially tailored roles to help her grow (and she hasn't had many); she seems able to grow by herself. Von Aroldingen and Mazzo are at their best in the roles Balanchine has made for them—ingeniously fashioned roles that capitalize on every good point and cover every deficiency. They are both in the "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and both are completely convincing. Von Aroldingen must be the least compelling dancer Balanchine has ever worked with. She's tall and blocklike, with big muscles, a long torso, and proportionately short legs. She has the face of a Nordic movie goddess (the outdoor type) and a manner both placid and intense. Her granitic glamour is one of the things Balanchine has used well in the past, and now, in "Variations pour Une Porte et Un Soupir," he makes her lack of transparency seem positive. Planted in the center of the stage, she's the Door that John Clifford, as the Sigh, is trying to enter. Of course, the two dancers never become involved (one shudders to think of it: this tank of a woman rolling over this eel of a man); they confront each other matter-of-factly, and the first third of the piece, in which the two alternate in passages of acrobatic mime, is a dourly funny Balanchine puppetoon. Clifford's role, which consists of a great many agonized contortionist poses and hairspring leaps, is based on such earlier Balanchine conceptions as the Todd Bolender role in the "Unanswered Question" section of "Ivesiana" and the Paul Taylor solo in "Episodes," and von Aroldingen's movements are those familiar mock-elegant gestures Balanchine has created for many of his female characters, beginning with his Siren in "The Prodigal Son." What makes the parody movements funny is that they're exactly synchronized to the sounds of Pierre

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Henry's musique-concrète score. With a deliberately gawky, note-for-note (so to speak) literalness Balanchine would never think of applying to orchestral music, Clifford writhes to respiratory noises, and von Aroldingen, insouciantly angled at knee, elbow, and wrist, swivels to the accompaniment of wrenched hinges and creaking wood. But the interest this creates—which isn't exactly a *high* interest—dies when the scenic element takes over the ballet, and the absurd solemnity of what we are seeing and hearing slips away into straight solemnity.

Musique concrète, a Paris export, was a hot item in this country in the fifties. The purpose that American choreographers found for it then doesn't seem to have affected the French and other European choreographers who have continued to make liberal use of it (Henry composed his score in 1963, and Béjart choreographed it in 1965). Another feature of "Variations" seems shipped from Paris, too—the enormous train of black silk that stretches from von Aroldingen's waist to the sides and back of the stage and that, when lifted in peaks and made to sway and billow, becomes animated décor. One thinks again of the Siren, a role von Aroldingen performs and in which she not only has a cape that becomes part of the décor but walks on her hands, as she does here (and in the "Violin Concerto"). But if "Variations" suggests a deranged parody of "The Prodigal Son," it also suggests innumerable ballets from Paris with capes in them (Loïe Fuller, whom Mallarmé and Rodin praised, probably started the whole business with her manipulations of light and silk at the Folies-Bergère), and Balanchine's method of "dramatizing" musique concrète is not much above the sort of thing a Béjart or a Roland Petit would offer us. A peculiar characteristic of Balanchine's use of faddish material is that he doesn't place himself above it, he places himself entirely at its service, and generally the experiment fails, not because the material is outside his range but because it's beneath his gifts. I'm afraid "Variations" must be added to the short list of his works which might be headed "Fads and Foibles"—a list that includes such dim experiments of the past as "Electronics" and "Modern Jazz: Variants" (the titles indicate the areas of experimentation) and the more recent "PAMTGG" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."

A new talent of Edward Villella's was revealed in the "Pulcinella" on which Balanchine and Robbins collaborated for the Stravinsky Festival. Since the role makes very slight use of Villella as a dancer and striking use of his abilities as a comic actor, I'd like to think he could go on doing it years after he gets tired of dancing, but the ballet isn't good enough to last that long. It's amazing that it's lasted this long, and although Balanchine has revised it widely and wisely, it will never be right. The big, busy Eugene Berman set full of rafters and laundry, the score with its musicianly jokes, and the episodic action make the piece hard to follow and almost impossible to enjoy if you *can* follow it. The broad humor of the pantomime doesn't seem to come from the same world as the icily mirthful music. Balanchine finds the levity in Stravinsky in such a piece as the "Violin Concerto" and uses it gratefully; in "Pulcinella" he has to play against it. The only solution I have been able to come up with is to watch Villella closely. He's the one non-abstruse and totally non-fatuous element in the piece, and he does nothing outside the lexicon, if one may call it that, of the burlesque comedian. Villella has never had a role like this before; his style in it, and his makeup and costume, disguise him past recognition and perhaps release him as well. He goes through the piece like a speeding crab, as loose as Groucho and as funny as Harpo in Harpo's special way of being funny, and with more encouragement and more "bits" I think he could be funnier still. It takes two or three viewings to get through all the production and on to Villella, and at every performance the majority of the audience isn't laughing, which has a blanketing effect on the minority, which is. But I found myself, last time around, giggling happily (though quietly) at most of what Villella did, especially at his conducting of the onstage orchestra with wiggles of his hips and other gestures of inspiration.

At Natalia Makarova's first performance of the season, everyone put on a great show—the star by dancing gloriously, the company by rising with her, the audience by its keen attention and prompt response. The event was American Ballet Theatre's "Coppélia." It is a pleasant production—bland, good-natured, in no way distinguished, yet never disappointing—and if it evades all the grander and more perilous emotions in the music, it doesn't offer us cheap substitutes. It was based by Enrique Martinez on a version he learned in Cuba, where Leon Fokine had staged it for Alicia Alonso.

I'm glad the priest's role in the third act is now being done by Kenneth Hughes, who doesn't play it as a drunk; that lampoon is more intelligible in a Catholic-Communist country than it is in our own.

The choreography is pretty minimal, but Makarova leaves you feeling that it is pure rather than thin. She finds a rhythm in the part, a thread of consistency, and draws your eye along it, phrase by unwinding phrase. The dance rhythm becomes the bond between her and the audience—a complicity upon which she then comments with all the resources of a superb actress. This instinct for rhythmic continuity is also Gelsey Kirkland's great gift—one that is still in a state of abstract development. In Makarova, it's a fully achieved art, a means by which she creates dramatic suspense and the right psychological scale for the intimacy that is necessary to high comedy. Her mime is wonderful "talking" mime, distinct in its emphases, confiding in its tone. She has an individual way of breaking up in the middle of a gesture which suggests combustible high spirits. But in all her wit as an actress one sees the same gift for plastic expression that is in her dancing, and she's the same person in all three acts. In the climactic dances of the third act, she doesn't leave the peasant girl behind and change into a grand ballerina; she remains completely a comedy character in the daringly protracted balances and stretched penchées. Under all the risks lies a ripple of amusement.

The new Ballet Theatre "Apollo," revived without Balanchine's supervision, is also an attractive production, but I noticed a few errors that could easily be corrected. In the birth scene, when one of the handmaidens cradles the baby Apollo and rocks him, he should open his mouth as if in a bawl. He probably shouldn't enter on the "plunk" in the music that signals the end of Leto's labor. In the Apotheosis, the moving-bridge sequence, with Apollo and the three Muses passing beneath each other's linked arms, should consist of three complete evolutions, not two, and the peacock pose should be held longer. At the end of the ballet, Leto should return with her handmaidens. Akira Endo should conduct every performance.

As for the dance performances, there were things in them that have always puzzled me about "Apollo" and things that puzzled me for the first time. I have always wondered why, in the giant leaps of the coda, so many Apollos omit the one detail that seems to me to make the leaps unique—twisting the

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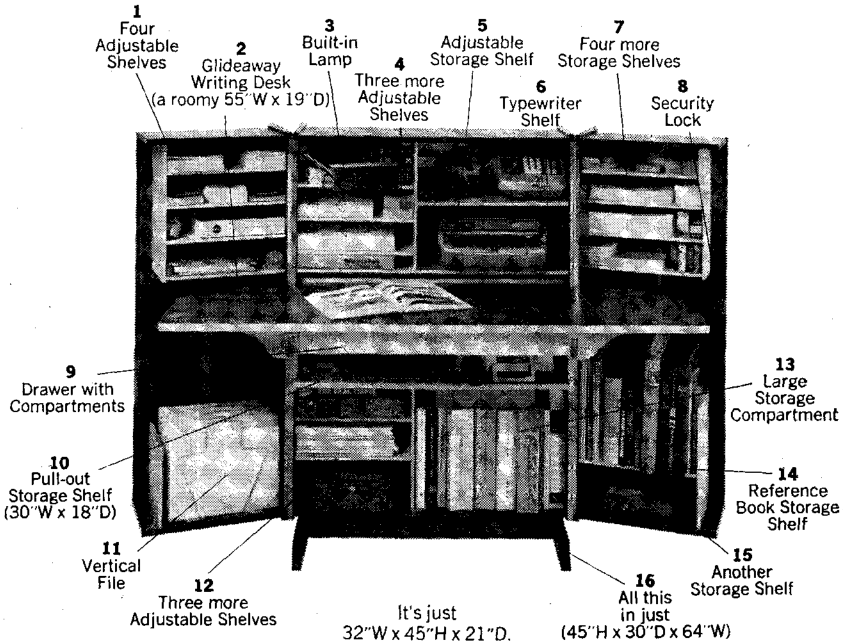
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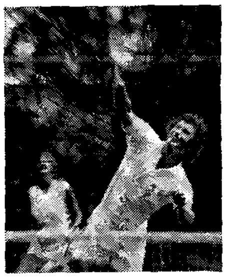

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hips at the top of the leap, like a pole-vaulter clearing the bar. (The choreography of "Apollo" comes to us from the twenties, the golden age of sport.) In Terpsichore's wide lunges, when she turns slowly through the body, Cynthia Gregory was steadfast about turning her points and then her flexed feet into the ground, and Makarova was steadfast about *not* doing it. But both gave fine performances, and so did the other female soloists—Martine van Hamel and Deborah Dobson in the Gregory cast, and Kim Highton and Hilda Morales in the Makarova cast. Of the Apollos I saw, Michael Denard looked the best, with his craggy rhythm and handsome, wily face; and he had the firmest conception. Apart from a few rashly mistimed moves, his impulses were sound, as they usually are. But they tended to be an actor's rather than a dancer's impulses, and my main criticism of his performance is my criticism of the production as a whole—that it's insufficiently musical.

The Ballet Theatre dancers who came closest to mastering the Bournonville style for a new production called "Divertissements from 'Napoli' " were Gregory, Marianna Tcherkassky, and Warren Conover, and Fernando Bujones, who *over*mastered it. Because there were almost as many changes of cast as there were performances, we never got all these dancers at one time, and so the piece, which has solos for nine principals (including two who perform the "Flower Festival—Pas de Deux," lifted from another Bournonville ballet), never accumulated the power to get it even partly off the ground. The third act of "Napoli" is the signature work of the Royal Danish Ballet, and, performed by Danish virtuosos, is one of the most joyous dance spectacles in existence. With the interpolation of "Flower Festival," it's also one of the longest, but Copenhagen audiences may well demand more from their brilliant stars—more dancing to feast away the endless winter nights. The tarantella that goes on and on and finally concludes the piece is in the nature of an encore, but the Ballet Theatre casting didn't set up a tumult in my heart, and by the time the dancers ran out with their tambourines I was ready for the sunrise and a large snort of akvavit.

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BOOKS

A Most Interesting Experience

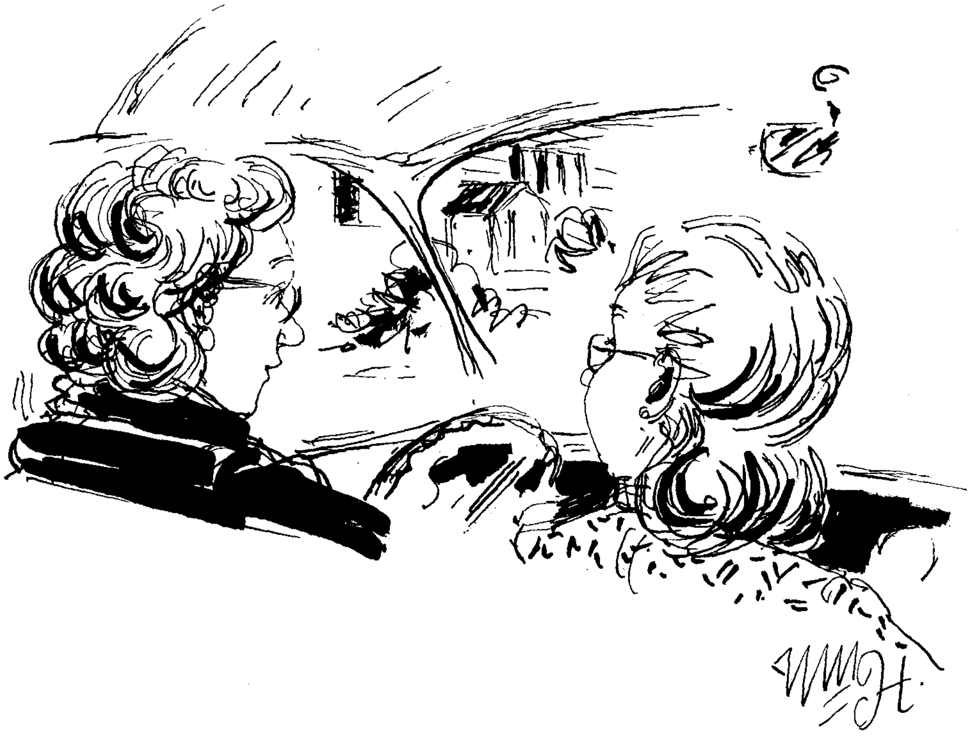
If we know nothing of the far side of death, we know all too little of the near side. For obvious and extenuating reasons, articulate men and women who face death on a date that is immutable are not often given to recording their final thoughts and fears; thus we have many last words and few last diaries. In "Stay of Execution" (Lippincott), Stewart Alsop, the Washington columnist, has provided us an exception to this rule. Stricken with heart palpitations, dizziness, and shortness of breath—all for almost the first time in his theretofore healthy life—in July of 1971, he was found to have anemia, which, according to a diagnosis, proceeded from acute myeloblastic leukemia. This disease is customarily treated by chemotherapy, a course of powerful drugs; though the drugs temporarily allay the progress of the disease and induce a remission, a relapse is almost inescapable. When that happens, death invariably follows—nearly always a year or two after the onset of the disease.

So Alsop began his first stay at the National Institutes of Health—where physicians are expected to inform the patient of the full seriousness and exact prognosis of his illness—with a "worst-case" assessment of his plight. Though the original diagnosis was soon discarded in favor of a less specific and in some ways more menacing one, the initial shock was enough to start Alsop thinking, and writing, about his life—past, present, and indefinite future. He wrote as a professional reporter, first in notebooks and later on the typewriter, contrasting the expansive and amusing episodes of his past with the grim and harrowing present, and through months of painful bone-marrow tests and even more painful revelations of the results he retained his reportorial objectivity. What he has given us is a unique document: a reporter's study of his own perhaps terminal illness.

"This is a most interesting experience, although one wishes one were not so personally involved," Alsop wrote in his notebook shortly after he entered the hospital. It is a measure of his success in detaching himself from the experience that he makes it so interesting for his readers as well. Much of this book is concerned with his reactions, specifically recalled and lucidly described, both to the twists and turns of his puzzling medical history and to the small but significant incidents of hospital life. The accuracy of his observation is uncanny: his description of what he calls the Nos Morituri Brigade—the desperately sick leukemics lined up in the outpatient clinic for their 11 A.M. blood tests—seems the definitive mural of valetudinarians being succored by the benevolent, impersonal state. And his discovery of the two kinds of fear that accompany such an illness—the childish fear of immediate pain, as from a bone-marrow aspiration, and the more mature fear of ultimate death—seems equally accurate.

Alsop, in the hands of a young and able doctor, John Glick, was not permitted to begin the customary chemotherapy. His case was too atypical; it was not clearly enough acute myeloblastic leukemia for the doctors to proceed on that course. Instead, he hung for weeks in the limbo of studies and tests as an outpatient. Then what was thought to be a virus infection, accompanied by fever, brought him back to the hospital. This time, he was not filled with a rage to live; he was, in fact, on the verge of abandoning both hope and fear when, mysteriously, his blood counts began to improve, apparently on their own. Ten days later, at the end of September, he was again discharged from the hospital. It was the beginning of what he calls the "*dies gloriae*"—the interlude when it began to appear that he had experienced a rare, spontaneous remission of the disease. But by the end of the winter the number of malignant cells in his bone marrow was rising again, while the other counts had dropped alarmingly. And still no diagnosis, except for an extremely tentative one of "smoldering leukemia." The ups and downs of his atypical case were now, Alsop says, resembling "The Perils of Pauline."

All these clinical vicissitudes are balanced in "Stay of Execution"—subtitled "A Sort of Memoir"—by the comic, dramatic, and sometimes purely reminiscent scenes of Alsop's earlier life which intersperse the medical narrative. These are more than mere relief; seen from Alsop's suddenly autumnal viewpoint, they are lit with a peculiar grace of homage to a life lived well. Though they are not always uniformly well written, and though Alsop too often reverts to the journalist's trick of reiterating a catch phrase until it becomes the handle on which an essay is hung and by which it is to be remembered, these interludes are felicitous all the same. They represent a loving swan song for the old order of the Eastern Establishment, an Establishment of which Alsop has been very much a part. Through the accounts of his childhood in Avon, Connecticut, and at Groton, the recollection of his war in Europe and his marriage in London, in 1944, the reports on his working life and his family life in more recent years runs a rueful refrain of farewell. This refrain rises to the sur-



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face in particular during Alsop's tributes to two men, Dean Acheson and Llewellyn Thompson, who epitomized that old order which has almost vanished from Washington.

But no vignette of an earlier Alsop is half so moving as the present portrait—the portrait of a man of stable habits, ideas, and pleasures who is suddenly faced with a fight to the death against great and unknown odds. Alsop is both honest and judicious in drawing us this picture. He never overstates his courage or his determination; by revealing his squeamishness, his weakness, and his fear, he shows us a greater kind of courage that is available, in the last resort, to all of us. The only possible triumph over an untimely and unseemly death, he seems to say, lies in refusing to become wholly preoccupied with death—in choosing instead to fit fear, pain, and weakness into as close a semblance of our old life's routine as we can manage. And, conversely, to learn to live with the idea of death. In describing "the process of adjustment whereby one comes to terms with death," Alsop says, in his final chapter, written in late May of 1973, "A dying man needs to die, as a sleepy man needs to sleep, and there comes a time when it is wrong, as well as useless, to resist."

Perhaps. But we are very much indebted to Stewart Alsop for having resisted long enough to write this book. I hope he may enjoy the health to give us a sequel to "Stay of Execution."

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FALLING BODIES, by Sue Kaufman (Doubleday). It may be that the more peevish, stifled anxieties of the middle class can be successfully dealt with only as farce (Molière) or as pathology (Freud). In any case, one reads with a sense of impatience Sue Kaufman's most recent novel (another was "Diary of a Mad Housewife") about the frustrations of being comfortable, bored, and unable to cope with modern urban life. For example, a great part of the misery felt by the Sohier family—Emma, who is recovering from the death of her mother and from a mysterious fever; Harold, her hypochondriacal publishing-executive husband; and Benjy, their precocious, too perfect little-gentleman son—can be traced to none other than the servant problem. The temperamental Colombian maid unpins the family's calm routine; a black woman who occasion-

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ally cooks for them turns from lovable Aunt Jemima into Mary Militant; the doorman goes out of his way to be rude; and the nurses in the hospital lack culture. It's not that Miss Kaufman isn't aware of the dreadful self-centeredness of her characters (although it isn't until the end of the book that she tells us so), but that she expects the reader to feel sympathetic to them anyway—and that is impossible.

GENERAL

PLAIN SPEAKING: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY OF HARRY S. TRUMAN, by Merle Miller (Berkley). Since this is easily the best biography ever written of Harry Truman—better by far than his daughter's memoirs or his own—it would be pleasant to say that it is in the "warts-and-all" category and that it takes note of the ex-President's weaknesses as well as of his many strengths. Regrettably, it is a no-warts job, and has critical comments only on Truman's enemies. Nevertheless, it is an outstanding work, and what it lacks can be found in many duller, less perceptive books. In the early sixties, Mr. Miller signed up with some television producers to interview Truman about all aspects of his life and, presumably, work out a script for a program. In time, the television idea was junked, but Mr. Miller wisely hung on to his notes, his tapes, and his fond memories of his long sessions with the spunky old man, and this is what the book is made of. Mr. Miller interviewed not only the ex-President but all his relatives and friends and, it would seem, practically the entire surviving population of Independence, Missouri. No good man or woman had a word to say against him, and all celebrated his charm, his earnestness, his partly unrequited love of learning, his steadfast common sense, his instinct for decency, and so on. It all rings true, and the speech is unfailingly authentic. There is a case to be made against some of Truman's political practices, but Miller does not make it, and since it has been spread all over the record by others, this is a minor flaw. A delightful book, and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THIS SUN OF YORK: A BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD IV, by Mary Clive (Knopf). Most of the people in this well-researched book are already known to the general reader: Lady Mary is writing about the originals

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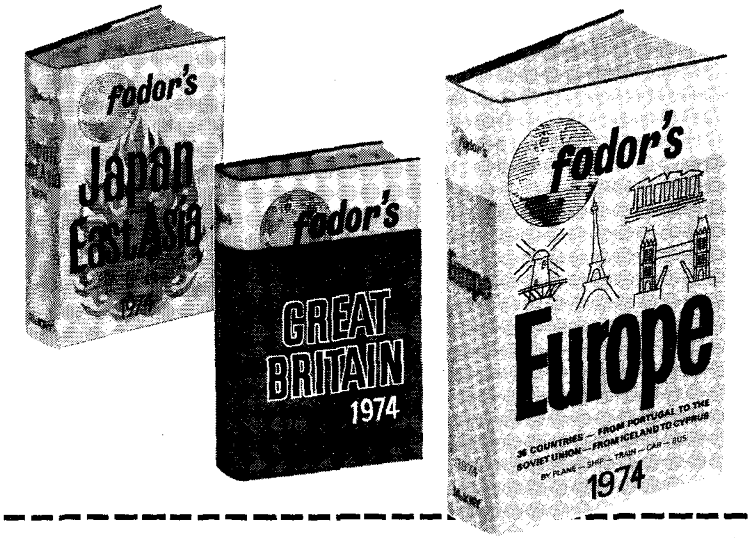
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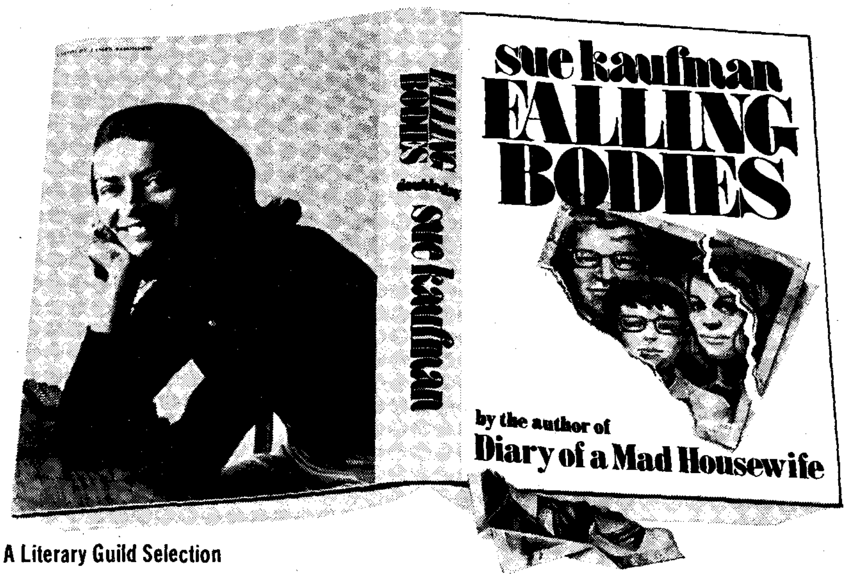

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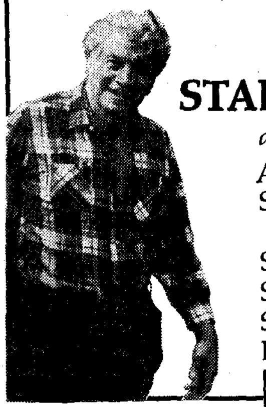

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of the characters in several of Shakespeare's history plays. She has dug down into the past to show them as they were, and a tougher, greedier, wickeder gang than the royalty and nobility of fifteenth-century England is hard to conceive. Yet the book is by no means unpleasant, or even hard going, for the author is an easy, chatty writer, who takes pains to explain the period. The other, middle-class point of view she presents helps us to understand, if not to like, the grandees—the men who were willing to defraud, betray, and even kill their blood relations for cash, acreage, or power.

BUKHARIN AND THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY, 1888-1938, by Stephen F. Cohen (Knopf). Since the Russians are not permitted to investigate and write their own history, the task falls to foreigners, like this young American scholar (Mr. Cohen is an associate professor of politics at Princeton), who traces Bukharin's active public career—his off-and-on relations with Lenin, his alliance and breach with Stalin, his demotion, his attempt at opposition, his show trial, and his execution. Because Bukharin was, by preference, a theoretician, Mr. Cohen also gives space to the evolution of Bukharin's thought. Some of Bukharin's ideas seem especially prescient fifty years later—for example, his early appreciation of the importance of what we now call the Third World. Yet in treating Bukharin as a reforming moderate, Mr. Cohen palliates the disastrous flaw in his (and all Bolsheviks') thought: there is no concept of political rights (opposition, free speech), or even of human rights—if not liberty, at least life. Because of this blind spot, Bukharin's own life was forfeited.

NOTE: "The Other Hampton," a photo-essay on the black community of Bridgehampton, Long Island, has been published by Grossman. The text, by Calvin Tomkins, originally appeared in this magazine as a Profile. The photographs—some hundred of them—were taken by his wife, Judy Tomkins.

•

Like Garbo, Valentino never made a really great picture.—*"Classics of the Silent Screen," by Joe Franklin, page 74.*

It has often been said of Greta Garbo that she never made a great picture. I wouldn't go that far.—*Ibid., page 164.*

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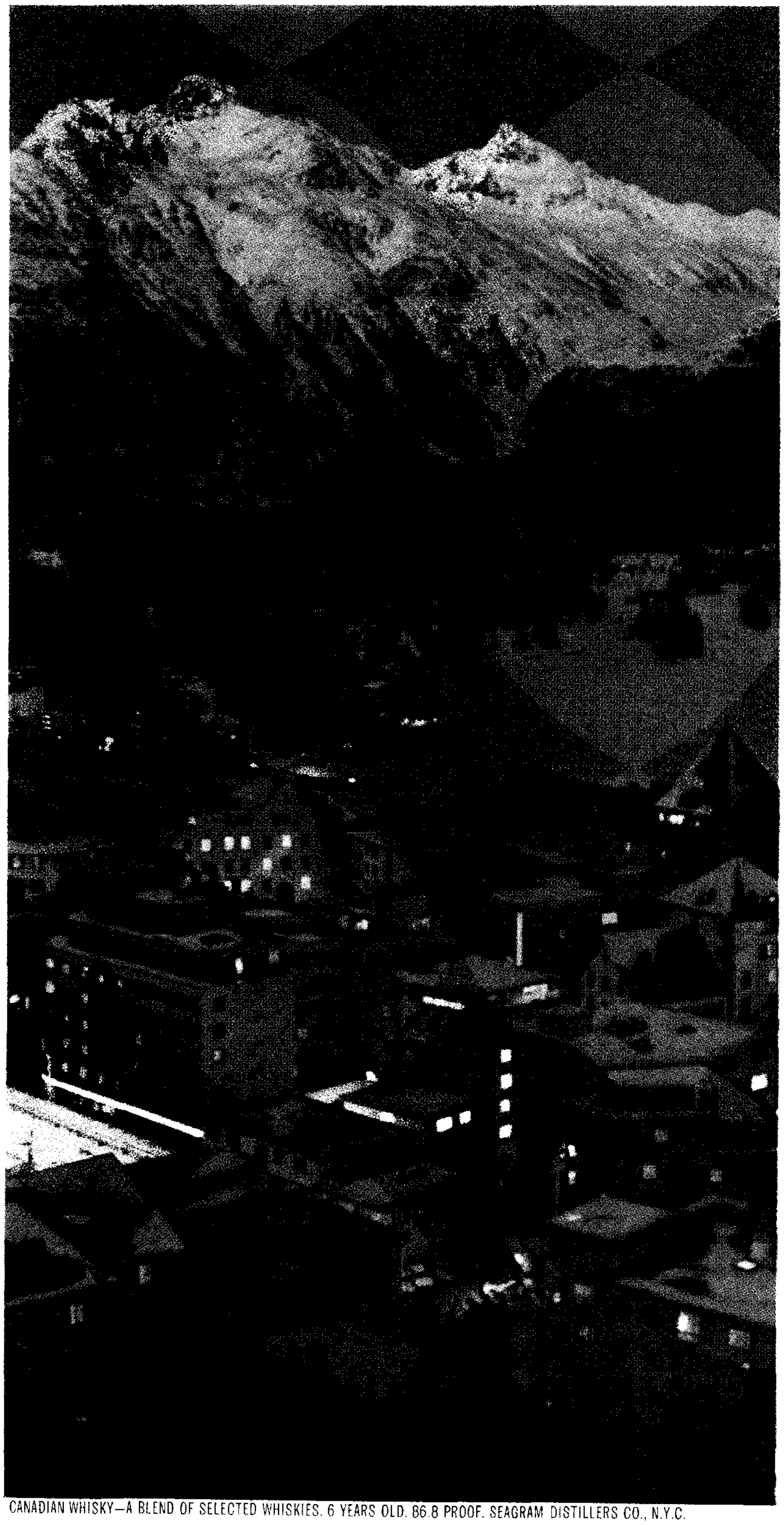

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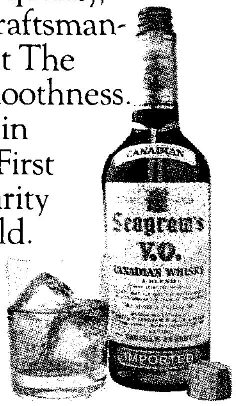

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